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Thy Voice Hath a Charm.

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ETRUSCAN HAND-SCREEN.

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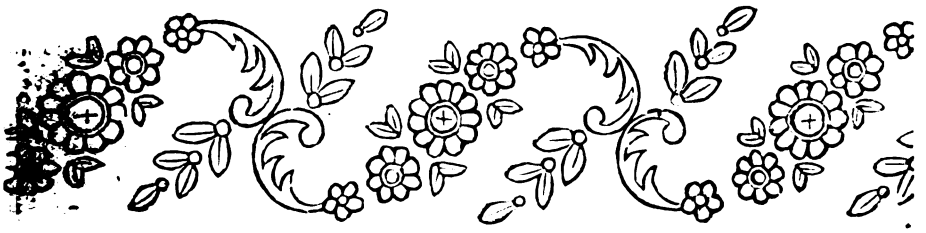

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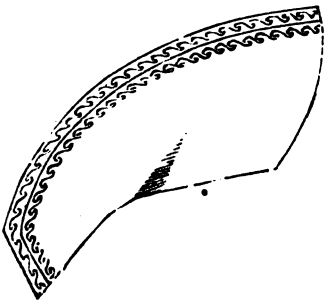

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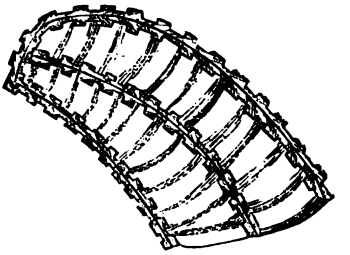

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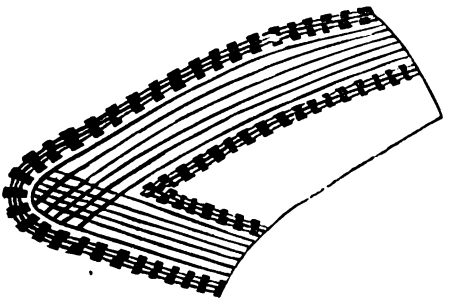

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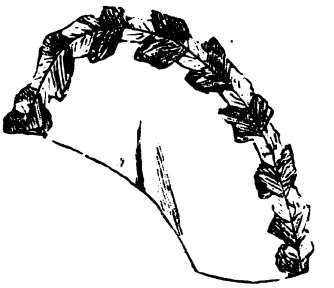

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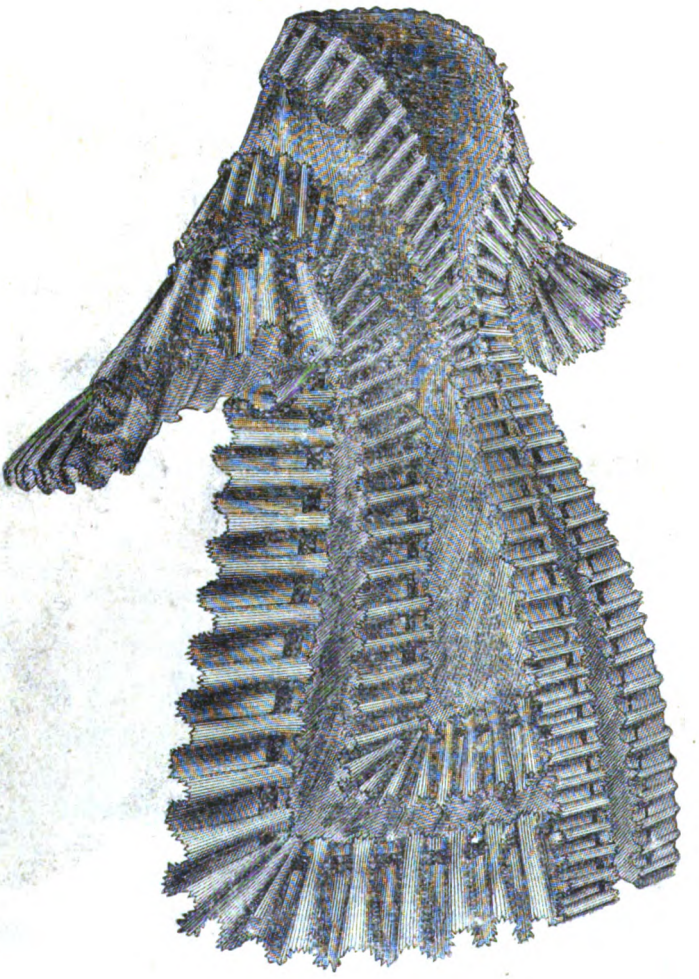

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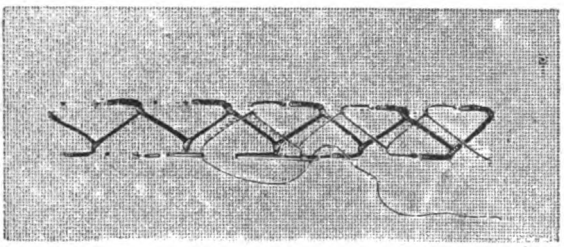

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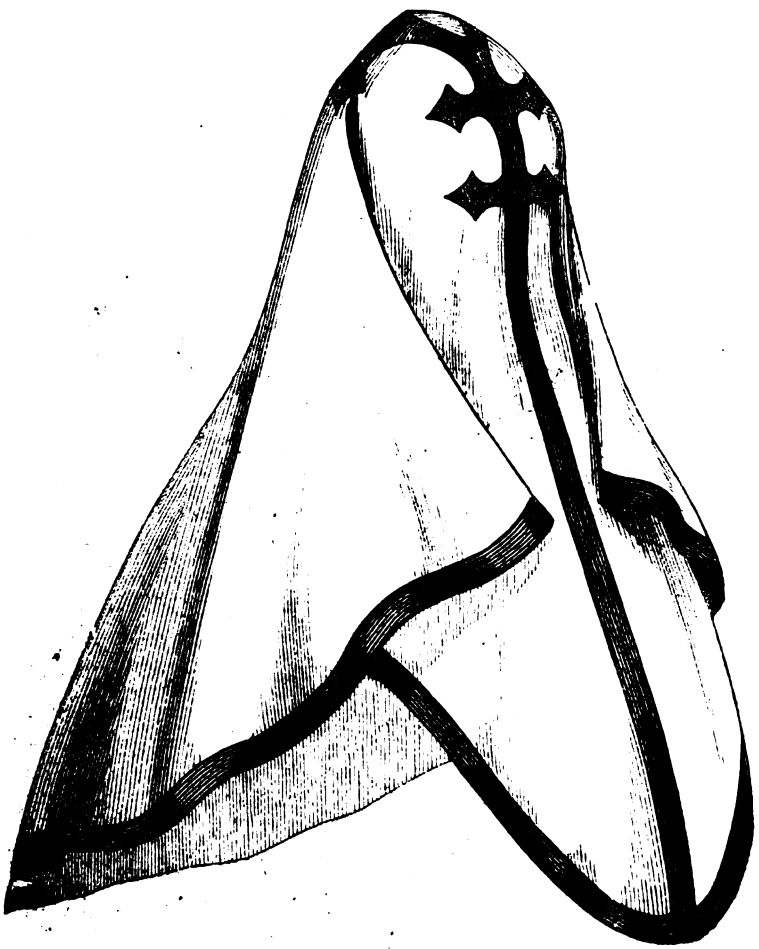

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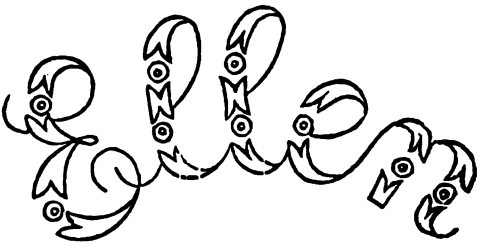

NAME FOR MARKING.

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SUMMER BONNET.

SUMMER BONNET.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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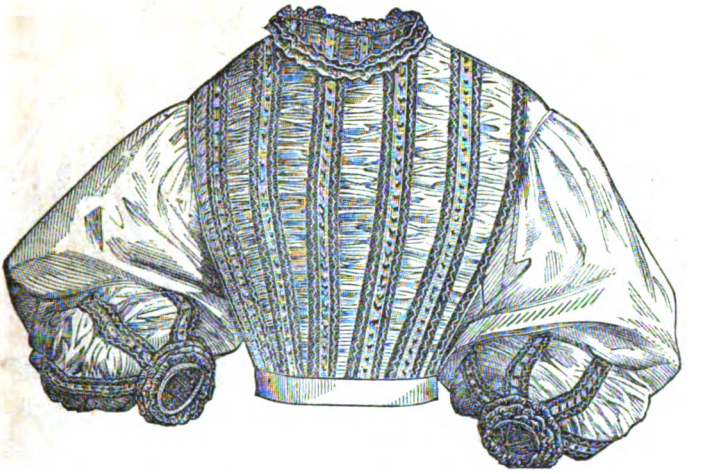

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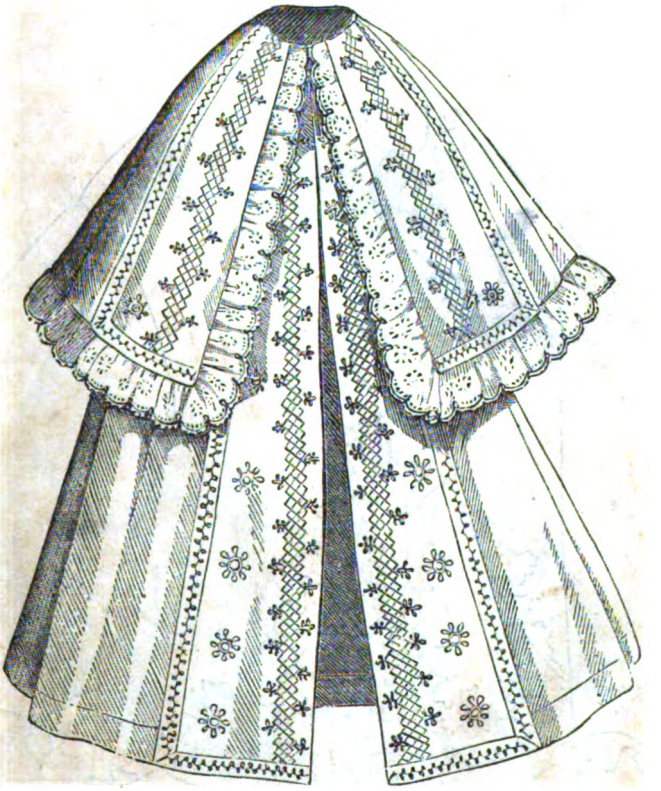

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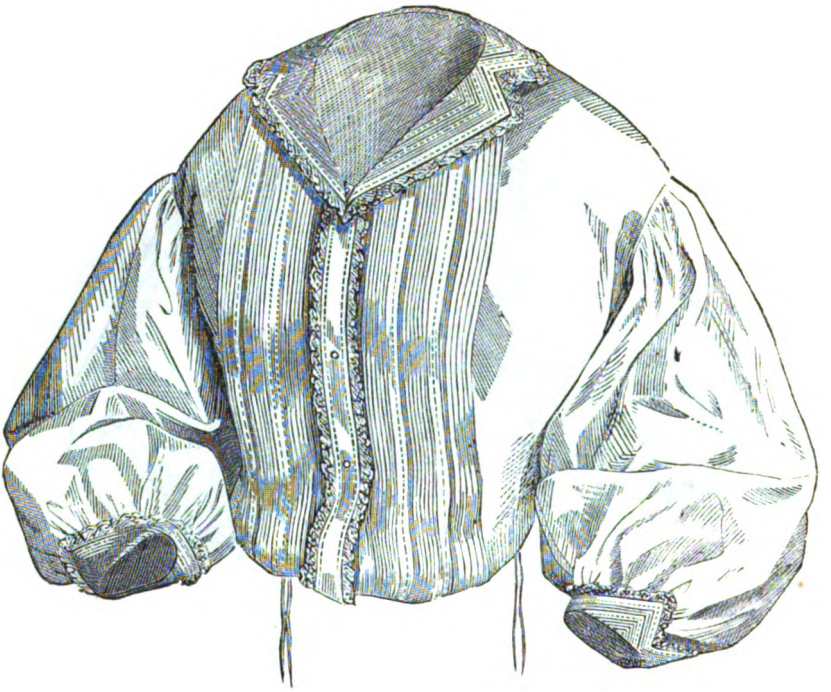

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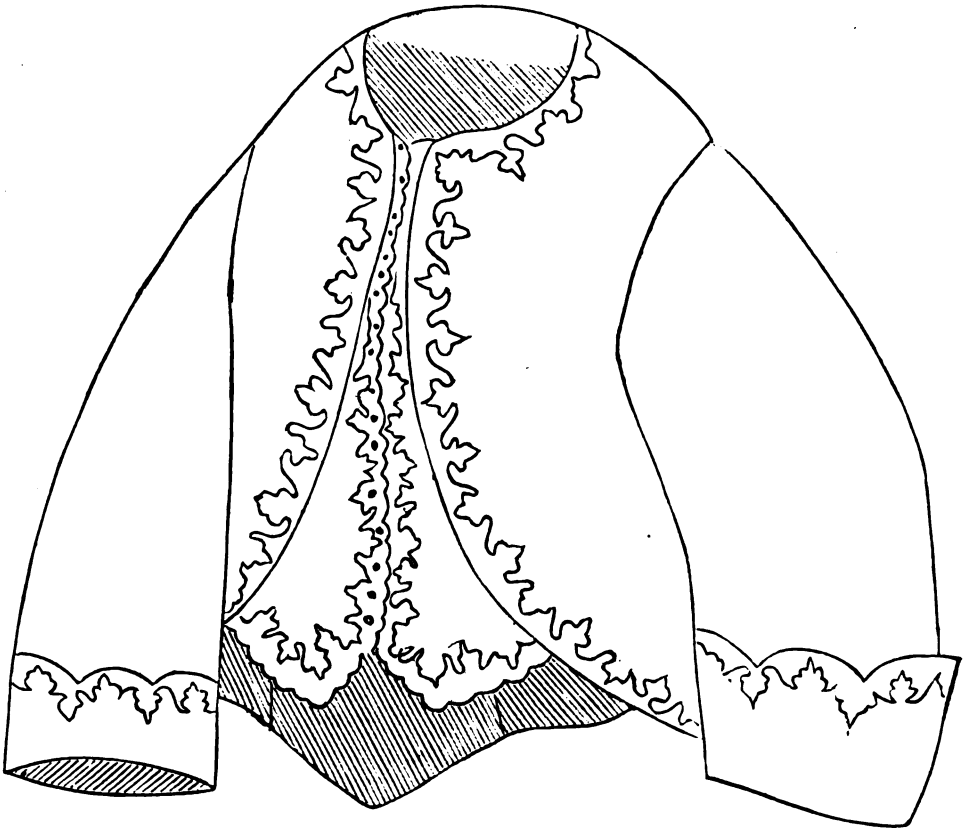

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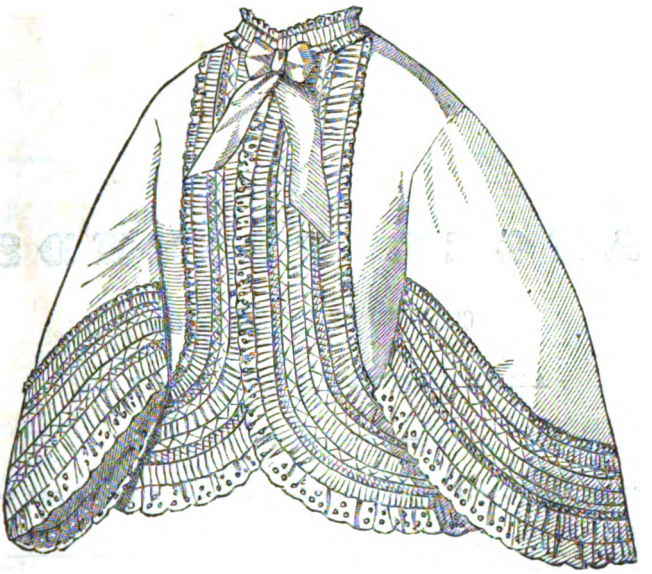

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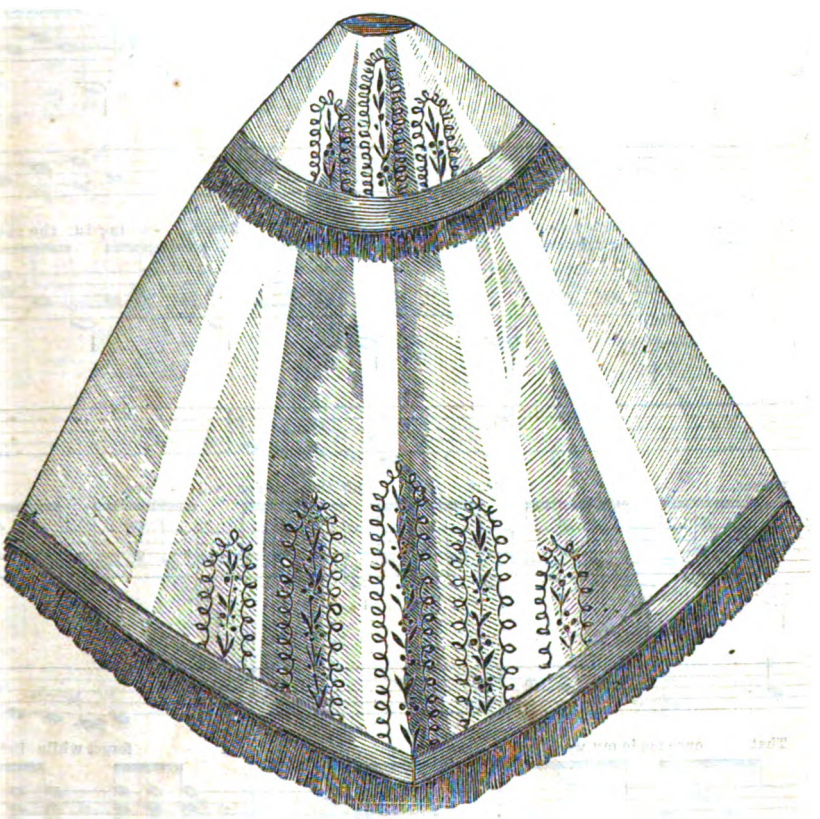

MANTILLA.

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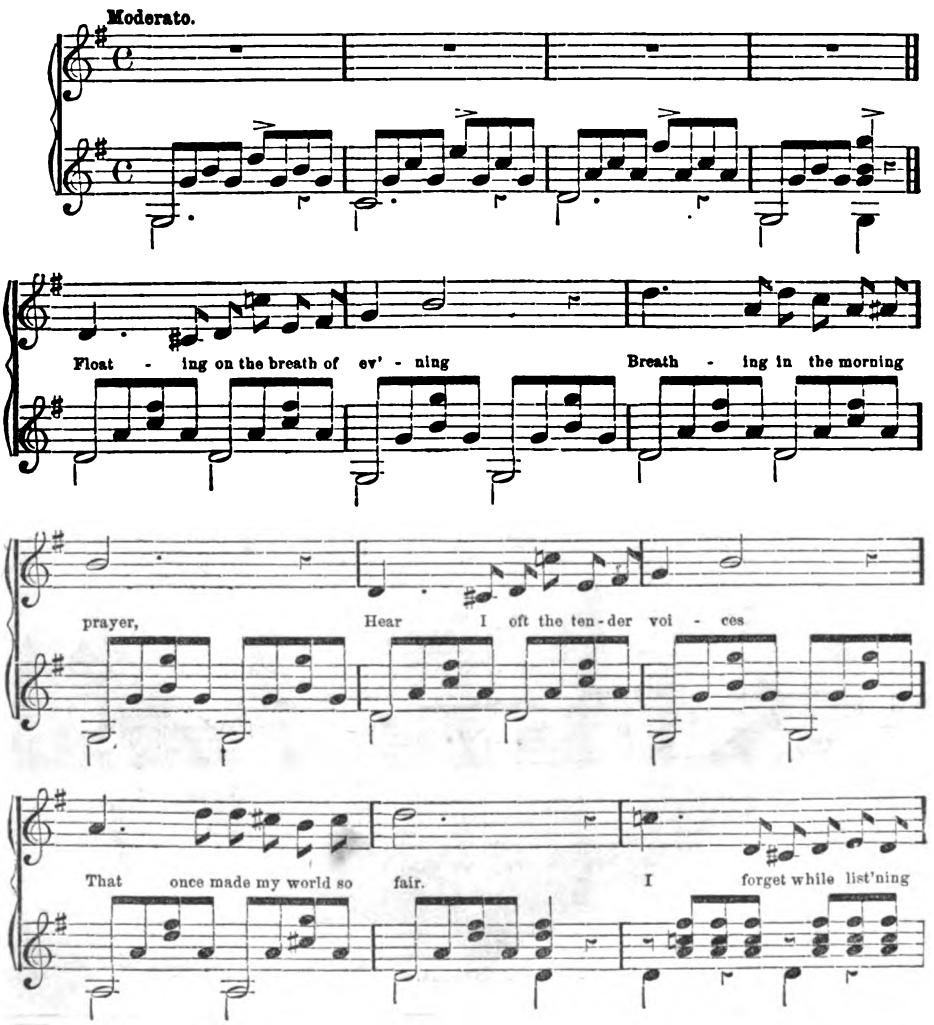

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to them, All the sorrows I have known,

ritenuto.

And up - on the troubles pres - ent, Faith's pure shining light is

a tempo.

thrown. And up - on the troubles pre - sent,

rallentando.

Faith's pure shining light is thrown.

2

Soothing with their magic whispers,
Calming all my wildest fears—
Thus they bring me sweet submission
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
Bless you, angel friends—oh, never
Leave me lonely on the way,
For your gentle teachings ever
Meekly may I watch and pray.

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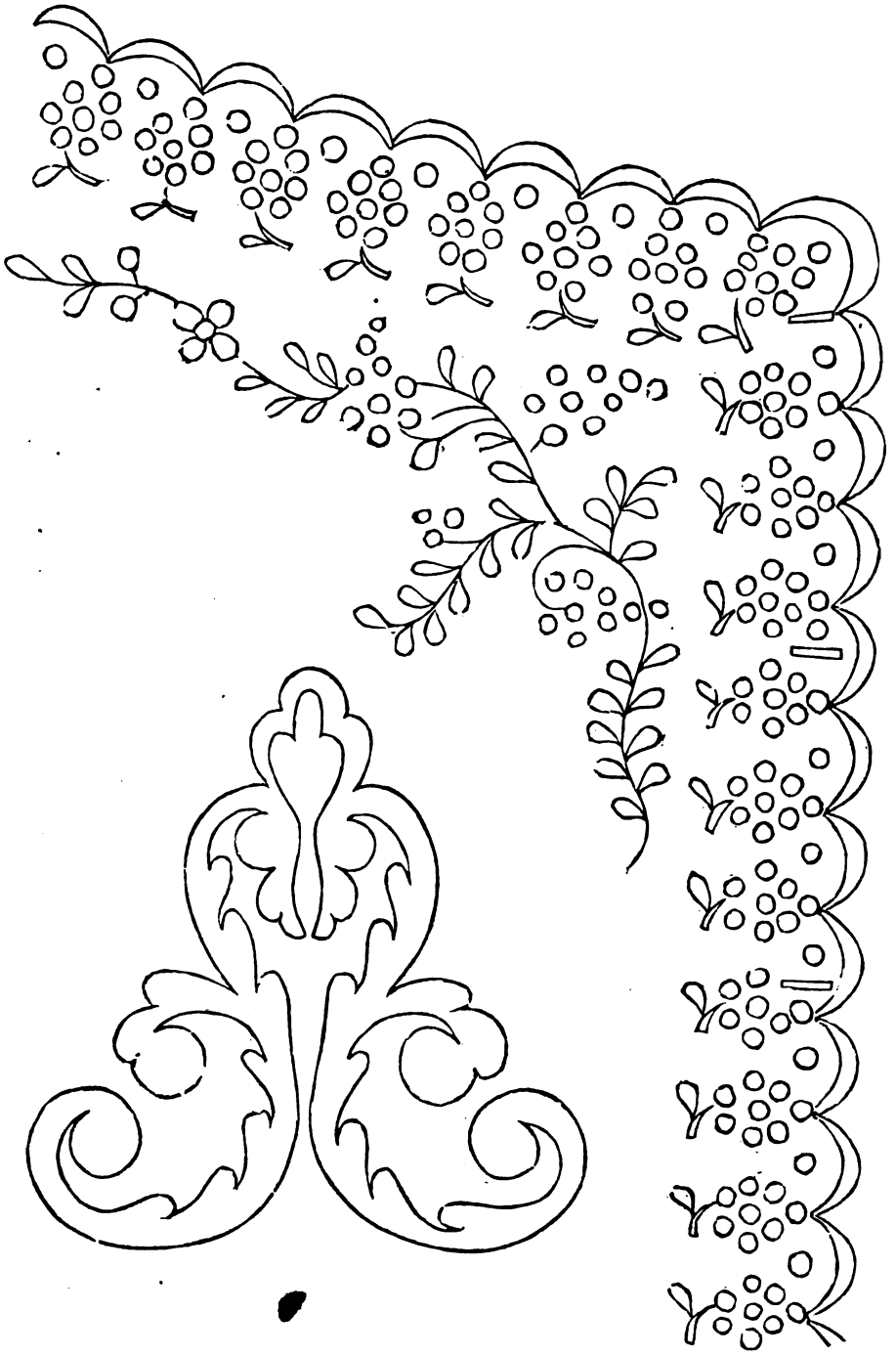

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE SISTERS.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

In a little village, within some ten miles of Paris, there lived in the last years of the eighteenth century an honest peasant, by name Pierre Sautorie. Pierre had an only son, Louis, whom the village priest declared to be the best scholar of his class. The boy studied, and dreamed, and hoped until his fifteenth year, praying daily for the one longing desire of his heart, which was to be an artist. All his leisure time was spent in sketching, untaught as he was. Old Pierre would stand silent, his head bowed, before some of the charcoal drawings upon his own walls. Copies of the heads in the chapel, or ideal sketches of scenes in saintly lives, related by the good Father Paul, seemed to the wondering old man, as he saw them grow under his son's fingers, as almost superhuman productions. And the beauty of the lad was as marvelous as his genius.

It was early in June, and Pierre Sautorie, assisted by Louis, was hard at work in his little territory, when a piercing cry made both rush toward the gate. In the road, at some little distance, they saw a carriage, drawn by two horses, dashing furiously toward them. The coachman and footmen had been thrown off. There appeared to be women in the carriage, who were trying vainly to force the door open. One impulse seized both father and son. Together they sprang at the heads of the terrified horses to catch the reins. It was a frightful struggle. Pierre and Louis were tossed from side to side; it seemed, for a few moments, as if they would be killed: but finally the horses were quieted.

"Open the door, Maurice!" cried one of the ladies, as the footmen now came running up.

The servants obeyed, and the lady alighted, followed by two little girls, crying with terror. In closing the door again, the man let it shut with a sharp, sudden sound, and the horses, terrified again, made another dash forward. There was a cry, a crash, and Pierre lay dead in the road, while his son, kneeling beside him, implored him in vain to speak.

The Marchioness de Latourne, for such was the name of the eldest of the ladies, bidding the children go inside the gate, went to the boy's side, while the pampered lackeys' lips curled at madame's condescension, and such a fuss over a mere peasant.

"My child!" said she, kindly; but poor Louis only shook his head and wailed forth his grief. "Maurice, assist the lad to carry the old man into the cottage, and then go to the chateau and send Father Garonne here. He is a good surgeon!"

It was with some difficulty that Louis was made to understand Maurice's offer of help; but at last he bent over to raise the prostrate form and assist in carrying it into the cottage. Maurice then left to obey his orders, and the marchioness tried in vain to restore animation. Once roused, Louis too brought water and aided her efforts; but as the truth became more evident, his grief broke forth again in bitter cries and prayers.

The two children had been standing, hand in hand, watching, with terror, this dreadful scene; but as the boy sank on his knees, beside his father's bed, crushed by the weight of sorrow, Audree whispered in a broken voice,

"Oh! Marie, the poor boy! I will speak to him, for he don't seem to hear mamma," and she crossed the room, still leading her sister by the hand.

With the graceful freedom of childhood she put her arm round Louis' neck, and, bending till her own cheek touched his, she said, with a sob,

"Oh, don't cry! We are so sorry, Marie and I," and her own voice became choked. But that voice and sympathy roused the lad. He raised his head, and the two little girls caressed him, themselves crying bitterly.

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All unheeding his coarse dress, or their own rich attire, they stroked his hair, wound their little arms around him, Audree drawing his head down on her own breast, and tried by their endearments to soothe and comfort him; while their mother, touched to her heart's core, wept herself, and longed for Maurice and Father Garonne. A carriage came at last with the priest, and, leaving Louis in the care of some neighbors, the marchioness and her children drove off to the chateau.

It was the turning point of Louis Sautorie's life. Touched by the frightful danger of his wife and children, grateful for their safety, and horror-struck by the tragic fate of their preserver, the marquis sent for the lad, with the expressed wish to reward him, and, as far as lay in his power, to compensate him for his loss.

The boy's beauty had already struck the marchioness, and his intelligence, his earnest, sad expression doubled her interest. It took but little kind questioning to gain the confidence of Louis; and when the marquis saw the impromptu sketches which were the answer to his "What can you do?" his own interest was strongly excited. The preliminaries were settled, and Louis Sautorie, a *protege* of the Marquis de Latourne, was sent to Paris to become the pupil of a famous artist.

Five long years rolled by, and Louis was acknowledged, by Parisian critics, to be a genius of promise. The marquis had some valuable paintings which needed retouching, and he wrote to Louis to go to the chateau and do this work for him.

Again it was a June day, when, for the first time in five years, Louis Sautorie came upon the road which led to the chateau of the Marquis de Latourne. He had passed the cottage where he was born, and from whose gate he had followed his father to the grave; and, with a saddened heart, he moved slowly toward the woods, meaning to take the narrow, shaded path through them, instead of the broad, sunny road to the chateau.

He had already entered the wood, when, looking up, his artist eye rested upon a picture so fair that he stood hidden behind a tree, motionless, gazing with his soul in his eyes.

With the rich foliage, and the blue sky shaded by fleecy clouds for a background, two young girls stood motionless, looking forward, yet not toward Louis, and evidently waiting for some one who was expected to take the path opposite to the one followed by the young artist. They were evidently in morning dresses, for the snowy kerchief was folded over their breasts, and they wore no ornaments. Another fact bespoke this; their hair, though rising from their foreheads in the fashion of the times, had no powder to sully its lustrous beauty, and the dainty little hats were dressed with natural flowers.

The elder of the two was very fair, with large blue eyes, and rich chestnut hair; while the other, whose large black eyes looked out from the shelter of her sister's shoulder, was a brunette of the laughing, merry type. Neither had seen more than eighteen summers, though there was a sweet seriousness upon the face of the elder one wanting in her sister's merry eyes.

"The Desmoiselles Latourne," thought Louis, as he crept closer to his sheltering tree, "and how beautiful they are! Audree is lovely as a poet's dream. What are they waiting for?"

A cry of joy broke from Marie's lips at that moment, and the next the young girls bounded like fawns over the sward to the road, to meet the carriage which was bringing their mother home from a long visit to Versailles. Louis saw the door close after them, the carriage roll away, and, with a new smile on his lip, he trudged forward again.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Marie, as the carriage moved on, "we are so glad to see you again! Are we not, Audree?"

Audree was nestled close to her mother's side, and her fond smile was answer enough to her sister's question.

"But what are you doing out here, in the woods, and without mantles too?—you will be burnt brown by the sun."

"Never mind, mamma, it is only for once! We were so impatient to see you, that we actually ran away from aunt Louise, and came out to meet you."

The marchioness shook her head gravely.

"You must be more dignified now, Audree, for——"

"Well——" cried both, after a long pause.

"Well," said their mother, smiling, "your father will tell you when he comes, next month."

Marie shrugged her shoulders pettishly; but after a moment poured forth a hundred questions about the queen, the beautiful queen, as she was fondly called, before the foul-tongued Revolution showered its abusive epithets of Austrian, Madame Deficit, and other terms as insulting upon her. And the fond mother told them of fetes, of balls, and concerts, promising that soon they should share these pleasures, for Marie Antoinette had herself expressed a

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desire to see the daughters of her courteous subject, the Marquis de Latourne, at court.

The easy rolling carriage reached the chateau long before the weary footsteps of Louis gained its portal, and he was shown to his room, with the message that Madame la Marquise would receive him in the evening, to explain to him Monsieur le Marquis' will about the pictures.

That evening was one marked with a white stone in the life of Louis Sautorie. For the first time he was allowed social conversation with high-born ladies, whose gentle birth and high accomplishments were accompanied by a quiet simplicity of manner, and a frank, cordial demeanor toward one to whom they knew they had once probably owed their lives. Neither mother nor children could ever forget that the young man was fatherless from devotion to them, and by every graceful art they endeavored to place him at his ease.

It was the first of many such evenings. Alone in the old chateau, the ladies found pleasure in the society of a modest, well-informed man, whose manners proved him a gentleman in heart and feeling, in spite of his peasant origin. And after a few evenings of such intercourse, they would often stroll into his studio and watch his skillful, busy pencil. Audree was the most interested. Marie, a being all animation and gayety, wearied of the monotony of watching the artist, and would leave him for her music, her work, or her ride. But Audree would linger for hours, watching, with a never-tiring interest, the motions of the pencil. And in those hours she would talk easily and gracefully, displaying, unconsciously, her gentle, pure mind, her varied information, and correct taste. She liked Louis in her gentle way, as her preserver, her father's *protege*, and a pleasing person in himself. That was all.

And he, alas for him!—he worshiped her with a mad, blind idolatry. At first, knowing the utter hopelessness of his passion, he tried to steel his heart against the winning beauty, the gentle graces of this young girl who had crept into the innermost recesses of his heart. He told himself, angrily, that he was a peasant, a thing to be scorned and despised, and he laughed bitterly as he fancied the supreme contempt that would curl the lips of Audree did she suspect his love. Yet, one tone of her voice, one kind look from those large melting eyes, would make his heart burn with ecstasy, and his whole frame quiver with the desire to fling himself at her feet and pour out his love, even at the risk of being forever deprived of the companionship so dear to him. Yet this thought, this fear kept him silent. He could not risk the loss of this one happiness of his existence; and so, day after day, the passion grew in his heart, filling his life with alternate happiness and despair, till the pictures were completed, and the marquis expected home from Versailles. He returned at night, and the unusual bustle in the court-yard announced to Louis the event. Little did he then know the misery this return was to bring to him.

The next morning he presented himself before the marquis, and announced the completion of the pictures upon which he had been employed.

"I have another task for you, Sautorie," said the marquis, "I wish a portrait of my daughter. You shall paint it!"

"Mademoiselle Audree?" faltered Louis.

"Yes; she leaves us in a month, and I wish her portrait to remain in the chateau."

"Leaves you?" said Louis, forgetting all etiquette in such dread tidings.

"To become the bride of Monsieur, the Count of Fairvolle, who accompanied me to the chateau last night."

The whole room seemed full of stunning noise and dizzy heights to Louis, as the marquis spoke. He retained sufficient presence of mind to bow and retire; but once in his own room that bitter agony must have its way. All day he struggled with his grief; and in the evening his pallid face and trembling fingers drew forth kind inquiries that were a new torture.

The Count de Fairvolle was an elegant gentleman of twenty-three years of age. He was very handsome, with an animated face, good stature, well-formed, and with that peculiar grace which distinguishes those who have had all the advantages of an aristocratic education from their infancy. It is impossible to describe the sensations of Louis, as he saw this graceful, handsome cavalier leaning with the ease of an accepted suitor upon Audree's chair. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and his eyes grew dim; it required all his strength of will to keep him from falling.

To add to his despair, the party were all in full dress; and when he contrasted the richly embroidered coat of green velvet, the white waistcoat, the tight-fitting pantaloons of soft gray, which set off the count's fine figure, the beautifully powdered wig which made his black eyes of a double brilliancy, with his own modest black dress and carelessly waving locks, he felt sick with an envious hatred for this formidable rival. Audree, too, with her rich white silk, and jewels, her hair rolled back and powdered, was bewilderingly lovely.

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Guests soon arrived, and the betrothal was duly completed; and Louis crept away from the gayety there to weep out his loneliness and sorrow in his own room.

Every sitting was a new torture. The count was a guest at the chateau, and it was his right to remain by Audree's side. Keen to read another heart by his own, Louis soon saw that where he had failed to touch this coveted heart, his rival was winning it swiftly and surely. The smile, which for him had been gentle and kind, became for the count radiant and blushing; the low voice was attuned to new harmony; and the large eyes acquired a new lustre for the count. Soon the low "thou," the change from titles to "Audree" and "Victor," told a new phase of love, and all this Louis bore, the sweet face mocking him as his nervous fingers transferred it to the canvas. Never had he painted anything like that picture. It was a full length portrait in an evening dress, and it seemed instinct with life, as if one word would make it step from the frame a breathing woman. It was the dying agony of his hopes that Louis painted into that picture, every beauty, every grace being a new torture added to his misery. At last it was completed; and, unable to bear longer his jealous pangs, Louis dashed back to Paris, to plunge into the busy whirl there and try to forget.

Amongst his associates there were young men, whose intellect and education were like his own, far above his station. The iron heel of aristocratic despotism had long trodden these men down, and the low grumblings had risen higher and higher, till secret societies of two or three swelled into hundreds, and whispers of discontent were growing into loud threatenings. Louis, his whole nature embittered by the galling proof of inequality from which he was suffering, plunged into this dizzy political vortex, and soon made his name of note amongst them. Every one knows what followed the long course of tyranny, oppression, and wrong in France. The people rose; the Bastille fell; four years later the king was guillotined, and the reign of terror rose in France.

It was late in the year 1793, when citizen Sautorie, member of the National Assembly, and the friend of the people, was seated before a mass of papers in his private apartments, that my story recommences. The citizen's face was pale, and his brow contracted as before him, signed with the powerful name of Robespierre, lay an order for the arrest of citizen ——, before called Marquis de Latourne, his daughters, the Countess de Fairvolle and the Countess de Mairpais, with their husbands, all suspected of being concealed in the neighborhood of their old chateau. He had thought them safe. Upon the first arrest of the nobles, he had warned the marquis at the risk, then terrific, of suspicion attaching to himself, and the family had left the chateau. Later he had heard of the death of the marchioness; and still later that the family had crossed the frontier and gone to England. Yet here, before him, lay his dread orders which proved that information of their presence in France had been conveyed to Robespierre. From the windows of his room he could look down on the noisy streets, and as the wind brought to him the frantic tones of the "*ca ira*," or the shouts of "*a bas les aristocrats*," his heart shuddered at the idea of Audree in the power of this maddened populace. To refuse to fulfill the order would be only to have it given to some one whose pitiless hatred to the aristocrats, as a class, would hasten the fate of this devoted family. No, he must himself obey the order, trusting to have the opportunity to warn his old patron of his danger. It was useless to delay, and, ordering a horse to be in readiness, he made his preparations for a journey. Nightfall found him in his native village, and before the door of his father's old cottage. With a quick tap he cried, in a loud tone,

"Admit me, citizens, in the name of the Republic." The door was opened by an old woman, who trembled with age or emotion, as she inquired his errand.

"I want a night's shelter. I am on business for the Republic, and as good citizens you cannot refuse me."

The old woman sighed deeply as she held the door open.

"You command, citizen! Enter!"

He stepped over the door-sill and looked around the small room. Some recollection of the past thrilled him, for he grew deathly pale, and muttered,

"Ah! we were children then!"

The old woman caught the words, for she drew nearer to him, and by the dim light tried to scan his features.

"Who is that in the corner?" he said, abruptly, seeing her eyes fixed on him.

"Only my nephew, sir! He's deaf and dumb, poor lad! and sickly too! Heigho!"

The sigh was very deep, and Louis turned to see the child. In so doing he turned his face full to the light. Another moment, and the boy was at his side.

"Monsieur Sautorie! Louis Sautorie! Audree, we are saved!"

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He saw the upturned face quivering with emotion, the great black eyes filled with tears, and then he turned to Audree. Her disguise was perfect. No one, not in the secret, would have ever suspected the white eyebrows, wrinkled forehead, and deeply-marked cheeks to be the result of paint and powder; but as she drew her stooping figure erect and sprang to Marie's side, the eye lighted, and the lip quivered.

"You will not betray us? You warned us once!" she said, softly.

"I betray you! Heaven forbid," he said, earnestly. "I am here now to save you, if possible. Where is your father?"

"Safe! In England. He made his escape, three years ago, intending to return, but he has never been able to do so. A friend gave him a passport for himself and for us——"

"Then why are you here?" cried Louis.

"I could not leave Victor, nor Marie, nor George. We waited for them to escape, or to die with them, and they are yet in Paris. Oh, we have suffered!"

The tone of misery in these few words went to the listener's heart.

"Tell me," he said, gently, "how it was."

"We could scarcely persuade father to go without us; but Victor and George were certain they could obtain passports soon, and with what he could secure of his property father made his escape. We promised to follow, if possible, and we know we shall find him at our aunt's in London. Aunt Louise, you know, married an English milord. Well, after he left us, we went direct to Paris, and were concealed there for a long time; then we had warning that we were watched, and decided to separate, for a time, as our husbands thought they could act more safely alone. We procured disguises and came here. The house was vacant, and we knew you owned it, so we felt safe in staying here, trusting to be able to see you. Now, now surely you will aid us."

"With my life!" cried Louis. "Where are de Fairvolle and de Mairpais?"

"In Paris, still concealed, still hoping for the chance to escape."

"But where?"

"At the house of a baker there, who will guard them with his life. They are disguised as apprentices."

"But his name?"

"Pierre Gilau!"

The house, the suspected house, which he had that day sent to search. Louis felt as if the grip of a thousand demons were on his heart and throat.

"Pierre Gilau!" he whispered.

"What do you know?" cried Marie. "They are taken! I see it in your face! Audree, they have been arrested!"

"No, no. I hope not!" he said, desperately. "I must return to Paris. Trust me, if it is in the power of man, I will save them yet!"

Who can tell the agony with which these young wives saw him depart? Search the chronicles of the times for a thousand such scenes, and then picture it, for no pen can describe it.

He rode at headlong speed, his tired horse spurred up, stumbling at times, but keeping forward nobly. It was no time for pause. The condemnation followed too closely upon the heels of the arrest, in those bloody days, and his only hope lay in the faint chance that they had escaped recognition.

"What arrests, Gaspard?" he cried, as the servant opened the door, and stood amazed at his sudden appearance at that late hour.

"Four, citizen; the Abbe Grainvelliers, the Count de Fairvolle, the Marquis de Bouville, and the Count de Mairpais, as they were once called."

Both! He dared not think. He must wait till morning, then act.

It was with a feverish impatience he took his place amongst the judges, who made the mockery of trying the poor suspected victims. Many cases were called before the two he looked for appeared. They still wore the gray suits of baker's apprentices; but now, no longer fearing detection, they walked erect, with that conscious dignity that their misfortunes called for.

"Your name?" said the president, harshly.

"George, Count de Mairpais."

"Citizen Mairpais, you are accused of treason, of aristocratic tendencies, of conspiring against the Republic. What have you to say?"

The prisoner threw back his head, like a lion at bay, and his voice rang out free and clear:

"If to love my country, to hate the tyranny that usurps the name of liberty, to execrate the murderers of my king, be treason, I am guilty of all these."

The shouts that greeted this bold speech were deafening. The famous cries, "*a bas l'aristocrat*," "*a la guillotine*," rang out again and again, ti the president succeeded in obtaining the silence of a moment.

"You hear, citizen, the people condemn you. Who is that boy?"

He had crept through the crowd, he had passed the guards, he was close to the prisoner's

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side, and, as the question met his ear, he said, firmly,

"When you condemn him, condemn me. Murder us, if you will, together, for we are equally guilty. I am his wife!"

Audree! Audree! was she there too? Louis thought his heart would burst as he sat there, so outwardly calm and still, inwardly so confused with agonizing doubts and fears.

They were all three condemned and taken away; but Audree was not there. Even at the risk of losing all, by periling his own liberty, he must learn where she was. He stationed himself in the crowd, and watched to see the prisoners pass out, and as Marie came forward, he whispered one word,

"Audree!"

"We found the house, your house," she whispered, "and she fainted on the step. They took her in!"

"Forward! Who detains the prisoners?" cried a gruff voice; and Louis shrank back to make his escape and hasten home.

"A lady, citizen, is in the office; she fainted here, and afterward tried to go out. I thought it best to detain her!" said Gaspard, who, in spite of being a warm republican, was a tender-hearted man. "She's an old body, sir, meanly dressed; but there's something in her voice and manner that——I may be wrong!" he said, hastily, checking himself.

"You were right to detain her. Some petitioner, no doubt," said Louis, speaking as calmly as he could, and passing into his private room.

"My husband?"

She was at his feet with only those words on her lips.

"Rise, madame! I will conceal nothing from you," he said, assisting her to the sofa; "it was madness to come here!"

"Oh! I was weak. I reached your door and fainted. We walked all night, Marie and I. Where is she? Oh! tell me all, this suspense is horrible!"

He concealed nothing from her, and then from his frightful narrative he passed to petitions. He told her Marie had made it doubly difficult for him to aid her; he implored her to trust him, to wait patiently the event; and then, kneeling at her feet, he took a solemn oath to release her husband, or failing in that, to let her know his fate in time to die with him. Gaspard was informed that the old lady was Louis' aunt from the country, and Gaspard professed to believe it.

The next step was to get the passports, and after every difficulty had been thrown in his way, he succeeded in procuring a blank signature from Robespierre. It was filled for Victor Saintain, peasant, and his mother. A disguise was then procured and hidden in the house. Louis knew there was no hope of escape, save one, no chance for Marie or her husband. His daring declaration had made him peculiarly obnoxious, and his guard was strict, his sentence unalterable.

It was the week after their arrest, that Louis heard the three names read aloud by the crier, as marked for execution the next day. He shuddered as he thought of Marie's young life, and her brave husband; then the thought of Audree nerved him, and he smiled a sad, sweet smile.

"Audree, listen to me calmly," he said, as he left her the next day. "In about two hours your husband will be here. You must instantly go with him to the corner of the next street, where Gaspard will be waiting for you with a covered cart. You will be driven to the barriers. You have your passport, fear nothing; but let nothing stop you once you are past the barriers. You know the vessel in which you must leave Calais."

"But Marie?"

"I cannot free both at once. Remember your husband's life depends upon your speed."

"But you *will* save my sister?"

"If it is possible. Audree, I have a last wish before we part. Let me kiss you once, and say once to *me*, God bless *thee*."

It was tearfully granted; and then, with renewed cautions, Louis left her.

The gloomy walls of the Conciergerie were his goal, and he passed in without difficulty.

"The citizen Fairvolle."

"This way, citizen," said the jailer, after scrutinizing the pass.

He was alone, and strange thoughts crossed Louis' mind, as he stood, in that awful hour, facing his rival. Not one thought untrue to Audree, only the longing wish to have been loved as he was loved.

"Citizen," he said, in as firm a tone as he could command, "I have come to offer you liberty and life." He was tearing off his clothes, as he spoke, and the astonished prisoner saw that, under his own dress, he wore a peasant's costume, from the pocket of which he drew a pair of sabots and a cap. "You will wear these things," he said, as he resumed his own clothes again, "leaving your own behind." And then he proceeded to sketch the plan of his escape: where to find Audree, and where the covered cart.

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"But yourself, Mons. Sautorie?"

"I am one of the National Assembly; they cannot harm me!" he said, proudly; and the prisoner believed him.

"Take this pass, go through the gates, slowly, and do not hasten until you are in the cart; then speed for your life. Avoid exciting suspicion here, and all will be well."

"And you are safe?"

"Perfectly safe as soon as I am recognized, which must be delayed, if possible, until you are beyond the barriers."

"But I am condemned to die to-day."

"Fear not! You will live many years. And now, before we part—your sister-in-law *will* die to-day—and her husband. It is utterly impossible for me to save them; but, I charge you, do not tell your wife till you are in safety."

"I understand. Poor Marie!"

"Go, go! Every moment is precious."

"You assure me I do not endanger you?'

"I tell you I am safe!"

He knew it was false; he knew that were the president himself accused of aiding the escape of a prisoner, his doom was sure. But his face was serene, his smile sweet, though sad, as he spoke.

Having seen the prisoner once beyond the door, he hastily assumed his dress, hiding his own under the miserable pallet bed. An hour, two hours passed—and there was no alarm. Surely, they were safe! Then a hollow, rumbling sound struck on his ear, and he knew the tumbrils waited for their living freight. His summons came soon, and he was led to the hall where the prisoners were assembled. Marie came to his side.

"Victor! Ah!" she cried, as she saw his face; "where is Victor?"

"Safe, I trust, by this time. Oh! forgive me that I could not save you! I could only rescue him thus!"

"How?" she whispered, awe-struck.

"By dying in his stead."

I draw a veil over the next scenes. All know what such horrors were—and Marie and George were not the only noble hearts who perished on that fatal day.

Victor and Audree escaped, and not for many years did Audree know how Louis Sautorie saved her husband. Then Gaspard took to her his last letter written the night before his death, and she learned how she had been loved by the gifted artist.

WITHIN A YEAR.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Tread softly! True, she cannot hear your step,
Yet death's mute presence sanctifies the place.
Lift up the curtain, let the sunlight in,
Draw the sheet gently from her pallid face.

Would you have known her? She has changed so much
Since last you saw her, scarce one year agone:
You would have wept to see how soon with grief
The face we thought so fair grew pale and wan!

How still she lies! As if asleep? Not so—
Slumber was never perfect rest like this!
And rest was what she longed for. Once she said,
That Heaven, for her, could have no higher bliss!

She was so fragile from a very child;
Not strong, as some are, little used to care;
For life had been all sunshine. When, at last,
The dark clouds gathered, it was hard to bear.

Only last March she came to me, one day,
A tender shyness crowning every grace;
It was the "old, old story," which I read,
Once and forever, in her changing face.

"Philip!" I said—and, answering the name,
Fair, rival roses bloomed on either cheek;
And so, with fond caress, and loving word,
I won my darling of this joy to speak.

It was the Spring-tide of life, love, and hope;
A little while, and then the shadow gray
Of death's grim presence settled in her eyes,
Whence the light faded surely day by day.

For to our country (which may God preserve!)
This agony of peril came apace;
And in the ranks of freedom's loyal sons
The earnest heart of Philip found his place.

When, with grave words, befitting such a theme,
And a good man's stern sorrow for the need,
He spoke of duty, of our nation's claims,
Her whitening lips found strength to say, "God-speed!"

She had a brave, true heart, the tender girl,
And hid all pain beneath a cheerful guise;
But I could read the tokens, which would mean
Nothing to other and more careless eyes.

One Sabbath, in midsummer, we, who knelt,
In mercy, recked not how our dear one lay,
With quiet face turned homeward, on the sward,
Stained with his life-blood as it ebbed away.

Too soon, alas! the fatal tidings came.
She heard it, mutely, and fell forward prone
Upon the floor—so white and deathly still,
With features rigid as the sculptured stone.

This is the end. Her New-Year dawned in Heaven;
Earth's weakness and its pain she left below;
The peace He giveth unto His beloved,
Now and henceforward, it is hers to know.

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A STRANGE DAYBREAK.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

STRANGE indeed was the scene that took place at daybreak, on the ninth of March last, in Brandon, a town in New Hampshire. The inhabitants have pondered it long and earnestly. The minister of the parish lay dying. For forty years he had exercised his ministry there. In the New England of the Puritans great was the importance attached, the deference shown, to a clergyman. It could not be otherwise where the church governed the state through the disfranchisement of all who were not church members. The sentiment is still extant in some places. The minister is the leading man of the town. Around him circle its intelligence, its public spirit, as well as its piety—none the less because his fairly-earned stipend slips slowly through the fingers of the deacons, and their keen eyes twinkle if they can pay him "in kind"—white beans, perhaps.

Brandon slept among the quiet green hills, there was no railroad to it; its people were tenacious of ancient feelings and customs, and so the position of "Priest Thayer" might have contented a divine of the days of Cotton Mather or Dr. Bellamy. True, his congregation did not remain standing till he had entered the meeting-house and ascended to his lofty pulpit; nor did they respectfully wait in their "slips," after the benediction, for him to descend and pace slow and stately down the broad aisle, as had been the observance with his predecessors. The reverence and esteem of the grave, divinity-respecting community found expression in other ways, constant and varied.

That night, when it was known that the pastor had come to the term of his earthly labors, there was deep sadness, deep solemnity. A hush, a great waiting seemed extended over the village—to be changed with the morning light to a great wonder and questioning.

There was no acute sorrow, no passionate yearning, for he for whom the ghostly messenger was come had been a reserved, unbending, formal man. He had needed no confidant, no bosom friend. If any groping for closer, warmer sympathy, for fuller employment, for the life of his heart, than was afforded by the methodical society amid which he walked, had agitated his bosom, no one knew it. He was going to his long home rigid as he had lived.

Had it always been so? Let us look back a little. When that wiry, gray hair was brown and silky, young Elias Thayer's emotional nature had asserted itself. Dreams, hopes had been his—hopes which were not dreams. Soft fingers wove the spell!

A great wrong was done.

A girl, tender and lovely, gazed a few intense moments on the wreck of her life, and turned away, silent. Mr. Thayer also turned away—to his ordination vows, to the flock over which he had been made shepherd.

Pure spirit, absolute immateriality, some say, is only an inert power, able to effect nothing. It needs compactness, corporeal limitations. And sometimes, while in the body, the more unswerving the limits, the straiter the barriers between which it acts, the more its power in any one direction. Mr. Thayer's mind had been trained to move along one groove, that of the strictest sect of Calvinism, and great was the force with which it now urged its way. It grasped the most appalling conclusions with a passionless zeal for truth. This gave him great momentum in the pulpit. Strangers sometimes wondered at the quietness with which he turned over nine tenths of his fellow-creatures to hopeless misery; but their souls kindled as he seized the fortunes and destiny of the remaining tenth, and pushed with them on and up, still up, till the planet on which they stood dwindled into a petty, petty fragment of God's universe, and the years they were to walk its surface appeared but a point of time. His parishioners looked at him as, prematurely grave and formal, he wended his way back to his study, thinking how colorless, feeble must be the seen and perishable for one who lived under the sway of such truths. And so thinking, some reverenced him, and some only entertained a grave respect, a feeling that it was eminently fitting that so a clergyman should live, a gratulation that their parish possessed such a clergyman. But there was one eye that eagerly sought upon his face a betrayal of passion, an uneasy yearning, a backward earthly look. Poor Anne Newton! the unguessed secret lived in her consciousness rather than memory, but it seemed fading out of his.

At the western extremity of the village lived

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the woman, Anne Newton, to whose life his had once been grappled so tightly, and the parsonage was at the eastern extremity. Anne's windows overlooked a wide, desolate waste, where grew stunted grass, scrawny bushes, and a few dwarf evergreens. It possessed not even the weird attraction of a naked moor. The parsonage looked out upon the grave-yard. And thus these two lived, one at one end of the village and one at the other, while forty years rolled over their heads.

In that time changes many took place, of course. The minister married a wife, and children three were born unto him. When Anne Newton had reached the sober age of thirty-six she lost almost all her property. As a New England woman the first refuge of her thought was teaching. But her lonely life, her worn nerves had ill-fitted her to cope with other candidates in the race, girls of eighteen, with terse, fresh vitality, primed with the latest discoveries in science and art. What is the other female resource? The needle, of course. And so Miss Newton, proud and sensitive, born, if not to affluence, to comfort and many lady-like refinements, elegancies, delicacies, with family memories stretching back to days of colonial pomp, with fastidiousness and shrinkings not to be understood by those to whom the possibility, the danger of having to earn their bread has ever been suggested—Miss Newton ventured forth on the world as a needle-woman—determined to go out dress-making.

She soon obtained all the custom of the place. One day she went to work for Mrs. Thayer, the minister's wife. The parson found her seated at the breakfast-table when he descended with his measured movement and stiff, spotless neck-cloth. Returning his bow, she waited, angry with herself for her palpitating heart, for his first words. They were, "Shall I give you some codfish, Miss Newton?"

The meal was despatched, and Parson Thayer returned to his study-table and the synthesis of his train of reasoning for the next Sunday morning. But his ideas were confused. He could not command his mind. He rose, shook himself in his dressing-gown, stroked his brow, walked to the window, murmuring, "I was up too late last night;" but even as he said it, he extended his hand with the palm outward as if warding off something, and crossed the room in that attitude. Suddenly he stopped, his eyes fixed apparently on the corner of the nearest bookcase. What thought springs to life in his brain?—what image grasps his thought? He looks only a moment, and then glances around over his shoulder. Is he the man to harbor an image—he, sober, practical, stiff, even prim?

Miss Newton went no more to work there.

But they met once a year. In his annual parochial visitation the pastor never omitted Miss Newton. His eye would rest on her face curiously, as if to note what progress time had made since the last year, and she would color and look away. That was all. Their intercourse was commonplace and distant, without any effort needed to make it so.

As Dr. Thayer advanced in life his reputation as a preacher increased. But there was one strange thing noticeable in his ministry. Year after year he preached, bringing his lofty thoughts and abstractions close to the consciences and lives of his listeners by frequent and striking applications, yet there was not one addition to the membership of his church. The only tears his flock had ever seen him shed, ran down his cheeks when he announced and commented upon this fact from the pulpit. What secret warping from the right lay at the foundation? The minister's life was irreproachable, his labors unwearied, his parish had perfect confidence in him. Where was the malign element twisted in?

Dr. Thayer's step grew feeble, his hand trembling. At sixty he was bent and abstracted as an old man of seventy. At twilight he would sit in his study window and gaze out over the dusky grave-yard. His wife had been laid there ten years before, but his eyes were not fixed on her head-stone. He lived alone now. One by one his three daughters had left him to gladden homes of their own, and a hired housekeeper managed his domestic affairs, so there was no one to interrupt him, as he lingered long by the darkening casement, and looked afar. This was also the time when Anne Newton, folding away her tedious work, would draw toward her solitary window and muse, as she too looked out into the gathering darkness. At the same hour, as each evening closed in, they were similarly engaged. Did their spirits never meet? Space is a limitation of matter only. Was it no unperceived influence that kept that old man silent and motionless there, and that gray-haired woman, with the hard, soured face, at the other window, two miles distant?

The night came of which I spoke at the commencement of my story, when the minister lay dying. A wild, gusty night. The house had been thronged during the day; but now only one deacon watched in the parlor, while a hired nurse sat by the bed. The house-door opened, an unequal step ascended the stairs, and a

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woman, tall and gaunt, wrapped in a cloak, the hood drawn far over her features, entered the sick-room, and advanced to the pillow whereon lay the cold, rigid face. The nurse started up in affright, changed to amazement, as the cloak fell back and revealed—the village dress-maker! Anne Newton knelt down by the bed and stroked the brow, damp with the dew of death. The eyes, which had been fixed on vacancy, turned toward her—they lit up—a smile, yes, a positive smile of pleasure, came upon the sunk and rayless features. The old minister turned upon his side and gazed full in the countenance bending near his own. He tried to speak; but he was too far gone for that. Miss Newton, in a tone of quiet authority, dismissed the nurse, and those two were left alone together—together once more!

As the light broke in the east, the watcher below stole up to the dim chamber, and then went in haste to summon his brother deacons; for the last moments were evidently near.

What a sight was that which met their astonished eyes! Seated on the side of the minister's bed, one arm around him, supporting him, was Miss Newton; his right hand clasped hers tightly, while his face wore a soft, bright, sweet, happy smile that took twenty years from his apparent age. Never, in all their knowledge of him, had his good deacons seen there an expression like that! They would scarce have known him. His glazing eyes sought the light of the large, speaking ones that bent over him. They seemed to lean upon them.

And his companion—was she also transfigured? Her whole countenance was aglow, alight. She, too, appeared to *ask no more.*

"Our worthy pastor wanders. He thinks he holds the hand of his deceased wife," whispered one of the brethren. But when they asked him if he knew who sat by his side, he faintly replied, "Surely—Anne Newton."

The little he said was perfectly rational, expressing his hope of approaching happiness. As he spoke his eyes dwelt on that face, near his own at last, and his tones, his mien, his features were suffused, permeated, transformed with beaming content. Was this the unsympathetic, formal, unbending, self-poised man they had known? And this—this certainly was the village dress-maker! What did it mean? The group of severe, matter-of-fact men scanned each other's visages, as if to assure themselves they were not in a dream. No, nothing bares the edge of reality, wakes the practical sense, like the clear light of morning—and that was flooding the scene.

So lay the minister, while the sun came up out of the east and touched his brow with splendor. Then, quietly, life went out, and the beams of glory lit the worn face, bearing the same sweet smile.

The funeral was over. A committee of the church called on Miss Anne Newton, to inquire the meaning of the strange scene witnessed at the death-bed of Dr. Thayer. It had spread abroad among the church, they told her, and much scandalized many godly members.

"Did you ever hear whisper against him while living?" asked Miss Newton.

"Never! And for that very reason——"

"Then go your way," interrupted she. "Rest assured that what you saw implied nothing you need regret. Look at his life. Remember and imitate that. With the secrets of his dying hour you have no business. You cannot question him, and me you shall not!"

Were you to go to Brandon now, you would hear, ere long, the particulars of this story, with conjectures differing according to the age, position, sex, and character of your interlocutor. The most trifling, every-day act of the minister's life is supposed to have had relation to the closing scene. The good people forget that that would imply a unity of motive and action, an artistic proportion and correspondence of the different parts, impossible to any mundane career. However, among so many various explanations, they can settle upon none. The mystery is yet unsolved.

LINES.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

Oh! try to be the rainbow,
To all the storms of life,
That gleams, in sweetest beauty,
Amid the wildest strife!
The sun is ever shining—
The day-spring from above—
To turn thy tears of anguish
To signs of hope and love.

Remember, though the tempest
May wildly rage awhile,
The calm must shortly follow—
The frown precedes a smile.
With hope of coming glory
This earthly gloom is rife;
Then try to be the rainbow
To all the storms of life!

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"WEDDED TO A NEWSPAPER."

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"GOOD-BY, pet."

"Be sure and come home early, Preston."

And the last speaker—a dimpled, rosy little creature, blithe and blooming as a poet's spring—for, alas! we have no other now-a-days!—stood in the doorway waving her handkerchief, until the gentleman thus entreated had disappeared from view.

Mrs. Preston Greene, as it was easy to see, was a bride whose honeymoon had not yet begun to wane, and thought she had as good a right, perhaps a better, to be happy, than any other woman in the world.

Let me recount her good fortune. Out of all her admirers—and her bloom and sprightliness had attracted many about her—Mr. Preston Greene had alone possessed the power to touch her heart. To be sure she had demurred a little, when it came to the point, about changing the expressive maiden name of Bessie Warbler, for the more commonplace patronymic of Greene; but then, upon reflection, was it not spelled with the aristocratic *e?*—and was not Preston both pretty and unusual? Then enumerating to herself the many virtues belonging to the possessor thereof, she settled down with a blissful content that could not have been increased if the conjunctive cognomens of the man she was to marry had been culled from the most resplendent romance. Moreover, "papa" and "mamma" had both been willing, and altogether nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of a courtship, which culminated in a wedding day so sunny and clear as to be absolutely faultless. This was followed by a bridal tour equally satisfactory, and then Preston Greene, with some pride and more affection, brought back his bride to the home he had prepared for her.

It was the prettiest of cottages; just far enough out of town to catch a glimpse of fields, and a breath of unpolluted country air, and yet not entirely lose sight of the bustle and zest pervading the atmosphere of a great city. Besides this, the house itself was just the place for a bride to nestle in. They were not rich, these two, and made no effort to appear so. The bedrooms were furnished inexpensively, but most attractively, with unpretending cottage furniture, and brightness and prettiness reigned everywhere. In fine, Mrs. Greene expressed the perfections of her new abode by designating it, to her lady friends, as the "dearest little bandbox of a place ever was." And as every one is aware how dainty is the feminine taste respecting the receptacle intended to contain that choicest adornment of the sex—a bonnet, you will perceive how much this phrase implied.

You will have become conscious by this time, however, that so much good fortune could, by no possibility, fall to the lot of one mortal woman without some drawback to mar it. Mrs. Greene, *nee* Bessie Warbler, had not been married three months before she discovered that she possessed a rival—a rival which American wives, no matter how invincible in their charms, may not hope to drive entirely from the field. You will not permit yourself to be startled then, when I mention that the name of this powerful rival was the—NEWSPAPER.

When Mr. Greene came home, after an interval consumed in relating to one another the personal events of the day, interesting to each as a fairy-tale, the gentleman would produce this ubiquitous apparition from his pocket, and remark, in a tone of humble apology, "I think I'll just look over the news a little, my dear." And Mr. Greene would fall to perusing the columns before him, reading aloud any item he thought might be of interest to Bessie.

This was all well enough at first, Bessie would sit fabricating some pretty trifle, glancing about her every now and then, thinking how pleasant were her surroundings. But as the weeks passed on, Mr. Greene would forget to lay down his paper, until a little pink hand would come stealing in between him and the print, and its owner exclaim with the least bit of a pout, "It is so tiresome of you, Preston, to sit reading that stupid newspaper, when I haven't seen you all day!"

Then Mr. Greene, laying aside the peace-breaker, would devote himself to his wife for the rest of the evening, saying, "I can't let you call my pet journal stupid, love. For, you see, my father before me took the New York Extirpator, and thought nothing could compare with it, and I've inherited his belief."

But the time came when this cherished sheet

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was relinquished with a sigh, and the conviction forced itself upon Bessie's mind that her husband found greater pleasure in perusing its columns than her society could afford. She, therefore, no longer sought to wile it from him; and, after some tears shed in secret, came to the conclusion, that, as this was the only fault Preston possessed as a husband, it was her duty to bear it as patiently as she might. But as time passed on, Bessie found that this fault, trifling as it might appear, was yet productive of more serious consequences than at first glance would have seemed possible.

She had always possessed a great taste for gardening, and as there were grounds of considerable extent about their dwelling, looked forward to the pleasant times she and her husband could not fail to have in cultivating them. But she found that his all-engrossing newspaper gave him no time to spare for "such things," and was fain to see what results she could produce unaided. In this, as in most undertakings, her diligence won success, and her flowers were the earliest, and her vine produced the finest grapes of any in the neighborhood.

Bessie had been married several years, however, before her husband's foible subjected her to any *contretemps* of a really mortifying nature.

She said to him one morning, "I see the Spriggs, old friends of my family, are in town. They've sent me cards from the Astor, and I must go in and call on them this very day. We must ask them out here, of course."

"Certainly, anything you like, little wife," was the response.

"Well," said Mrs. Greene, that morning, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I've performed my duty. Called on the Spriggs, and was fortunate enough to find them in. They expect to leave the city shortly, so I've invited them to come to-morrow, and asked Polly Frothingham and a few of the neighbors to meet them. I suppose the properest thing would have been to dine them. But they're accustomed to such a deal of style, and though I'm not a bit ashamed of our way of living, I thought the best I could do would be to invite them to tea, which I could hand round, you know—Polly Frothingham tells me it's the fashion now—and then in the evening I intend having a pretty little table set out in the dining-room, and have our confectioner furnish whatever may be needed, with a colored man to serve."

"A very good arrangement," rejoined Mr. Greene, approvingly. "I know the Spriggs' well, they're rather parvenu-ish—as even your mother always acknowledged—and I'd like everything to appear to advantage, as that sort of people attach so much importance to outside show."

That evening, after Bessie had put the little ones to bed—for a sturdy little urchin called Johnny, and a tiny Lulu had made their appearance upon the stage—she sat down, and, after a little cogitation with her husband, wrote out, in her clear, precise hand, a list of the articles that would be required from the confectioner's, and laid it upon her dressing-table that it might be at hand in the morning.

I am not sure but that the little woman laid awake a good share of the night, planning just how the children should be dressed, and how mothers in general should be arranged in order that her reputation, as mother and housekeeper, should not suffer at the hands of the Spriggs, who, as she confessed to her husband, were the least little bit in the world inclined to be censorious.

Mrs. Greene had alluded to Polly Frothingham as being one of her invited guests. This lady was the wife of her husband's partner, and constantly harassed both herself and Mr. Frothingham, because the firm did business under the name of Greene & Co., instead of Frothingham & Co.

"Now that sounds something like," she was wont to say to her spouse, "Greene has such a commonplace sound, though Bess does lay such stress upon its being spelled with an *e*. I don't see that that makes any difference."

Now Polly Frothingham was determined that if Bess Greene, through her husband, took lead in matters of business, that she would show herself superior in matters of style and taste, and took delight in continually parading the sayings and doings of her fashionable acquaintances.

It was therefore that Bessie looked forward, with a little innocent pride, to introducing to this lady her friends, the Spriggs, who, she felt sure, were quite as "stylish" as any of those whom Mrs. Frothingham was in the habit of quoting to her.

All these considerations tended to make Bessie repose rather uneasy; she therefore woke later than usual, and was just setting a jaunty breakfast-cap upon her pretty head, when her husband entered the room and exclaimed, in a tone of dismay, "I can't find it anywhere! Some rascally villain must have stolen it!"

The instantaneous conviction of Mrs. Greene was, that one of the children was missing, and she rushed into the little room opening out of

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theirs in order to verify her fears. But no, both Johnny and Lulu were sound asleep in their respective cribs.

She kissed them each, then came back to her husband, who was pacing uneasily up and down. "Why, what do you mean, Preston?" asked she. "Both of the children are there. What is gone or stolen? Not the spoons, I hope?"

"Children! spoons! What can you be thinking of, Bessie? I am speaking of the New York Extirpator. Either it hasn't come, or somebody has stolen it."

Mrs. Greene's gentle features came as near to an expression of scorn as was possible for them, as she rejoined in a tone of much sympathy, "Dear me, what a misfortune! Do exert yourself, Preston, and see if it isn't possible for you to exist without that precious sheet one morning, at all events."

Mr. Greene did exert himself, but not quite successfully. In fact, during all their married life, his wife had never seen his equanimity so disturbed.

Before he started for down town, Mrs. Greene gave him the list she had prepared with so much care, with the injunction that the moment he arrived in town, he was to take it to Knick-nack's, adding, "You know he has always been our confectioner, and he is sure to be perfectly reliable."

Mr. Greene dutifully promised; but all the way down town the thought of that missing morning paper haunted him; and when the city was reached, the temptation of stopping at its office and inquiring why it had not been sent was too great to be resisted; so he saw the proprietor, pocketed the New York Extirpator, received an apology for its non-appearance, and then hurried to his place of business, determining to attend to his wife's request in the course of the morning.

In the meantime, Bessie was as busy as a bee preparing for her visitors. She went into the garden and plucked her brightest flowers for bouquets, and denuded her grape-vine of its choicest clusters to do honor to the occasion. Bringing these last in, she arranged them on certain salvers that had been among her bridal gifts—not silver, to be sure, but so excellently plated that the sharpest eye would be unable to detect the difference—then placing them on the dining-room table, tried to imagine how it would look in the evening. The effect couldn't fail to be pretty, with large rosy peaches peeping out amid the grapes, a pyramid of pink and white cream in the center, and the whole flanked at each end by a golden quiver of jellies and dainty forms of Charlotte Russe. In the pride of her heart and the want of other confidants, she called in the children and described the tempting set-out mamma was going to have for her visitors: they listened with delighted eyes, for in their simple little lives this was quite an event.

The afternoon came, and the first arrival was Mrs. Greene's dread and admiration—Polly Frothingham, who remarked that she thought she'd come early and help her receive her friends, knowing that since her marriage she had been so retired, that it might come a "little awkward at first."

Bessie Warbler, who had never done an awkward thing in her life! But as Mrs. Frothingham, by dint of much assurance, and an emphatic belief that she was a person of great importance, succeeded generally in inveigling others into a similar delusion, Bessie felt herself obliged to be grateful for the above condescension.

By-and-by, after one or two unimportant arrivals, the Spriggs came; Mrs. Spriggs, who was portly, consequential, and patronizing; Miss Amanda Spriggs, who was also in good condition, and resplendent with jewels; and Mr. Hyacinth Spriggs, who was nothing in particular, and confined himself strictly to monosyllables. Indeed, had he possessed any conversational talent, he would have fared badly enough, as his mother and sister were opposed, upon principle, to anybody's talking but themselves. At all events, the Spriggs were stylish in appearance; and somehow, as Polly Frothingham's sharp eyes scanned them from head to foot, Mrs. Greene was pleased to know that the shawls mother and daughter wore were of real Chantilly lace.

Though the tea passed off nicely, yet Mrs. Greene could not help thinking that a shade crossed the faces of the Spriggs at its simplicity, they being famous for their devotion to good cheer; nor could she avoid seeing that Polly Frothingham looked supercilious, as if thinking how much better she could have managed everything, and for this reason she looked forward to the evening with added zest.

Little Lulu had remained close by her mother's side, a miracle of goodness and quietness; but Johnny, boy-like, toddled in and out among the company, and finally taking his station beside Mrs. Spriggs, pounded vigorously on her knee to attract attention, and began,

"See here, big lady, do 'ou 'ike goodies?" So, this "big lady" returning a smiling assent, Johnny continued, "'Cause, if 'ou do, mamy tole

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sis and me zat at nine o'tock wese doin' to have 'ots of good tings. Jelly, and gapes, and peaches, and ice-tream. And oh, Johnny can't 'member all wese doin' to have!"

At this unexpected information a bland expression stole into Mrs. Spriggs' face, and, taking the little chatter-box on her knee, she began to ride him to "Banbury Cross."

Mrs. Greene, not displeased at the compliments showered upon Johnny for his cunning speech, luckily did not hear Mrs. Frothingham whisper to Amanda Spriggs,

"Poor little dear! This sort of thing is quite a novelty to him. Bessie lives rather plainly, as a general thing, you see."

Presently Mrs. Greene heard the hall door open and her husband pass up stairs to arrange his dress before meeting their guests. A sudden terror beset her. What if Preston should have forgotten to stop at the confectioner's? She immediately rejected the idea as absurd, but would have no peace until she had seen him. So, whispering Polly Frothingham to entertain the company during her absence, which, with an air of ludicrous importance, this lady proceeded to do, Bessie stole quietly up stairs.

She had not forgotten him, at all events; for, upon entering the room, he found his best suit lying in state upon the bed, in company with a shirt of snowy linen. Well pleased, the gentleman proceeded to make his toilet, when Bessie, gliding in, said,

"I was so anxious, Preston, that I couldn't rest until I came up to make sure that you had stopped at the confectioner's."

"Confectioner's?" stammered Mr. Greene. "Upon my word, Bessie, I beg pardon! But, hang it all! not getting my paper in the morning threw me off the track entirely! I meant to have stopped at Knicknack's the first thing; but I had any quantity of business on hand, and, in fact, it slipped my mind we were to have company at all, until I heard strange voices through the open window."

And, with a very rueful face, the gentleman handed back the neatly-folded paper intended for the eye of the Knicknacks, adding, "I'm so sorry, wifie! But then, there is plenty in the house that will do upon a pinch." Tears stood in Bessie's eyes; and you will think her a model wife when I say she refrained from a single reproach, though she could not help saying to herself, with some little bitterness, "How stupid men are! They always think anything will do!"

The "plenty" Mr. Greene represented as being in the house consisted of hams, vegetables, etc., which, of course, would never do to set before company; and there was but one person Mrs. Greene could consult in her difficulty. Among the neighbors she had invited was a kind, cheery matron, called Mrs. Homeyard. During a diversion, made by the entrance of Mr. Greene, Bessie beckoned her from the room and explained her perplexities. Mrs. Homeyard was inclined to take a cheerful view of the matter.

"I made some cake to-day. To be sure, it's only cookies; but then, they're nice and light, and you're welcome to them. And you have jams in the house, likely?"

"Yes, to be sure!" replied Bessie, brightening up. "I have plenty of strawberry-jam, if that will do."

So good Mrs. Homeyard trudged off and presently returned with a basketful of cakes; and the two proceeded to set forth the table. Really, it didn't look so badly, in the end: with a rich bouquet in the center, purple grapes heaped up at each end, and glass conserve dishes showing off the ruby-colored jam to perfection. Still it was so different from what Bessie had expected, and, worse still, so different from what Johnny had led the company to expect, that, with a little flutter of dismay, and a wish that it was all over, Bessie ushered her guests into the pleasant dining-room opening out of the parlor.

Bessie's manner, however, was quite free from confusion, as she made a graceful and laughing apology for the absence of the choicer confectionery she had expected to set before them. Everybody protested, of course, that they couldn't possibly have wished for anything nicer; but, for all that, it was a little tantalizing to Bessie to see Polly Frothingham exchange glances with the Spriggs, and then say, in that bland, patronizing voice which was so tormenting to hear, that Bessie must be sure to give her the "receipt for those cookies"—they were so much healthier than "richer cakes," she thought.

The Spriggs did not leave New York immediately, and Mrs. Greene had the dubious pleasure of being present at an entertainment given them by Mrs. Frothingham, gotten up in a scale quite too gorgeous to suit her husband's pocket—the result, as Bessie very well knew, of an amiable intention, on the part of the first, to mortify her, and establish her own superiority. Bessie could have forgiven this, however, if Polly had not informed her, at the close of the evening, with a most sympathizing face, "I must say I'm disappointed in your friends, the Spriggs. They inquired if your husband wasn't

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very mean? Do you know they thought your apology was all a make-up to save expense? Did you ever? Of course, I told them what a generous man Mr. Greene is. I'm sure nobody would have thought of such a thing but them!"

But this last did not console poor Bessie in the least—it was not intended that it should.

I have related the more amusing side of Mr. Greene's devotion to newspaperdom; but there were graver consequences in store for his family. As time progressed, his devotion to this species of literature amounted to a monomania, sanctioned, in his eyes, by the plea, that his line of business rendered such devotion imperative. This, however, could not blind Mrs. Greene to the fact, that, even if the material interests of her children were advanced by this absorption, mentally and morally they must be the sufferers.

Johnny, who was a lively, impatient boy, needed strict and careful training; but, whenever Bessie spoke of his faults to her husband, the reply was, "Of course, Bessie, I can't be at home all day to look after the children!" or else Johnny received a sharp short rebuke that did more harm than good. "If his father would only take two or three evenings in the week," Bessie would think, "and interest the boy in some pursuit that would occupy his thoughts and keep him out of mischief!" But the wish was in vain. Give Mr. Greene his slippers and paper, when the day was ended, and he was oblivious of all else until bed time.

Lulu, fortunately, had too watchful care from her mother to suffer as yet from this want of paternal solicitude, and was already beginning to mature into a lovely woman, whose brilliant spirits created a glow of life wherever she came.

There were other eyes than her mother's that became conscious of this, and among them a fine pair belonging to a certain Gilbert Livingstone, who proceeded to evince his admiration of Lulu in numerous ways.

As far as appearances went, there was nothing objectionable about the young man. He was scrupulous in the regard of all external observances, and peculiarly well-bred and attractive in manner.

Mrs. Greene, noting his demonstrative admiration of Lulu, said to her husband, "It is plain that Gilbert Livingstone thinks a deal of our Loo. He comes from B——, he tells me, and I wish you would inquire about him among your friends."

Mr. Greene opened his eyes in astonishment at the idea of Lulu's having a suitor—it had never occurred to him that she was anything but a very child—then replied, "Certainly, I will find out about the young man; but it would be rather absurd to take anything for granted at this early stage."

A little while after Lulu glided into the room upon some noiseless errand, and Mr. Greene, regarding her attentively, saw how sweet and womanly she had grown. She reminded him of Bessie, and how she had looked when he first discovered that he loved her—and the remembrance moved him. "Come here, Lulu, and give me a kiss," he said at length.

Lulu, with wonder in her eyes, complied with the request, and Mr. Greene, smoothing her hair, added, in a tone of unwonted affection, "Papa may not say a great deal; but he loves his little Lulu very much!"

The girl, with tears in her eyes, went to her mother, and said, "What do you think, mother? Father actually asked me to kiss him, just now!" And Bessie sighed to think such a request should seem unusual.

"I must certainly inquire about that young man," thought Mr. Greene, as Lulu left the room. But the elections were coming on, and Mr. Greene was no half-way politician. He believed that his favorite candidate, Magog, was the man to "save the country," while Gog was a consummate villain; and, consequently, devoted himself more than ever to the columns of the "Extirpator," which exerted itself to prove these two facts. So the days slipped by, and, in his absorbing anxiety to see Magog elected, and Gog defeated, Mr. Greene forgot Lulu and her admirer entirely.

One morning Lulu came to her mother, and, with blushing timidity, confided to her that she and Gilbert Livingstone were engaged. "That is, I told him, if—if you and father are willing."

This was unexpected even to Mrs. Greene, and, determining to depend no longer upon her husband, she ascertained the name of one of the principal citizens of B——, and wrote accordingly. She received a reply that stunned her. Gilbert Livingstone, though belonging to one of the first families in B——, had covered himself with dishonor. Occupying a position of trust, he had proved himself a defaulter, and had been obliged to leave the place in consequence. "He has the bearing of a gentleman, and the heart of a villain!" ended the letter. With it open in her hand Mrs. Greene came to her husband and gave it him to read. When he had finished, looking up at his wife, it was to meet an expression of reproach stern and unusual.

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He answered it by saying, in a deprecatory tone, "Well, well, if there is anything between Lulu and this precious rascal, it must be broken off at once."

"If her heart be broken too, I suppose it will not matter. You will find consolation in the columns of your newspaper."

Mr. Greene felt he had deserved the reproach, and was silent.

Poor Lulu! The blow fell heaviest upon her! She had always been so happy, and believed so thoroughly in every one's goodness, and now, chilled and shivering at the shadow of sin that had fallen upon her brightest hopes, she went about pallid and drooping.

Mr. Greene, in a fit of remorseful penitence at his neglect, devoted himself to his child for —a fortnight, and invented schemes to wile away her sadness. Lulu was very patient and grateful; but her mother felt, in her inmost heart, that her child's bloom and freshness would never come back. Time might palliate, but would never wholly remedy the shock she had received. And this thought was embittered still more by the reflection, that all this might have been avoided if the young man's character had been ascertained before Lulu had given her heart in such unworthy keeping.

Nor was this Bessie's only trouble. Johnny, lacking a firm hand to control him, had grown up wild and reckless, when care and attention at the outset would have made him a useful, prosperous man.

Mr. Greene, aroused at length, declared that John, if he were allowed to go on, would bring disgrace upon them all, and, procuring him the position of supercargo, sent him to China without delay, with the stern warning, that he was not to return until he could bestow "credit, instead of disgrace, upon his family."

Bessie, well aware what this energy, exerted earlier, might have accomplished for her son, wondered how her husband could expect "figs of thorns," or a plentiful harvest where he had never taken time to strew one seed of goodness.

I wish I could say that Mr. Greene, awakening at last to the long error of years, did whatever lay in his power to atone for it. But the old habit is too strong for him. So he is still absorbed by the columns of his favorite journal; and when he alludes to the matter at all, it is to consider himself a very ill-used man. If he had been "a drunkard, or a gambler," it would have been different. But as it was, he could never understand "why John should grow up into such an extravagant, reckless fellow."

So Bessie Greene descends the shady side of life with her only son in a distant and heathen land, and her only daughter defrauded of her bloom, and quiet with a sadness which illy accords with her years.

You may consider my sketch overdrawn. I'll not quarrel with you for that. But I think there are not too many households and hearths in America over which the demon of the eternal newspaper does not cast, from its omnipresent wings, a shadow of discontent. At all events, I am very certain that a man ought to decide at the outset, whether it is better to be wedded to a wife, or a newspaper, and abide by the choice.

LOST.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

Away in a fathomless ocean,
  Away in its deepest caves,
Where only the stars of Heaven look down,
  And nod to the scintillant waves;
Where the crystalline strands
Of the coral lands
  Reach up to the scintillant waves—

There Psyche moaningly wanders,
  Unmindfully of the pearls,
Striving to catch one passing glimpse
  Of those radiant, shining curls
Which a glory shed
Round a beautiful head,
  With its clustering, golden curls.

Among the treacherous billows
  She peers with a burdened sigh
For a glimpse of a tiny hand or foot,
  Or a gleam from that sunny eye;
Some little sign
From the world divine,
  One smile from that sunny eye.

Sad Psyche waits for the voices
  That fell on her listening ear,
When the violets meek, and the lily bells,
  Drooped low in this sorrowful year;
But the ocean's moan
Gives back no tone
  From this dreary and sorrowful year.

Then my soul groweth sad and aweary,
  Alone in this desolate clime—
Striving to gather the dead past up
  From this fathomless sea, called Time—
While the waves dash by,
With an echoless sigh,
  And are lost in this ocean—Time.

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MY MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I HAD just been admitted to the bar. Before me lay my aunt Fannie's letter, urging me to pay a visit to her, uncle James, and the girls.

At dinner time I told my father of my plans.

"Very good," he said, approvingly. "You will have the free air that the doctor recommends; and if you choose to fall in love with your cousin Molly, I shall give my consent to the match."

"She's a dear, good girl!" said my mother.

I instantly resolved to hate Molly. Fall in love with "a dear, good girl!" I—a poet—a genius—seeking, on this desert earth, for a kindred soul—a heart to beat in unison with mine—a bright, etherial being formed to be worshiped, but, of course, willing to bow before my superior mind! "Dear, good girl!" brought up a vision of a little bread-and-butter Miss, always ready to wait on mamma and courtesy to a strange gentleman. I fall in love with her! Nothing could relieve my disgusted feelings but a canto to "My ideal love," which I finished before bed time.

The next evening found me in the quiet home circle at Lee, already more than half in love with—not the recommended Molly, but her sister, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Leonie. I had found a kindred soul, I was sure, in Leonie. Together we soared to the realms of thought; we quoted Byron—we compared favorite passages, and, ecstasy! she, too, confided her inmost thoughts to paper—she, in short, wrote poetry! She was unhappy, too, in want of sympathy. None of the family believed in her inspiration or genius. Her father said "Trash!" to her finest effusions; and her mother advised her to spend her time in making cake, if bread was too commonplace.

Molly had a small but neat figure, and her dainty slipper and dress both fitted exquisitely; her hair was dark-brown, and braided in heavy loops; she had soft-brown eyes, fair complexion, and a bright, cheerful face.

Leonie, tall, slender, and graceful, wore a white dress which might have paid a visit to the wash-tub with advantage; but my eyes and admiration rested on her face. The features were Grecian, and the large, languid blue eyes, and long, loose curls, made a fair picture, which, to my blinded eyes, was improved by a half-reclining position and pensive expression.

"Leonie," said her father, "what are you looking so dolorous about? Toothache?"

A look of scornful impatience excited at once my sympathy, and the laughter of the rest.

"Oh! I see," said uncle James; "you are composing an ode to a summer's night. Eh, Molly?"

"Including musquitoes," said Molly, quietly.

"Of course! Come, let's have the first verse," said the poor girl's tormentor.

"Papa, spare me! Torture not my calm repose by dragging forth my sorrows to the world."

"Come, Lenny, sing for us," said her mother; "and no nonsense!"

So "Love not," and "The Broken-Hearted" were sung, in an agonizing manner; and then, at her father's request, Molly sang, in a blithe, sweet voice, some Scottish ballads, after which Leonie and I wandered out on the piazza—to gaze at the moon.

The first evening will stand for a picture of many more. The sentimental poetess was right when she told me no one sympathized with her; for all tried, by ridicule, or more gentle warning, to bring her from her fancied heaven to the neglected duties blocking up her path. I labored in vain to win her a sister's gentle sympathy—Molly was impenetrable. It was,

"Molly, walk with us, on this lovely morning, to woo the gentle summer's air, and seek, in the mazes of the wood, the murmuring brook and whispering foliage."

"Can't, indeed, cousin Ned; I must help mamma with the preserves."

She was always busy. Leonie, who never rose till ten o'clock, was ready for my proposed stroll or reading at any later hour, and I forgot her untidy dress, tumbled hair, and slip-shod feet in the melodious voice, the questioning sympathy, and soft flatteries of my blue-eyed cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked down upon the commonplace Molly, it was a pleasant sight to meet her little graceful figure always neat, whether in the tidy morning chintz or the lighter evening dress—a pleasant sound to hear her cheerful voice—a pleasant thing to note her

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ever busy fingers always employed to lighten her mother's cares, to give her father a pleasure, or repair some negligence of her sister's. She spent part of her time in her own room; but the breakfast-table never waited for her, and hers was the first kiss to welcome her father's return at night.

I had been at my uncle's two weeks, and had already decided that Leonie was my second self, and my life a Paradise or a desert, according as she willed to accept or reject my hand, when, one day, waiting for Leonie to walk with me, Molly's voice called,

"Edwin! Edwin, come here! Hurry! Leonie has fallen!"

I rushed into the entry. My idol had caught her foot in a rent of her dress, and taken a flying leap down stairs; she lay insensible at the foot. I knelt down and called upon her by every endearing name.

"Don't be silly!" said Molly, in a quick, anxious tone. "You are the only one here who can lift her. Take her to her own room, and then send John for Dr. Wallace."

I obeyed. Lifting the inanimate figure, I followed Molly's light footsteps up the stairs to Leonie's room. Even in my terror I could not escape the impression of disgust that room gave me. My aunt made it a rule that the girls should take care of their own rooms, and I had fondly imagined Leonie's to be a bower of beauty—a resting-place haunted by the works, the pictures of great minds—a home where genius could rest secure of no jar from outer life. I saw, at midday, an unmade bed—a dusty, greased, dirty carpet—open, disorderly drawers from which straggled ends of dresses—brushes, soiled collars, and manuscripts in direful confusion—a crushed bonnet on the table, with a volume of Shelley in the crown—and a writing-desk open on a window-sill.

My aunt came up in a moment.

"Some water, Molly dear!" she said, taking her post at once by Leonie. "And cologne! Where is the cologne?"

"Don't stop to look here, Ned. Go to my room; there is a bottle on the mantle-piece," said Molly.

I went hastily, found the bottle, and was then unceremoniously requested to retire, and send the doctor up as soon as he came. Where did I go? Straight, on my word, straight back to the room of my matter-of-fact cousin. I was fascinated by the glimpse I had of it, and I actually had the impudence to go for another.

I knew that my cousins were allowed to furnish and decorate their rooms as they pleased, and it was a revelation to look at Molly's. All the furniture was of a cool gray (cottage), with pretty flowers scattered over it. The dainty white bed, neatly made, stood under curtains of a soft rose-color gauze; the pretty carpet, gray and flower-strewn like the furniture, looked as if dust had never touched it. Every article stood in its place, and there was a bewitching air of finished neatness about the whole that repudiated the idea of a servant's fingers. The book-shelf held a choice selection of standard works, protected from dust by a curtain of the rose-colored gauze, and a few landscape pictures hung on the walls. The work-basket and writing-desk were in loving companionship on a table near the window, whose white curtains gave a shade to the whole room. A small vase on the bureau held one rose, half-blown, with a cluster of its own green leaves.

Leonie's injuries proved slight; but she kept her room for a week, and Molly and I were thrown much together. I cannot tell you how she roused in me an ambition to be a nobler, better man; how her earnest, useful life, her gentle intelligence, and the glimpses I caught of her well-cultivated and well-trained mind, shamed me from my dreams to manly aspirations and resolutions. I left Lee determined to deserve my cousin Molly's regard.

One year later I renewed my visit. We had corresponded during my absence, and when I left the second time, I brought home, for my bride, my MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

SET FREE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

She lay, with her white arms folded
Across in a meek embrace;
And a beauty and light immortal
Spread over her pale, young face.

And yet we prayed she might linger,
And hoped for a respite brief;
Could she but stay till Autumn,
And fade with the falling leaf!

But our love was only cheating
Conviction that gave us pain;
For a beautiful form, white shrouded,
Soon lay where she once had lain.

And we moved, with a muffled footfall,
Through the gloomy and silent room;
Though we knew that her gentle spirit
Had gone from its dusky gloom.

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WIDOWED, AND POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"If you must have it, Jane."

"There's no *must* in the case, Harry. Why will you talk so to me, as if I were unreasonable and extravagant?"

Mrs. Drayton looked hurt, and offended.

"I didn't say you were unreasonable and extravagant, Jane."

"You might as well have said it," was retorted, in a tone of voice far from amiable.

"I think not." Mr. Drayton spoke in a depressed way, and rather to himself than to his wife.

"Why, then, did you say if *I* must have it?" asked Mrs. Drayton, in an imperative manner.

Now, of all things in the world, Mr. Drayton most dreaded what are known as family jars; and he was always ready to make concessions for peace. He could meet outside trouble, and stand up, bravely, even with odds against him, in the life-battle; but, at home, he wanted rest and peace. And to secure these, he too often yielded things that should have been held firmly. Thence, it came to be understood, with Mrs. Drayton and her elder daughters, that whatever they desired would be yielded, if the right degree of pressure were brought to bear on husband and father. The case now at partial issue involved a new parlor carpet; the English Brussels, which had been on the floor for nearly five years, not being considered by many degrees elegant enough for exhibition on the occasion of a fashionable party to be given in two weeks.

Mr. Drayton did not respond to his wife's sharp interrogation. He never entered into word-encounters on the field of home.

"It is as much for your credit as mine," added the lady, seeing that her husband did not answer. "Brussels went out of date years ago; and, besides, ours is faded and shabby. Mrs. Langdon, whose carpet looked new alongside of ours, has put down tapestry velvet; and so have Mrs. George and Mrs. Toner. Nobody that pretends to any sort of style has Brussels now."

"What will you have to pay for new carpets?" asked Mr. Drayton, consent in his voice.

"Two dollars a yard."

"How many yards will be required?"

"About fifty."

"One hundred dollars," said Mr. Drayton.

"That's all. Only a hundred dollars."

"Very well. You'd better see about it at once. Go to Orne's."

"And there's another thing we should have," said Mrs. Drayton.

"What?"

A kind of patient acquiescence was in the speaker's voice; as of one who suffered, yet veiled the signs.

"Curtains."

Mr. Drayton evinced no surprise.

"I've always set my heart on curtains, as you know. It is one of my weaknesses."

Mr. Drayton sighed faintly—so faintly that it was not perceived.

"I guess the carpet will do now," he made answer, forcing a lightness of manner which he did not feel. And, taking up his hat, he hurried off to his store.

"We'll have the curtains," said Effie, the oldest daughter, in a gleeful tone, as her father shut the street door.

"Of course we will," replied the vain, extravagant mother. "Silk damask, and lace."

Effie struck her hands together, exclaiming, "Splendid! Oh, I do so admire curtains! They give to a room such an elegant appearance. We must get them before the party."

"Yes. I mean that."

"And, ma," said Effie, her manner changing, "don't you think we ought to have a new sofa, and a set of chairs? Hair-cloth has such a poor look."

Mrs. Drayton shook her head. "Your father will say No, to that."

"Just look at them, ma!" And Effie caught hold of a chair and turned it to the light. "All the freshness has gone. They are dull and mean. After the new carpet is down, and the curtains at the windows, we'll be ashamed of the sofa and chairs. For my part, I'd rather not have elegant curtains, unless other things are to accord. This 'would-if-you-could' way of doing things I despise."

"Just my feeling," answered the weak, foolish mother. "But, Effie, you know how hard it is to do anything with your father. We must manage the best we can, and get things by

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degrees. The curtains and carpet will do for this time. There will be a crowd in the room, and no one will observe the furniture."

But Effie was not satisfied. She argued for the new chairs and sofa, and argued so conclusively, that her mother came over to her side. Soon after breakfast, they started out to select the carpet. Between one at two dollars a yard, and one at three dollars, the contrast of quality and appearance was so great that the costliest was chosen.

From Orne's they went to Carryl's, and, after an hour's examination of curtains, selected a set for three windows at one hundred dollars a set, to be put up on the morning of the day on which the party was to be given.

"Shall we call at White's?" said Effie, as mother and daughter emerged upon the street.

"We can't go any farther in this direction," was the answer, in a tone from which all life had departed.

"Why not?"

Mrs. Drayton shook her head, and closed her lips tightly.

"Why not?" repeated Effie.

"Because we have gone far enough. Your father didn't say we might get the curtains, and I don't know what he'll think of it. I'm almost sorry, now, that I ordered them. He'll be angry when the bill comes in."

"It will soon be over," returned Effie, lightly. "Father's anger isn't very terrible at any time. I'm not afraid of it."

"The curtains and the carpet must suffice," said Mrs. Drayton, firmly.

"Anyhow," persevered Effie, "we can drop in at White's, as we go up street, and look at his furniture. We needn't buy, you know."

So they dropped in; and it turned out as Effie had anticipated. A set of half a dozen brocatelle chairs at ten dollars each, a sofa to match at seventy-five, three reception chairs at five dollars each, and a small sofa at forty dollars, were ordered to be sent on the day the curtains were to go up.

Mrs. Drayton returned home in a soberer mood than when she went out. Her husband had not consented, with anything like pleasure, to the expenditure of a hundred dollars for carpets; and now, as she mentally added up the price of carpet, curtains, and furniture, the startling aggregate of six hundred and forty dollars looked her rebukingly in the face! Mrs. Drayton was unusually quiet for all the rest of that day; for she could not help thinking forward, with a vague feeling of anxiety, to the time when her husband would know what had been done. Purposely she had directed that the curtains be put up, and the furniture sent home on the day of the party; and her hope was, that in the exhilaration and social delight of the occasion, her husband's displeasure, if any were felt, would be absorbed.

But something more than parlor adornments were to grace the occasion. These made only a part of the expense. There must be new dresses, and some costly, if not showy, ornaments, befitting the hostess and her daughters, who were considerably vexed and annoyed at the perversity of Mr. Drayton in refusing to order a suit of clothes from his tailor.

Let us sum up, briefly, the cost of this party, to the giving of which Mr. Drayton had opposed many arguments, not the least earnest of them being, "We can't afford it." Add to the six hundred and forty dollars already noted, two hundred for new dresses, laces, jewelry, etc., for Mrs. Drayton and her two oldest daughters, and the cost of wines, confectionery, and more solid refreshments for a party of over seventy, and we have a sum in excess of one thousand dollars, every cent of which was in the line of waste and extravagance, as will appear.

"Don't ask me to get anything," was the almost impatient answer of Mr. Drayton to his wife, on the morning that preceded the grand party. She had asked him to stop at the florist's and order some bouquets.

"Father is as crusty and ill-natured as he can be," said Effie, after he had gone out.

"He don't like this party," answered Mrs. Drayton; "and I'm almost sorry, now, that I ever attempted to give it."

"It's just like him. I never saw such a man."

Mrs. Drayton did not rebuke her daughter for this remark.

In the meantime, staggering, mentally, under a burden that he felt was crushing him down, Mr. Drayton repaired to his store, to meet, and, if possible, overcome, in the day's strife, with advancing misfortune; for, after fifteen years of an active and intelligent business life, he found himself on the verge of ruin, and the cause was, excessive expenditure in living, by which a constant drain had been made on his profits, thus depriving him of needed capital, and the advantages it always gives a merchant. During the whole of these fifteen years, one thousand dollars a year may fairly be set down to the charge of extravagant living; that amount having been expended to gratify the pride and vanity of his wife, in dress, style, entertainments, and the hundreds of unconsidered things that waste a man's substance for naught. We

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do not wholly exonerate Mr. Drayton. He knew, better than his wife, that he was living too expensively all this time, and it was, therefore, his duty to order his household differently. But he was a weak man on this side, and yielded for the sake of giving pleasure. He saw that his wife's heart was set on living like her neighbors, most of whom were better off than they were; and so he complied, consented, or acquiesced in silence, when he knew that things were going all wrong. And now an inevitable crisis was advancing upon him.

One thousand dollars, of the fifteen thousand wasted in fifteen years, would have saved Mr. Drayton on that day; for lack of it, his paper went to protest, and, at four o'clock, he took his way homeward, stricken down in the prime of his manhood, and conscious that the blow, falling as it had done on a spirit exhausted by long endurance, had hurt him beyond the leech's skill.

The elegant carpet had been laid, the curtains hung, and the new brocatelle furniture arranged in the parlor. Mrs. Drayton had closed all the shutters, and lighted the gas in order to see and admire the effect.

"Splendid!"—had just fallen from her lips, when the rattle of her husband's key was heard in the latch, and, a moment afterward, Mr. Drayton stood, pale and bewildered, in the parlor door. Though confounded by what he saw, he comprehended the scene.

"Now don't be angry!" said Mrs. Drayton, crossing the room quickly. "But, what's the matter, Henry? Are you sick?" Her voice changed from a tone of deprecation to one of anxiety.

"Yes," was the low, faintly uttered response, and Mr. Drayton sat down like one whose strength had suddenly departed.

"What ails you, Harry?"

"Oh, father!" The children drew, frightened, around him.

For a little while he sat shrinking in the chair; then rising, he looked steadily, but not angrily, at his wife, and said,

"Jane—this is all wrong; and it is hard for me to believe it of you. But I will not hurt any one, now, by reproaches. You will have enough of them born in your own thoughts. There can be no party here to-night. I am a ruined merchant, fallen under a weight too heavy to be borne. Send a notification to all that were invited; the reason will, in most cases, be understood."

Saying this, Mr. Drayton went with uncertain steps from the room, and, ascending to one of the chambers, threw himself on a bed, from which he never arose. Soon afterward a servant started in haste for the family physician, who, when he came, found a white-faced man rapidly sinking under an exhausting flow of blood from the lungs. Tears were vain; care was vain; love was vain. The overtasked and overburdened man had fallen, half-way, on his fruitless journey toward worldly competence—fallen to rise no more; and when he left his family, nurtured, until then, by pride, on the lap of luxury, he left them poor and helpless, in a world that remembered all their social ambition, vain love of show, and extravagance, as so much against them, instead of so much in their favor.

"Widowed, and poor!" was the pitying answer made to an inquiry about Mrs. Drayton, a year after her husband died.

"And she lived so handsomely during Mr. Drayton's life-time. What a sad change!"

"Yes, it is sad. Ah! if she and her children had, now, the hundreds and hundreds of dollars that were wasted in entertainments, expensive dressing, and social display, Effie and Ellen would not be far from home, trying to earn, as teachers, something with which to help their mother support and educate their younger sisters and brothers; and Mrs. Drayton would not be that toiling slave, the poorly paid keeper of a second-rate boarding-house. Willful waste makes woeful want, says the proverb; and every day we find its truth exemplified; yet who takes warning? This year, we see a wife tricked out in jewels, silks, and laces, like a queen, flinging to the public gaze, as the humming-bird or butterfly, all her wealth and beauty. Next year, missing her from the street and opera, we ask, 'What of Mrs. ——?' and the low-voiced, pitying answer comes, 'Widowed, and poor!' And still there is a better promise for the poor widow, struggling for existence, than for the vain, extravagant wife, smothering her true womanhood in a false ambition to seem weaker, prouder, and more extravagant than her neighbors. The trial may be severe, the journey hard; but, at the end, is a truer peace. But why make misfortune a necessity? Why not, wisely and temperately, use the good gifts of God, building, therewith, temples for the indwelling of immortal virtues, instead of piling up vain-glorious towers, on sandy foundations, that are sure to fall?"

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

June 24th.—It is just one year to-day, and just such a day as this, that I first saw Hugh Brantly. But yet it hardly seems just such a day, though, then as now, down in the meadow this side of the wood, the mowers, some in their red shirts, were swinging their scythes in long, rhythmetical cadence. And the hay-wagon stood, just as it stands now, with the great, lazy, patient oxen waiting for the word to move; and farmer Knight was tossing in the hay, sometimes covering up his little daughter with the fragrant heaps. And the bars that separate the meadow from the woods were down, and seemed to make a path for one's truant thoughts to wander under the stately oaks, and by the ferny stream; and through the glistening green of the trees came the bright sunshine to the meadow's edge; and over the mountains hung the same misty blue that there is to-day; and down the valley, on either side of the river, were fields of green oats and yellow grain, such as I now look upon. Why, it seems to me that the very sounds are the same, so vivid is my recollection of that twenty-fourth of June. Little Bessie Knight's ringing laugh, and the clear, steely sound of the sharpening scythe, and the droning hum of the bees, came floating up to my ear just as they do now.

I wonder what took me down to the river-bank on that twenty-fourth of June. No premonition of my future fate, I am sure; for I never seated myself more composedly in my favorite lounging-chair than I did on that old gray stone in the shade of the beech-tree, to arrange my flowers. And, presently, over the flowing of the river, and the twittering of birds, and waving of branches, came the thud, thud of horses' feet, and the gay chatter of a girlish voice. I looked up, and, turning around a curve in the road, I saw a gentleman and lady on horseback—she, riding timidly with loose reins, holding on, with her right hand, to the pommel of her saddle—he, with an easy, erect figure, preoccupied air, and stern face. Well, Carlo, if you had not been the water-dog that you are, Hugh Brantly would not have known, to this day, whether he was passing by the tolerably well-looking Amy Winthrop, arranging a bouquet of ferns and wild flowers, or blowzy Kitty Hopkins of the mill, with her face and hands stained with the juice of cherries. But Carlo came springing up the steep bank, dripping with his morning's swim in the river, and, with the high spirits of a dog that knows nothing of indigestion, he made a friendly gambol about the horses' feet. My cry of "Quiet, sir!" came too late: the lady's horse gave a spring; in her fright she dropped her reins, and, to my terror, I saw her clinging helpless to the pommel, as the green skirt and white plume disappeared under the trees. None knew better than myself the danger the poor girl was in. If the horse shyed, I knew she must be killed. On one side of the narrow road rose the wooded hill, steep and rocky; on the other lay the blue river, fifty feet below. I ran down the road as fast as my fright would let me, almost instinctively stopping my ears, lest I should hear the crash of bushes, and limbs of trees, as horse and rider rolled down the bank. The gentleman had followed at only a moderate pace, evidently fearing to frighten the horse more by the sound of the pursuit; but even he was soon out of sight. I believed that if the girl was not thrown before she reached the foot of the little hill, she would be safe, as the long run and rapid pace would tell on the horse too much to admit of his going up hill at such a gait; and on the other side stood Hopkins' mill.

I hurried on, my anxiety considerably lessened by the time I got to the foot of the hill; and when I reached the top, I looked down and saw two of the miller's boys holding the horses, the little one with heaving sides, and flecked with foam.

"Was she thrown? Is she hurt?" were my hurried questions, as I passed them.

"No, Miss; but she kind o' died away just as the horse stopped," was the answer.

I saw that the front door of Mr. Hopkins' house was thrown open, and, going in, I made my way to the "best room"—and on the comfortless settee lay the poor girl, her eyes closed, and her face looking deathly white.

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The gentleman was fanning her with her riding-hat, and bewildered, slatternly Mrs. Hopkins was running about, with a baby at her breast, looking for what she called cam-fire. The room had the musty, pluffy atmosphere that all unused, unventilated rooms have. I opened a window to admit fresh air; then went to the pump and filled an uninviting-looking tin wash-basin with cold water.

"I think she has only fainted?" said the gentleman, in an inquiring, anxious voice, as I bathed the pale face.

"That's all, thank God! I was afraid she would be killed. It was all the fault of my dog. I should never have forgiven myself if anything serious had happened," I said, rapidly, as I chafed face and hands.

"The fault was *mine*," replied the gentleman, "for taking her on a road which I knew to be so dangerous; and that, too, for a first ride."

Gradually the blue eyes opened, and a faint color and a fainter smile hovered about the lips; but the little lady was admonished not to speak, and the gentleman rode off to bring the carriage to take her home. Her weak "Won't you come too?" as she was lifted in, decided me to accompany her; for I feared another fainting spell, and knew perfectly well that the awkward, anxious six feet of humanity, who lifted her as if she had been a bit of dainty porcelain, would do some ridiculous thing if she should swoon again.

And so I made the acquaintance of Hugh and Hattie Brantly, a year ago to-day.

But there goes Nanny, in from the garden, with her basket of peas; and I must stop to shell them. Somehow such things, which used sometimes to seem irksome, are performed in a kind of golden dream now, and common household duties have been glorified by the magic of a few words. How ridiculous that looks as written here! but how true I feel it to be!

June 26th.—A week, to-day, since I promised to be Hugh Brantly's wife. I am as one walking in a dream all the time—a vague consciousness of happiness which seems almost intangible. I try to grasp it, but cannot. I only feel bathed in a golden atmosphere. And yet it is laughable how self-conscious I am if I meet the veriest stranger. It seems as if every one must know that my heart is running over with happiness—that people must see that I walk with a more elastic step; and it is wonderfully strange how the most commonplace faces have grown beautiful when seen through my golden light.

How kind Hugh's family have been to me! They might certainly have expected a better match for their wealthy, handsome son than a poor clergyman's daughter. Mrs. Brantly says she is glad that Hugh will marry at all, and that I am a dear girl; and Hattie, the witch, vows that she has loved me ever since I saved her from the tender mercies of her brother and Mrs. Hopkins' "cam-fire." As for Hugh himself—well, that is neither here nor there. Only it is strange how I, who used to put down every thought in my diary, all I said and did, should only generalize now, and think it is not even to be confided to my most faithful of friends what Hugh said and what I said, much less what Hugh—did.

30th, Evening.—Heigho! am I jealous? What was it that gave me such a start when Hattie suddenly exclaimed, this morning, as she sat looking at me?

"Amy, do you know that you are *really* more beautiful than Laura Whitney? Hugh told me that you knew all about that affair; he would never have married you without making a clean breast of it, or if he had the *shadow* of tenderness for that girl."

I went on with my sewing composedly enough to all appearances, I suppose; but suddenly I felt sick and numb.

Shall I ever love the scent of new mown hay, or the melodious song of the wood robin again, I wonder? I did not note them at the time; but now both come distinctly before me with the words, "He would never have married you without making a clean breast of it." I thought the name of Laura Whitney could never pain me again, after Hugh told me that he loved *me;* but I felt an irresistible desire, to-day, to torture myself by hearing every particular of his acquaintance with his cousin, and yet was as dumb as if speech had always been denied me when I went to ask a question. Is it pride, or what, that ties my tongue in spite of myself, sometimes?

Hugh himself had told me of his love for his beautiful cousin; of her sudden marriage to another, and how he had then thought that he should never trust woman again; of the stern, gloomy man it had made him for years; told me all this before he asked me if I was willing to be the second love of a disappointed man. And I *was* willing. I gave him my heart unconditionally, determined to make him forget the coquetry of Laura Whitney in the earnest, strong love of Amy Winthrop. I said, I thought then it was in my trust, I fear now it was in my pride, "I care nothing about a love which you say is dead. I had rather be the choice of

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Hugh Brantly at twenty-seven than of Hugh Brantly at twenty-two." And I know that he loves me more than he ever did another, he is too true and noble to have told me so otherwise; so it must be only the hereditary curiosity of the sex, which made me want to torture myself, to-day, with asking Hattie for all the minute particulars of that ill-starred engagement. I would not let *him* go into details, I could not bear that he should feel degraded before me, and yet I now feel that a thorough understanding of his position with Laura would have been better for me. Is this little "cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," to darken my horizon?

I tried to answer Hattie calmly to-day, to lead her to speak of the affair, but my mouth was parched, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of it. At last I was able to say, "Yes, of course, Hugh told me all about it;" but my manner was constrained, and my voice sounded to me like the voice of another person. I wonder if Hattie noticed it, or if it was only my consciousness that made it seem so?

July 2nd.—I feel degraded. I felt so, to-day, when I sat listening to the gossip of Miss Wallace; and yet I listened on, I, the proud Amy Winthrop, who have always thought I cared so much more for my own self-respect, than I did for the opinions of other people. The woman must have scented her prey, for when I entered the parlor, this morning, with a basket of flowers which I had been cutting for my vases, I was greeted with,

"Well, Amy, you will soon have the pick and choice of something handsomer than a few common garden flowers if rumor tells true. Not but what your flowers are uncommon pretty, my dear; but they are not to be compared to the green-house plants up at Tylney." I answered very unconcernedly,

"Oh! yes, I have a bouquet from there every day or so. Here are some exquisite Cape jasmines and fuchsias which Hattie brought me last evening. What a pity they are so frail!"

"Very hard to take a hint, eh! Mrs. Winthrop?" with a wink at mamma. Poor mamma! if there is anything she thinks odiously vulgar, it is a wink. "But I hear, my dear, that there is a chance of your being Mrs. Hugh Brantly—at least people say that the wind lies in this quarter."

"I hope it does," I replied, snipping off the thorns from a rose and settling it in the vase, "for I am twenty now, and it is time I was settling in life; I shall marry the first man who offers himself."

Miss Wallace untied her bonnet strings and fanned herself vigorously. She was tender upon the point of age, and I felt, in an instant, that I had been ungenerous to make use of it as a weapon of defence. I thought the subject would rest, but I was mistaken. I had touched a wasp's nest, and hundreds of little stinging things came out to torture me.

"Then I hope the first man won't be Hugh Brantly, my dear, for your sake," was the answer snapped out. "He has no heart, I am sure. You did not come here till after that affair of his with his cousin, that was five years ago this fall, and you moved here the next spring—by that time he was in Europe and Tylney closed up."

Mamma went on placidly with the shell she was knitting for her quilt, little knowing the agony I was beginning to endure. I had told her what Hugh had said about his cousin, but in such a way that she had placed no importance upon the information. In fact, neither did I at the time.

"What a waste of weeds Tylney has been till within the last year!" I said, for the sake of saying something.

"No greater waste than Hugh Brantly's heart," was the answer, as Miss Wallace opened and closed her fan in a way worthy of a Spanish senorita. "But they do say that that girl behaved shamefully. She was a second cousin, and they had been engaged a year. Hugh was very anxious to be married, but his mother thought him too young. But she was here with her mother that summer on a visit, and such a life as she led him. I do really believe that he fairly worshiped the ground she stood on. If they were at a pic-nic, or a party, or even in church, he never took his eyes off of her. I suppose it was all a judgment upon him for making an idol of her," added Miss Wallace, piously.

Had one of the glistening bright needles, which mamma was handling, gone to my heart, the pain could not have been sharper. I had sufficient self-command to think once of getting up and leaving the room, but I determined now to hear the worst; in fact, I felt as if I could hug the torture closer still.

"Three and bind off. Was she very beautiful, Miss Wallace?" came in mamma's quiet tones, that almost maddened me.

"The most beautiful creature I ever saw. No wonder he couldn't keep his eyes off of her—I never saw a man so proud of a woman before—I think he would have liked to have made her a queen!"

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It was well that the room was darkened, or the woman would have seen my hand shake as if with an ague-fit, as I twined a wreath of clematis around the handle of the vase. She now seemed warmed up with her theme.

"And she did queen it over him, I can tell you, he was just her slave. She went from here to Saratoga with a party, and he soon followed. I never heard the particulars of the story, but they do say that at the Springs she met some one that she liked better, and that she treated her cousin shamefully. At any rate, there was a peace patched up in some way, and everything was going on swimmingly. The family were still at Tylney, although Hugh spent most of his time in the city dangling after his cousin. It seems that while he was here, on one of his occasional visits, he took up a newspaper one morning at the breakfast-table, then started up as if he had been stung. The waiter told the housekeeper—who told me—that he turned as white as if he had seen a ghost, that he passed his hands over his eyes once or twice, then looked again, then that he laid his head down on the table, with a groan, and did not speak for hours. The breakfast was carried out, and no one asked a question, only Mrs. Brantly took up the paper and saw what caused it all. They say that for three days he shut himself up in his room and admitted no one, not even his own mother; and that all the food they carried to him he took in, but they think he never tasted it. At the end of that time he opened the door, at Mrs. Brantly's entreaties and tears, said they should never mention Laura Whitney's name again, and in a little while sailed for Europe."

I felt like a hunted animal. I could not escape now. I had no power. I had never supposed that it was more than a boyish first love, which, though hard to bear, leaves but few scars; but I now felt that he had loved with all the passion of a strong man. I do not know, but I suppose that I must have been looking appealingly at mamma; for I remember that she glanced at me, carelessly, then looked frightened at what she saw in my face. I had forgotten to arrange my flowers as a cover to my torture. I remember even now mamma's fidgety, uncertain look, as she asked, as if scarcely knowing what she did,

"She is a widow now, is she not?"

"Yes, her husband died in a little more than a year after they were married. She pretty soon started off for Europe, people did say to bring back her former lover. You haven't made much progress with your flowers, Amy."

I am glad that she addressed me, it forced me to collect myself; but I felt as if I should burst into a hysterical shriek.

"You tell a story so well, Miss Wallace, that it makes one forget everything else;" and I tried to smile, but I felt as if the lips of a corpse were being drawn across my teeth.

Well, I have felt numbed ever since. I am glad that Hugh has gone to the city, for a day or so, for I could not see him now, I am certain.

July 3rd, Evening.—What ails me? I have been angry with myself all day because I am so exacting. I *know* that Hugh loves me, I believe that I am better fitted to be his wife than ever Laura Whitney was, and that he knows this; that I have a certain strength of character that makes me sympathize with him; and yet, and yet I am haunted by the fear that hereafter, when he looks in my face, he will think of another face, fairer; that the time may come when my caress will only suggest that *there might have been* redder lips pressed to his, other arms upon his neck. God forgive me! Can I be jealous when he so frankly told me all before he asked me to be his wife?—when he said that he would never have married if she had not been a widow, in order to be sure of himself, but that now her name or memory had no power over him? I *believe* all this in the bottom of my heart, and yet some devil tempts me all the time with those other questions.

For a few moments I forgot all about it, this evening, when Hugh came in. He looked so glad to see me, after a few days' absence, so bright and happy; said that our little parlor was just the dearest nook in all the world, that he felt such utter rest when with me! Ah, there it was! Immediately I asked myself, "Rest from what? I have given him the whole freshness of my life, and he can only give me wrecked hopes and wearied spirits."

I felt the light die out of my heart again. I did try to overcome it, but knew that the restraint of my manner was plainly visible. Hugh noticed it, for he asked anxiously, "Are you sick, darling?" in a tone that I *knew* was that of love. I felt the tears almost start to my eyes; but answered that, "perhaps the heat of the weather had affected me." Oh! if I had only had the power to hide my head on his shoulder and tell him how foolish I had been; if I could only bring myself to speak with him frankly about this thing. I believe that one frank conversation would quiet my doubts forever, and I tried to tell him all to-night, but my tongue seemed powerless. I felt as if no effort of will could loosen it. So I kept saying to myself,

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"Some other time;" and at last bid him good night.

July 10*th*.—Tylney has been full of company for many days, and I have seen comparatively little of Hugh. I cannot bear the idea of being teazed and winked at by vulgar people, who seem to think the best way to one's favor is to jostle against one's holiest feelings. I think, too, that Hugh feels as if old stories might be revived if it was known, so by mutual consent we have agreed to keep our engagement as private as possible.

I am to appear at Tylney to-night, for the first time since the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, and must go through the trying ordeal of an inspection from Mrs. Scott. Of course I shall fall far short of what her ladyship requires for her brother, of beauty, wealth, and fashion. Hugh says that "Bell is a snob," and Hattie avers that "she has no more heart than a fish." What countersign have *I* to give to a woman like that?

Well, I would much rather meet her in a large company, as I shall to-night, than more privately; but I do think she might have called upon me, knowing that I am going to marry her brother. She has been here for several days, and she could have quietly walked down to see the "parson's daughter," as I hear she calls me, and no one would have been the wiser.

I wonder if I shall look well! I hope so for Hugh's sake, I should like him to be proud of me. I have no fear for my self-possession, even under the raking fire of Bell Scott's eyes. I am too proud to be timid, and have too much moral courage to feel cowed at a "butterfly's ball." I think this is what Hugh likes in me, my cool self-reliance. Now to put some finishing touches to my dress; the orthodox white with natural flowers, as befits the "parson's daughter."

July 11*th*.—I suppose I ought to be satisfied with my *debut* last night. Hattie stood on tiptoe to whisper in my ear, "How well you look, as stately as a ship at sea! Those scarlet geraniums on your white dress and in your black hair are superb," and Hugh gave me a most approving glance and smile. I tried to think of that look when, in the course of the evening, in spite of myself, the vision of Laura Whitney floating through those rooms, the admired of all, the loved of one, haunted me.

Mrs. Scott was civil, that was all. She would have been patronizing if possible, I believe; but as she eyed me through her glass, I think she felt that I was not just the kind of person to be patronized.

It was really a charming summer party; I danced once with Hugh, and had a nice long promenade on the piazza with him afterward. I think he was proud of me, he called me "Queen Amy," and said that I had frightened his impertinent sister into at least civil behavior. I wonder who that Charley Home is, who was hovering about Hattie so much! I forgot to ask Hugh; it seemed as if I had so much to say and so little time to say it in. Miss Wallace passed us once or twice, and nodded and smiled in such a vulgar, knowing way, that I began to hate the woman.

15*th*.—Tylney is still full of visitors, people are coming and going all the time. "Just such doings as they had the last summer the family were there," Miss Wallace told mamma this morning. "They were people who lived in the world and for the world," she said; "and if she was Mr. Winthrop, she should think it a duty to preach a sermon fitted to their case." Mamma told her that papa did not think any kind of innocent enjoyment wrong, and that hospitality was a virtue enforced in the Bible.

Charley Home returned to the city the day after the party; but Hugh says he is coming back to-morrow, and Hattie fluttered and blushed when he was spoken of. She is not engaged, I know, or she would have told me; but I suppose that a rosy light is beginning to dawn over Miss Hattie's horizon, which is occasionally reflected on her cheeks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN AFFLICTION.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

SAD is the moaning of the wind to-night;
  Darkly the shadows press around me now;
Vainly I look for one faint gleam of light,
  Pressing weak hands upon my throbbing brow;
  I would believe, but, ah! I know not how.

Tossed like a waif upon a stormy sea,
  Stranded at length upon a desert shore,
I only wait for death to set me free,
  That I may enter through the radiant door
  Of Heaven, and wake to weep no more.

Father! the blow is heavy! Let Thy hand
  Be ready to support my fainting heart,
And grant that in Thy strength I may withstand
  The bitter pang of sorrow's keenest dart.
  'Tis Thine to wound, and Thine to heal the smart.

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THE PASTOR'S CONFESSION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It is a gloomy old house, but I like it. My life began here, and some day friendly hands will carry me out of its chambers, to lay me down in that last and best sleep which all men find at length.

My father brought his young wife home to this quiet spot, and here they passed years of happiness and trouble. Children were born and died here; misfortune came in many forms, as it does to all human beings, but I do not know that either of them ever repined. Of that first marriage I was the only child that survived. I was fifteen years old when my mother died, and after that my father married again.

I think my step-mother made him happy; but I knew her very little, as most of those years I spent at a distant school and college. They had one daughter—my only sister—twenty years younger than I.

It seemed to me then that God sent that child as a blessing to me. I had gone home crushed, for the time, by a great trouble. I had been a retiring boy, devoted to study, shunning companions of my own age and their frivolous gayety, and when a new revelation of life did come to me it changed my whole nature.

Well, the dream was a short one; it faded as suddenly as it came, taking with it all my youth. For a season I sought forgetfulness in such excitements as I cannot think of without a shudder. A sudden and imperative summons home recalled me from that unworthy career. I came back here—the baby was born, and that same summer my father died.

I finished my college course; and the old desire of my heart, which, for a time, had been checked by youthful trouble, and the little season of reckless passion from which I had been mercifully removed, came back stronger than ever. I determined to become a clergyman. I need not linger over these details of my life, I do not suppose they would possess much interest for any one.

Ten years after, I was living again in this dear old house, and my little sister Miriam lived here with me. I had been chosen pastor of the church which I had attended as a boy, and it was very pleasant to find myself once more among the old familiar faces, and at peace in the home of my childhood.

I say at peace, for, after my return, more of serene content settled upon my soul than I had before been able to find.

My step-mother was dead, and I became the natural guardian of my little Miriam. I had believed that the besetting sin of my nature had become subdued, for I had wrestled long against it—I was so prone to make idols of those whom I loved, to forget the Creator in the creature in spite of the holy vows I had taken.

It might have been a year after my return that my eyes were opened. Miriam was taken very ill; for days there seemed no hope that she could recover. I could not be resigned—I could not submit to God's will. For a time I thought that I should go mad. I could neither sleep nor pray; could only sit by the bedside of my darling, murmuring and rebellious.

She lived, and when I saw her health restored my reason came back, and I felt the enormity of my sin in all its horror. At first I believed that I was no longer fit to occupy my sacred position; but the advice of good and wise friends made me put aside that thought; and I returned to my duties humbled and stricken to the heart.

From that time my whole life changed; I gave myself entirely up to my duties. Miriam was always my chief care and delight, but I never allowed my heart to center upon her as it had before done. I made every effort to quiet that overweening affection, and in appearance, at least, I succeeded.

When not occupied with my parochial duties, I shut myself up among my books and there I lived. During certain hours of the day I had the child with me, but the time was spent in some course of study suited to her tender years.

Often and often, when the allotted time was up, and the books put away, she would beg me to play with her as I had been used to do, to tell her stories such as she loved; but I could not trust myself—there would rise in my mind that solemn text, "Little," etc., and I would send her away with a few kind, grave words.

I feared that God would punish me if I did not control and subdue every human feeling and weakness. I tried with all my strength to root out every sentiment toward all human beings, except the interest which, as a clergyman, it was my duty to feel for them. I be-

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lieved that I was doing right; in my fanaticism I could not understand that I was committing a sin greater than many of the errors which men condemn so harshly.

So the years passed on. I was growing to be a middle-aged man, and Miriam had approached the threshold of womanhood. It was very difficult for me to realize that she was no longer a child; a feeling which, I suppose, every one has who has had the care of any child from its first years up.

It was a sort of shock to me when I really began to comprehend that she was almost a woman, that the little child I had so loved had passed away forever. She was a pretty creature, shy and retiring, but a great favorite with all who knew her.

I think she loved me very dearly; but the course of conduct which during so many years I had imposed upon myself had wrought its effect. She stood in awe of me, and with her peculiar character it was a very unfortunate feeling to have taken possession of her mind. I did not understand that then, it was only afterward, when events proved to me how wrong my course had been, that I fully realized the extent to which my reserve and quiet had influenced her.

Miriam was seventeen years old; her birthday came with the sweetest of the June roses. I remember every occurrence of that season so well; I could record the minutest detail connected with our every day life better than many of the most important events of my whole life.

She had a little gathering of her young friends that evening, and looked so blooming and happy. I went down among them for a time, but I saw that my presence cast a restraint upon them, so I went back to my room and my books, and left them to their own pleasure.

The next day but one was Sunday. When the services were over and the congregation had dispersed, I walked down the aisle to the old-fashioned pew where Miriam always waited for me—that after sermon walk was one of the pleasantest things of the whole week. I felt more quiet than at any other time; it seemed permitted to me to loosen the shackles wherewith I had fettered my heart, and give its pulses something of their natural play for a little time.

When we reached the porch, two or three of the neighbors were still lingering there, and we exchanged a few words.

As I turned to descend the steps, a young man whom I had never before seen came up to me, and, lifting his hat with peculiar grace, said,

"Mr. Hartly, I am afraid you do not remember me."

The smile, the gesture took me back half a life. I recognized him at once, although I had not seen him since he was a child.

"You are Howard Warner's son," I exclaimed; "you are little Philip."

He laughed outright, but very courteously, and I caught a smile on Miriam's lip. It was a somewhat ridiculous speech to make to an elegant young fellow full six feet, and an almost perfect model of youthful manhood. I attempted some apology in my stiff, awkward way, but he grasped my hand warmly, saying,

"I hope I shall always be little Philip to you, sir."

He walked on with us, and I had so many questions to ask, that we had almost reached our gate before I remembered to present him to my sister.

I invited him to go home with us and share our luncheon, and he did so. As soon as the meal was concluded, I retired to my own room; for it was always my habit to spend the time between the morning and afternoon service in solitude.

He walked back to church with us, and he promised me to spend the evening at my house, as I had found no opportunity to converse with him, and there was much I wished to ask concerning himself and his family.

That evening the long conversation I had with him was like going back almost a score of years.

Howard Warner, the father of the young man, had been one of my dearest friends, although some ten years older than myself. You will understand how dear he was to me when I tell you that it was his young sister whom I had loved. But enough of that; I only wanted you to comprehend the tie which bound me to him.

As a little child, Philip had been a great favorite with me; but I had lost sight of the whole family years before. Howard had been dead several years, and most of the time since the young man had spent in Europe.

He was wealthy, and without either business or profession. He had strayed into our pretty village, as strangers often did during the summer months; for it was surrounded by the wildest and most picturesque scenery imaginable.

Then, in his frank, easy way he added that he had been influenced by a desire to know his father's old friend; and, as he said it, there was a look in his eyes so like hers, who had been

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more to me than the whole world, that my heart warmed to him at once.

I do not know if my manner betrayed all that I felt. I had so long accustomed myself to restrain my feelings, that I had acquired a stiff, ungenial manner, although I was not then conscious of it.

"Come and see us every day," I said, when he was taking leave. "You must consider me always one of your nearest friends."

He grasped my hand warmly. There was a magnetism in the touch of those long, delicate fingers which very few people could have resisted. I did not make that reflection at the time. Long afterward, when I had thought and reflected more upon such subjects than I had then done, the thought occurred to me.

"If I may only look upon you as such!" he said. "If you will only permit me! You do not know how much I need a friend such as you!"

There was real feeling in his voice, and the undercurrent of sadness which I detected, unobservant as I was, touched me very much.

"You know I used to call you uncle Martin," he said, laughing.

The words struck a chill to my heart! That was the title which, by rights, should have been mine. I tried to make some answer; but, fortunately, he had turned toward Miriam.

"I hope you will adopt me as a cousin," he was saying.

"It should be as nephew, by rights," she replied. And then the two young things laughed with such real enjoyment! But their mirth only saddened me the more. In Philip's musical laugh I seemed to catch the echo of those sweet tones which had so stirred my heart in the bright long ago!

After he had gone, Miriam came up to me as I stood by the table, and said, suddenly,

"Brother, will it not disarrange your habits to have a stranger here so often?"

"Philip is no stranger to me," I replied; "nor must you look upon him as one. I shall expect you to do all you can to make his stay pleasant."

She made no answer, but summoned our little household in for evening prayers. While I read and while I prayed, there was a feeling of self-reproach at my heart. I had done wrong in allowing the young man to go away before those holy duties had been performed. It was only in keeping with my character. In spite of the years I had been a clergyman, I had about me a shrinking, nervous timidity—oh! there was where I lost so many opportunies of doing good!—and, more than that, I had a selfish, yes, sinful wish to confine those evening devotions to my own household; as if I had any right to seek to narrow down the blessings for which I asked to those sheltered under my own roof!

The next day Philip called at the house again; but I was called out almost immediately, and obliged to leave him to Miriam's good nature. Almost a week passed before I was able to pay him any attention whatever, and by that time he appeared to be upon the best possible footing with the few young people with whom Miriam was intimate.

After that I saw a great deal of the young man. It was an inexplicable thing; but I, who, for so many years, had kept my heart schooled and fettered, could not withstand the fascination of his manner. He was constantly at the house, and it never once occurred to me that Miriam could run the least danger from such close intimacy with one so near her own age. I had been so accustomed to consider her a child, that I forgot she could be regarded in another light by any one.

I do not say this from affectation, or to screen myself from what was culpable, wicked blindness; but so it was, nevertheless.

They walked and drove together; he taught her to sketch, and even so far conquered her former timidity as to induce her to learn to ride; and I, looking upon them as two children, allowed these things to go on, and there was no one to warn me that I was periling the poor girl's happiness forever.

Then, too, Philip managed to be a great deal with me. He was fond of books; and, under other circumstances, with the necessity of exertion to spur him on, would have made, I doubt not, a close, diligent student.

That was a very pleasant summer, fuller of quiet to me than any I had known for years—just as all nature lies in its deepest rest before the approach of the unseen thunder-tempest.

Three months of quiet and peace; then the summer began to fade, and the first premonition of danger came to trouble my blind repose.

Philip had often told me of his boyish follies; but I believed that he had entirely recovered from any dissipated habit whatever. He was very fond of argument, and sometimes, during our discussions, I was startled by an outburst of shallow immorality in sentiment; but it was always turned off in an easy way, as put on for the interest of the question.

I had seldom called upon him. The hotel

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where he boarded was out of the village, and thronged with a set of gay people, among whom I had no acquaintance. One evening he sent word that he could not see us, as he was confined to his room with a severe headache.

After tea Miriam went to sit with a sick neighbor, and the night was so lovely that I went out for a stroll. I walked a long way, and, on my return, struck into a cross-road which led past the hotel where Philip boarded, with the intention of calling upon him.

I went into the house and inquired for him; and a miserably hurried waiter told me to go directly up to his room, thus saving himself at least a little trouble.

I went up stairs and tapped at the door; heard some one say,

"That is Dick's knock; open the door!"

The bolt was pushed back, the door opened, and I stood in the room. Had an accusing spirit started up before the party assembled there, they could not have been more startled, nor I more shocked and horror-stricken if I had seen Philip Warner lying dead upon the floor.

There might have been five or six men collected about the table, at one end of which were heaped the remains of supper; empty wine-bottles were lying about, and the end of the table where the party were seated covered with cards and little heaps of gold and bank-notes.

The instant during which I stood there seemed interminable. I heard Philip exclaim,

"Mr. Hartly!" And that roused me.

I could not trust myself to speak then, and left the room without a word. Before I reached the stair-case Philip overtook me and caught my arm. He was pale even through the flush which the wine had left upon his cheeks; but in that moment I read the expression of his face as I had never done before.

"You are shocked, Mr. Hartly!" he began. "You must let me explain——"

"To-morrow," I said. "We will not talk about it to-night."

He stammered a few words; but I bade him good-night, quietly, and went away.

Miriam had retired to her room when I reached home, and I went to my chamber to reflect and endeavor to see clearly the course which I ought to pursue.

The next morning, after breakfast and prayers were over, I went out of the house, that I might be alone. After much thought I decided to go again to the hotel and talk freely with Philip. It was not for me to condemn too harshly what might be only follies and yielding to the temptations offered by dissolute companions.

When I reached the hotel I sat down and wrote a little note, kind and considerate—for I feared that the young man might shrink from meeting me—and sent it up to his room. While waiting for the answer I strolled into a room which had been turned into a sort of reading-room and library. The whole width of the room partitions were built out, to the extent of ten or fifteen feet, to accommodate books and papers, forming a series of little recesses prettily fitted up.

I went into one of these and sat down, and, as I did so, I heard Philip Warner's voice in the next recess. He was conversing with a friend—from their conversation evidently one of the men who had been in his room the night before. After the first words I sat perfectly paralyzed; I could no more have moved than if I had been a stone image.

I thought that, in my youthful days, I had seen somewhat of the world and of life; but never had I dreamed of enormities and sins such as I heard discussed, with the utmost flippancy, between those men.

There was no feeling too sacred for a jest—no wrong that was not regarded with complacency! I may safely assert that at least one-half of their conversation was incomprehensible to me; but I heard and understood more than enough.

Then my name was mentioned, my advice and friendship treated with levity and scorn; and, after that—even now I can hardly say it—her name, my little Miriam's, was polluted by their evil lips.

Ordained priest as I was then, I went almost mad! I know that I rose, strode into the recess, and confronted them. Even then that man's self-possession did not forsake him. He came forward with words of apology for the previous night, and a desire to explain.

"There is no need," I said; "I have heard the conversation of the last half-hour."

The stranger rose and passed out of the room, and I was alone with the man I had so loved—not only for himself, but for the sake of all that was beautiful and dear in my early life. What I said I cannot tell; but I knew that if he had possessed either heart or soul it must have touched him.

At last he rushed into one of those fearful passions in which I had so often seen his father indulge; only that was still, and cold, and pale.

"You shall live to repent this morning's

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work!" he said. "My father could have told you that no one with his blood in their veins ever forgives!"

He rushed out of the recess before I could have stopped him, even if I had desired, and I stood there alone. I tried to think—to pray. All good influences seemed to have deserted me; only moans would break from my lips, and bitter murmurs against God's providence.

I saw everything then—the fate which I had brought upon my darling child—and I cowered under the load of sin which I had so unconsciously heaped upon my own soul.

"At least I must save her from him!" That was the only thought which came up strong and distinct. I hurried from the house and walked rapidly toward my home.

I had traversed, perhaps, half the distance, when I met one of my parishioners driving rapidly toward me. He halted and told me his errand. A poor girl was dying, some ten miles back among the hills, and begged, if I had any mercy, to come to her at once.

What could I do? I went.

Oh! I was a wicked man that day! I talked with her—I tried to console her. My words were silly and heavy; it was as if my mental faculties had been smitten with palsy.

"This is not the way you speak in the pulpit!" she cried out, at last. "You bring me no hope—you offer me no consolation!"

I threw myself upon my knees and prayed, audibly, I think, but more for her than myself. How long I wrestled against the numbing horror that was upon my senses I cannot tell, but it passed away at length—passed away suddenly as it had come; and I knelt there crying like a child, but with a sense of peace such as even prayer had seldom given me.

I was with her until long after nightfall—thank God! that through His mercy I was enabled to bring her consolation and repose.

They drove me home. It must have been nine o'clock when I reached my house. I sought for Miriam, but could not find her; the housekeeper said she was walking in the grove back of the house, too anxious about me to stay within doors.

I went out to seek her; I could talk more freely to her in the shadow of those old pine woods than in her room. I believed that it was not too late to preserve her happiness—I felt that I could save her from that man.

I hurried on through the winding paths until I reached the summit of the hill. The moonlight struck full upon the blasted pines and the smooth greensward, and standing in the full breadth of its radiance I saw Miriam with Philip Warner by her side. His arms were about her waist, his cheek close to hers—I rushed forward, calling her name wildly, and strove to force her from him.

She uttered a cry of terror, and I heard a muttered malediction from between Warner's shut teeth. In a breath my passion calmed itself and I stood there perfectly quiet.

"Miriam," I said, gently, "it is too late for you to be out; come home with me."

Warner kept hold of her hand and whispered some words which I did not catch.

"How dare you touch her?" I exclaimed. "Miserable man, your power is over—leave us, I command you!"

"You shall not speak so to him!" Miriam cried out; "I will not hear it."

"Do you know what this man is?" I said; "do you know that even to be in his presence is degradation and infamy?"

"Miriam!" he whispered, and at the word a change passed over her such as I could not have believed possible. She drew herself up, her eyes flashed, and her whole face altered so that I could have thought a strange spirit had taken possession of her.

"I know everything," she said; "he has told me! Hear this: I love him—you cannot separate us—if you try you are no longer my brother! I am not a child—I am a woman, and I love!"

"By our father's memory," I pleaded, "by all that you hold most sacred, Miriam, come with me."

What more I said I cannot tell, but her courage gave way and she began to tremble.

I snatched her hand from his hand and hurried her on; he snatched her back, spoke a few whispered words, and then she followed me. I spoke once, but she checked me with stern passion. I had lost my little Miriam; this was a cold, determined woman who stood before me, and I had no power to control the insanity which was upon her.

We went home—she did not stay for prayers. I went to her room afterward, the door was locked, and there was no answer to my repeated summons.

Late into the night I sat in my chamber—how the hours were spent I need not tell you. Toward morning I lay down and from sheer exhaustion slept profoundly.

I had a strange dream. I thought Miriam came into the room, stooped over me, kissed my lips, weeping bitterly, and whispering words of affection. I tried to wake, but could not—

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started partially from my dream—no one was there—fell back upon my pillow, and everything was a blank.

When I awoke again, the sun was shining brightly in at the open window—it was long after my usual hour for rising. I sprang up, dressed myself and went out. In the hall I met my old servant, pale and terrified—she had been to Miriam's room—the girl was gone. Yes, so it was, Miriam had gone, and with that man!

You know what followed. How I sought her, but could gain no tidings; and there I sat in my lonely dwelling, bowed down by sorrow and the consciousness of my own sin, pitied by my fellow-men, heart-broken and lost.

I shall not pause here; I must tell you my story to the end, and I cannot dwell upon that season.

The autumn passed, the winter came on, spring followed, and again the summer started up gorgeous and beautiful as of old.

I had lived through a year of that horrible suffering, had performed my duties, and gone through this daily existence as other men do.

From the first I had no hope. In the neighborhood it was looked upon merely as an elopement—I never deluded myself. I remembered the father's spirit of vengeance—the fearful implacability of the woman I had loved—this man's threats, no, I never had any hope.

A year, just a year had gone by, when, for the first time, a warning came upon me—I knew that I should hear from my child. There came a letter—she was deserted, alone, perhaps dying—she had sent for me at last.

I found her at last in a great city, ill, and almost in want. That man had left her, her and the child.

I took Miriam home with me, and for weeks watched over her while she lay between life and death. The baby died, and we buried it in the garden where Miriam had played in her childhood.

My sister rose from her bed, was able to walk about, though feeble and heart-broken!

Then more trouble came. The deacons of the church assembled and I was called among them. They were good men, animated by a sense of duty; but what do you think was the alternative they gave me? I must either put that poor girl away or resign my charge.

I had no hesitation as to that which was right. The conference was not a long one. An hour after I returned to my home, no longer a clergyman, only the guardian of that girl.

We lived in that old home for more than a year, avoided by those who had once known us, utterly deserted and alone. I was content, and thanked God when at last the time came that Miriam was satisfied to accept her fate—I asked no more.

We seldom went outside the grounds; every pleasant day Miriam spent by her child's grave, and I sat there beside her. I knew that she would not be long with me; but when I saw her at peace I was content.

The next spring a fearful epidemic broke out in the village; the nearest relatives shrunk from one another; there was scarcely a person to care for the sick and dying.

I went forth and tried to do my duty. There was no shrinking from me then—no cold looks—no coarse sneers. I thought Miriam was safe at home; but one day, down in the closest part of the town, among the manufactories, where pestilence raged most fearfully, I met Miriam. She had been in the midst of those scenes of horror from the first.

No wonder the dying blessed her name! If ever an angel stood by the bed of death, it was that woman; and the words from her lips seemed fairly inspired.

The great danger passed, but men roused themselves from that, horror-stricken and changed. The very group who had so coldly banished me from their church and companionship called me back among them. I went. What had I to do with pride, or the thousand other feelings which move us so frequently?

For a month I had fulfilled my former duties, and on the last Sunday Miriam came into the church, and took her seat in the accustomed pew. There were no harsh looks for her there: nothing but tender pity and love.

At the close of the services the members of the congregation were requested to remain, and, before them, I offered Miriam's confession—and once more she was a member of that church in which her childhood had been spent.

She looked like a beautiful spirit. Oh! ever since, when I remember that smile, I know how her purified spirit appears as it looks down upon me through the golden portals of eternity.

I think the week that followed was a foretaste of the joys that await the blessed, sent to cheer me through the rest of my pilgrimage.

Then came new cares—new opportunities for serving my fellow-men, and making atonement for my sin.

That terrible fever broke out in a neighboring town; and thither I went, accompanied by Miriam. I could not induce her to remain at home. When she pleaded as for the safety of

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her soul, I could not refuse. We went together; and weak, dying as she was, her courage and strength never once faltered.

One night she came to me and said,

"Philip is here. I have been with him all day."

So it was. He had been stricken down in his sin, and there seemed little hope of his recovery. Miriam watched him constantly, and I spared for him all the time that I could command.

It was terrible when reason came back, and he first recognized us! But he lived. When he could ride, we took him home; and when I saw him borne into the dwelling which he had desecrated, I thank heaven there was no bitter feeling in my heart.

Before he could again rise and walk about, Miriam began to fail very rapidly. She was not confined to her room. Every day I carried her out into the sunshine to sit by her child's grave; and, worn as I was, I could carry her up and down the house with ease.

She told me herself the very day, almost the hour, when the end would come. She waited for it as a tired traveler pines for the sight of home.

For two days she had not been able to leave the house; but on the third I carried her out into the garden and seated her in the accustomed seat by the boy's grave. While I stood beside her, old Margaret came to me and said that Philip had pleaded so earnestly for the fresh air that they were going to bring him into the garden; and I returned to the house to assist them in their task.

He was taken there, placed beside her; and I left the two together. I cannot tell you what I felt—words could never describe to you my feelings! They must have sat beside each other for a long hour; then the two returned to the house, leaning upon one another, and supported by the faithful old woman who had clung to me through misfortune and shame.

In the old library, where he had spent the first evening he ever passed in the house, Philip Warner told me their wishes; while Miriam lay back upon the sofa, weak and faint, but regarding me always with the eager, imploring look which had grown natural to her.

You know what the request was; I need not dwell upon it. Philip Warner asked me to perform the ceremony which would make her his wife; and I consented, as I should have said prayers for the dying.

I know that our little household was collected, that the pair stood before me, and I went through the requisite forms.

The rite was over—the last prayer was said. I saw Miriam clutch his arm convulsively—a change passed over her features—my name died upon her lips. I started forward—caught her to my heart. There was a low murmur—a divided look of love between Philip and me—and, when thought came back to me, I stood there rigid and cold, and Miriam lay dead in my arms.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

She trembles when I meet her,
  And drops her lids of snow—
And in her cheek the roses
  Of crimson come and go;
I see her ripe lips quiver,
  Her eye grow softly dim—
I wonder if she loves me?
  Or—if she cares for him?

I've pressed her hand at parting—
  Indignant then she seemed;
I told her that I loved her—
  She laughed, and said I dreamed;
She smiled contempt upon me
  From her red, haughty lips,
And yet the love-light in her eye
  Put *hauteur* in eclipse.

She chats, coquets, and trifles
  With him, and he with her;
And I—moth round a candle—
  Dare utter no demur!

I wonder—how I wonder!—
  If it's true that women's hearts
Are full of all deception,
  And skilled in crafty arts?

What can I do to gain her?
  Would honor and renown
Move her proud heart, if, at her feet,
  I cast the baubles down?
I'd dare a thousand deaths for her,
  All blessings sacrifice—
If I could hear her sweet voice say
  What I've read in her eyes!

Alas! I'm in a quand'ry!
  What shall I go and do?
Shall I commit fell suicide
  To prove to her I'm true?
I guess I'll go and ask her,
  Does she love me? And if "No!"
Falls from her lips in answer—
  Why, then—I'll let her go!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 465, VOLUME XLI.

CHAPTER XI.

It was seldom that Lady Clanranald felt a glow of shame; but when she entered her own home, after that visit to Lord Lovat, her cheeks were burning, and she went up stairs rubbing the hand he had kissed with its fellow palm, as if she could not endure the resolution without loathing.

"Mother," she said, after a hurried entrance into the room where the old lady was sitting; "mother, you have done much for our Prince and have your reward in his gratitude; but I—I—who can repay me for what I have undergone since I left this house?"

"You, my child—you?" murmured the little lady, lifting her brown eyes in affright.

"Yes. I—I—Lady Clanranald, the widow of a man whose glance was honor enough for any woman. I have been smiling on that bad, old man."

"You—you?"

"Yes—I, Clanranald's widow—have I not told you so? Look at my hand, it should be scarlet, for it quivers yet with disgust of the kiss he left upon it."

"Kiss! He! Lord Lovat! the man whom you refused long ago?"

"Yes, mother; the man I refused long ago, when there were really some traces of the genuine man in him. But now. Well, well, one absorbing object will conquer the best of us to its ends, so we think them great. See how it is: a love of the Stuarts made a miser of my sweet, generous mother; and now the same feeling makes a clumsy coquette of me."

"A clumsy coquette! You?"

"Yes; ask Catharine Fraser. She stood by all the while so full of maidenly wonder that she had no room for blushing."

The old lady shook her demure little head and smiled. The life passion was strong in her still.

"So you pleaded with Lord Lovat in behalf of our Prince?"

"Indeed I did, and with such earnestness that it almost left me pledged to become lady—now, heaven forfend! I forgot—Duchess of Fraser."

"Ha! does Lovat look so high as that?"

"Look! Why the Prince has promised so much already."

"Duchess of Fraser?"

"I do believe, mother, had I accepted outright, Lovat would have been on his way to Holyrood now."

"And that would have ensured the cause!" exclaimed the old woman, kindling into fresh enthusiasm.

"And me? What would it have ensured to me?"

"No, no. I did not think of that. They are welcome to own gold; but not my daughter."

Lady Clanranald smiled, and, bending down, kissed the old lady's forehead.

"Now what news of Flora?"

"She is at Holyrood. A man came here, but a little while back, to say that she was safe with Clanranald, and would soon be home. I do not understand it; but, of course, if she is with my grandson, there is no cause of fear."

That moment Kate, who had been up stairs putting aside her hood and mantle, entered the room, looking more than beautiful, for her spirits rose with a rebound from the dread with which she had left the house a little while before.

She paused near the entrance, and bent her head, listening, with a smile on her sweet mouth, for she heard a noise in the passage that sent the blood in a glow of roses to her face.

"It is *his* step," she whispered, turning shyly away from the two ladies, whose admiring eyes were upon her.

Before the sound could reach Lady Clanranald, the drawing-room door was flung open, and in came Clanranald with his cousin Flora, followed by another person, whom the lady remembered to have seen in the train of the Prince when he paused beneath her window. Clanranald went up to his mother, and, taking her hand, kissed it with gallant affection.

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"So we meet at last in Edinburgh, mother. I had not dared to hope so much good fortune; and my grandame too. Are you content with what we have done, dear madam?"

"More than content, Macdonald—so proud that I can hardly keep within reason," answered the little lady, attempting to lift her tiny hand to his head; but failing in that, she dropped it gently into his congratulating clasp; "but you have brought a guest."

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten. My young friend Dougal—Dougal Carr, a gentleman in high favor with the Master of Lovat. But for his prompt courage cousin Flora here might have fared badly after the crowd swept her from your side."

"But she is safe now! How did it happen?" questioned the old lady.

"Dear grandame, do not question me now," said Flora, panting for breath, and turning her eyes on Kate Fraser, toward whom Dougal had advanced the moment he could break away from the group around Lady Clanranald. "It was no misfortune that flung me under the feet of the crowd, but divine forethought."

Flora spoke solemnly, and gloom swept into her eyes. That young man bending with such tender reverence over Kate Fraser—had he already won a power in her young heart that his face should wear that look of wounded surprise, while he gave himself, for one moment, to her friend?

"Dougal, Dougal!" exclaimed Clanranald, missing the friend he wished to introduce; but he stopped suddenly and stepped back a pace, astonished to see the young man standing close to Katharine Fraser, with his eyes beaming with tender love-light, and his whole face aglow with the happiness of that unexpected meeting.

Dougal did not heed this repetition of his name; and, for a moment, Clanranald and Flora stood regarding the couple with an expression of painful dismay. Clanranald thought of the scene at Lord Lovat's table, and understood its meaning with a new and disturbing light. Flora was bewildered; the color which came and went in her face burned to an angry crimson.

Katharine, after the first warm greeting from her young friend, had listened to his broken expressions with downcast eyes. Now she looked suddenly up, struck by the silence which had fallen on the room. She saw Clanranald's surprised glance and crimsoned under it. Then she saw Flora regarding her with eyes full of smothered fire, and shrunk away, taking refuge once more in Dougal.

"Dougal Carr," said Clanranald, in a clear, low voice, "I would present you to Lady Clanranald."

Dougal stepped forward rather haughtily, for he did not like the tone of his host's address.

"I pray you hold me excused," he said. "The sight of Mistress Fraser here, when I had supposed her with Lord Lovat in his own house, drove me into forgetfulness of everything else."

Flora Macdonald drew close to her aunt. There was something very picturesque about this young girl; and the disarray into which her garments had fallen, gave piquancy to her fresh, young beauty. The silken hood was flung back from her face; masses of bright, warmly-tinted hair fell in heavy waves down to one shoulder. The graceful toilet in which she had appeared on the balcony was all rich confusion, but it held itself in keeping with her spiritual movements and restless face. She drew herself up with splendid pride when Dougal approached her aunt. Love and jealousy with her was almost of twin birth. She had never known into what anguish a quick thrill of joy could turn before.

Lady Clanranald stood in the center of this little group gentle and queenly. She thanked Dougal in her calm, gracious way, for bringing back the fair girl who was now half-retreating behind her. She gave a reassuring smile of Clanranald's anxious look, and in a moment was seated with the young people grouped around her, talking over the great events of the day.

But there arose thoughts among three of the party which rendered perfect cordiality impossible. Flora had a vivid memory of that scene in the palace chapel, which kept her in a state of unrest; Clanranald also was distracted by the vague doubts which had sprung up in his mind after entering that room; while Katharine was troubled strangely by those instinctive feelings, with which persons of imaginative characters are sure to detect any want of harmony that may exist in social life. Without knowing why, she was half-angry with her old play-fellow, Dougal Carr, for the joy which he had not able to restrain on seeing her. Thus, with been a thousand reasons for thanksgiving, the whole party was compelled to take refuge in a discussion of passing events, in order to conceal the underflow of restless feeling which influenced each member of the little group.

While they were thus occupied, the tramp of horses arose in front of the house, and directly

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the Master of Lovat was heard in the hall inquiring for his daughter.

Katharine started from her seat, her face all aglow, her sweet mouth warm with smiles.

"My father! it is my father!" And out she flew, rustling her garments in rich symphony with her joy.

A warm embrace—a hurried blessing—and the father came into the drawing-room, with one arm around his daughter's—and a more royal couple never darkened the threshold of that sumptuous room.

"I have come, my lady," said the master, lightly waving his plumed bonnet, in recognition of Lady Clanranald's welcome, "I have come from the Prince, with a thousand kindly greetings to yourself and this fair maiden, your niece. To-morrow, the saints favoring, he intends to hold such rude court, at his Palace of Holyrood, as the times will permit, and bids you come among the foremost of those he wishes to thank for good service."

"So soon?" exclaimed Clanranald.

"There is no time to lose—if the ceremony of a reception is considered state," answered the master. "The plan of this campaign must be one of quick surprises, something to dazzle and inspire confidence. A few hours given to the organization of a court, before proceeding to battle, will have its effect; and here, our fair countrywomen must do their part. Look your brightest and prettiest, Kate! If the Frasers are but slenderly represented in the field, they must not fall short where the wit and beauty of Scotland is assembled."

Kate blushed crimson, and looked imploringly at her father; for the eager eyes of Dougal Carr, and the smiling ones of Clanranald, were fixed upon her.

"And you, Lady Clanranald? The Prince insisted that I should myself bear his invitation, saying, that, without his first friend and her adorable—that was the word, Miss Flora—adorable niece, Holyrood would seem like a dungeon to him. So, ladies, all don your bravest, and look your loveliest, to-morrow, in behalf of Scotland and its true king!"

Lady Clanranald laughed and promised.

"Father," said Kate, "you forget my grandfather Lovat. He was greatly angered with me for standing on the balcony when the Prince rode by——"

"And consigned you to my care, as a punishment," said Lady Clanranald. "So, being exiled for one grave fault, another will be of less consequence. We shall certainly appear at the palace, good Master of Lovat, unless you place an interdict on this young lady. Say as much to the Prince, with such acknowledgments as beseems a subject when she is most honored by her sovereign."

"This is well. Never fear, Kate! My father is only making a show of opposition. So get up your brightest roses for to-morrow. It will be a rude scene, doubtless, for the palace has fallen into great disorder; but give us a good victory or two, and we will teach the people at St. James what real state it! Until then we must all do our best. So, now that my errand is done, I must say good-even to you. The Prince gives us little time for loitering anywhere. Dougal Carr! He was inquiring if you had returned to the palace as I came away."

"He shall not ask for me again," said the youth, promptly; "I am ready."

But, as he spoke, the boy cast an imploring glance at Katharine, which brought the color afresh to her face. She shrunk back, almost frowning on him.

"I am ready," he repeated, in a low voice, and he turned to follow the Master of Lovat; but, with the first movement, Flora Macdonald came forward, her hand extended, her eyes sparkling.

"Not till I have thanked you again for the noble service, the more than brave protection, which has left me safe in my aunt's house. If I were a queen, young sir, you should be knighted on the spot; but, being only poor Flora Macdonald, with nothing of her own but a grateful Scottish heart, you shall not go till that has spoken its gratitude."

The young man lifted his grateful look to that face so beautiful and bright from the exuberant feelings that flashed over it. The contrast between all that glow of enthusiasm, and the frowning beauty of Katharine Fraser's face, struck him upon the heart, filling it with pain.

"Oh! young lady, it would be my glory, could I ever do aught that would really entitle me to these thanks! As it is, I feel humbled that you can reward a commonplace attention with such royal gratitude."

With these words the youth followed his leader from the room. Katharine drew a deep breath, and, advancing toward Flora, laid a hand on her arm.

"What has he done, this young Dougal Carr, to earn such warm thanks?"

Flora shook the white hand from her arm.

"What has he done? Why, carried me through a peril so grave that I shudder now to think of it! I hate myself for having no better words in which to thank him, standing, as he did, a

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stranger beneath my aunt's roof, half endured, half frowned upon!"

"You mistake; I did not frown upon Dougal Carr. But I have not been in the habit of meeting him on such terms of equality. He was a favorite with my grandfather; but—but, indeed, I scarcely know why anything has disturbed me, or why you seem so angry, Flora."

"Angry—I? I am not angry. What should make me angry? Because you look down upon a young gentleman who has almost saved my life? If he is your grandfather's servitor, you have the right. I am only Flora Macdonald of the Isles, you know, and may be grateful without too much condescension!"

"You are not the Flora Macdonald whom I have loved so dearly!" said Katharine, with tears in her eyes. "Something has changed you since the morning."

"I know it," answered Flora, earnestly. "Something has changed me. I do not seem like the same creature."

The girls had walked across the room while speaking, and stepped into the stone balcony under which Charles Edward had halted on his way to Holyrood. It was now dark, and the balcony was so heavily draped with flowering plants that it lay in shadow. The two girls sat down upon the broad stone window-sill, and continued their conversation more quietly than they had yet spoken.

"Who is this Dougal Carr?" inquired Flora, abruptly. "Some distant cousin of the Frasers, I suppose?"

"No; his mother is a widow, and occupies a farm on the Dounie estates."

"And is that all? A tenant of Lord Lovat's?—only a tenant?"

"Dougal's mother is nothing more."

"But he has the bearing of a gentleman—the language of a gentleman."

"My grandfather had him educated at Dounie, with his brother, a hunchbacked dwarf—a singular creature, whose wit is sharp as his body is crooked."

"What, that little creature with long, thin limbs, and his body crowded up to his shoulders in a heap, that moves through the dusk like a spider, is Dougal's brother?"

"Yes; you have described poor Luke Carr, but not his face: that is clearly cut like the marble we see on royal tombs. His forehead is broad and white, and but for the heavy brows his eyes would be wonderfully beautiful. In repose, they almost break your heart with their deep mournfulness; but in action, they are smouldering fire which sends a shiver through you when it kindles up. The very sight of Luke would make me shudder, when I was a little child, and hide myself for days together!"

"Is this dwarf so vicious, then?"

"Vicious? No, I think not. Dougal says that a kinder or more faithful creature never lived. He has also great influence with my grandfather—more than Dougal—far more than my father."

"And Dougal loves this strange creature?"

"Loves him! You have no idea of the power of affection with which he regards Luke."

"And the mother?"

"I know little of the mother, except that she is foreign in her look and habits, and never seems to toil like our native women of the hills. She must have been beautiful once. Her eyes are like Dougal's now. One day, just before we left Dounie, she came to the castle and inquired for my grandfather. He never receives any of the people on the estate; but this woman went up to his room, and stayed an hour, to the surprise of every one. I remember it was the day before Dougal ran away. I was so astonished, this morning, to find him in my father's train; for he never liked Dougal."

"Why?" inquired Flora, tersely.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps my father did not like the footing upon which he found the brothers in our household at Dounie; for, except that they were always seated below the salt, no son of the house has ever been more kindly treated."

"What reason did Lord Lovat give for this?"

"Lord Lovat never condescends to give a reason for anything."

"But if this woman had been a common tenant on the lands, and her sons only sheep tenders, this position at Dounie could not have been given them."

"With another person than Lord Lovat this might be true, but with him you cannot calculate from ordinary rules, Flora. His own will is stronger than patents of nobility, and he regards that of no other person living. Holding a leading Highland chief as next to the king, he sometimes assumes prerogatives that a monarch would hesitate in claiming."

"Indeed," said Flora, "I should like to see this grand potentate. I too have an idea that a Scottish chief ranks next to the Stuarts, and above all other things; but then our lords of the Isles dispute rank with your chiefs of the mainland, and clash interests as ambitious men will."

"The lords of the Isles, do they claim so much? I thought the Frasers, the Chisholms, and the Macintoshs were——"

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"Kate, Kate, don't let us get on that track, or we shall go out from this balcony sworn foes. Old Sir Alexander of Skye would drive me out of the family for listening to such heresy. Tell me more about this young gentleman Dougal Carr, who seems to have won favor with your father as well as Lord Lovat. How came he in the train of our Prince, and on such terms with the master?"

"I do not know. It puzzles me even to guess. The last time I saw my father before to-day, he was terribly incensed against the laddie for daring to accept Lord Lovat's invitation above the salt when your cousin was our guest."

"And Lord Lovat did this?"

"I have seldom seen my father so angry as he was then. He looked upon the act as an insult to himself and your cousin—a double insult, inasmuch as I, his only daughter, was at the table."

"And you shared these feelings doubtless?"

"Not at first. I had known Dougal ever since I could remember, and this kindness on the part of my grandfather scarcely seemed strange; but afterward, when I had time to reflect how little claim widow Carr's son had to present himself among my grandfather's guests, I confess——"

"Yes, I dare say you were very angry, and gathered up that silken robe in sweeping disdain when he came near."

"No. I hardly saw him after that till he came hither in my father's train, and searched me with his audacious eyes every time I looked or spoke. Then, Flora, I did feel how great the distance was between us."

"Yes," said Flora, slowly, "I saw his eyes fixed upon you, and an honest, noble truth beaming through them. Are you sure, Kate, that the heart of this mountain laddie has not dared to follow his eyes?"

Katharine Fraser made a repulsive gesture, and half rose from her seat on the window-sill.

"Flora Macdonald!"

"Nay, nay; sit down. It was an idle question, and I am answered."

"It was an insulting question, and deserved no answer. I had not so coupled your name, Flora."

"Then you would reject this young, pure heart with indignation if it were offered?"

"I could not forget myself so far as to permit the offer," answered Katharine, with the proud Fraser blood burning in her cheek. "What, Dougal Carr, brother of that sharp-tongued hunchback? I scarce can realize audacity so great as you hint at, though he did come boldly up and would have touched my hand, I do believe, but that I drew it away. You are keen-sighted, Flora, I should never have dreamed it possible."

"Nay, love is a saucy leveler at all times," answered Flora, with a cheerful laugh, for her good humor had come suddenly back. "After all, it may only be a wild fancy; let it pass."

"I only wish it had not been mentioned," said Kate, "the very idea humbles me."

"What is it that can humble a being like Mistress Fraser may I ask?" questioned a voice behind them.

Kate started and made no answer; while Flora darted back into the room, exclaiming, "Oh! Clanranald, you have left my aunt all alone!" and away she flew into the depths of the drawing-room, where she found the little old lady nestled down among the crimson cushions of a sofa fast asleep, and Lady Clanranald shading the light from her mother's eyes while she read.

Katharine Fraser half rose as if to follow her friend; but young Clanranald stood in the way, and she sank back to her seat thankful for the gathering darkness that concealed her blushes.

"You seem in haste to escape me!" said Clanranald, seating himself by her side.

"No, no, I did but think—I was afraid your mother might want me."

"Flora will console her, rest certain, and do not grudge a few moments to one whose fate is so uncertain, that he may not live to ask so much again."

Katharine turned her face suddenly upon him, it was pale and startled.

"Are you going into danger so soon?" she inquired.

"Any hour may find us face to face with the enemy. I may never have another opportunity of seeing you alone."

"Ah, me! that is very terrible!"

"Anything is terrible that takes us from those we love."

Katharine looked into the room and saw Lady Clanranald playing with her book, as she conversed with Flora; both were smiling pleasantly as if war could not exist.

"She does not know of this peril," whispered the young girl. "So much the better. Why should any one be made to suffer so much before the trouble comes? I—I wish you had not told me."

Katharine bent forward, and, leaning her head on one hand, smothered a moan that had forced itself to her lips.

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"You suffer—I have been too abrupt," said Clanranald, softly touching her disengaged hand. "Have no apprehension about your father. Those who love you will form a bulwark about him."

"Those who love me! Alas! I know of none, except my father!"

"Not Dougal Carr?"

"Dougal Carr! That is your cousin's wild talk."

In the twilight Clanranald saw that Kate's eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned hotly with insulted pride. This emboldened him. He drew a deep breath and took her hand firmly in his clasp.

"But there is one who loves you with his entire soul! Look up, sweet Kate, and say if he too is presuming."

Her hands began to tremble; her face fell forward, and she covered it with one hand.

"Do you speak of Dougal Carr now?" she faltered.

"No, sweet one. I speak of Macdonald of Clanranald, who would rather make Kate Fraser his bride than win a kingdom to himself."

Kate Fraser burst into tears; that full heart broke forth in a summer shower, half-tears, half-gasping sobs of joy.

"You surprise—you terrify me!"

"And you," cried the young man, throwing his arms around her, and kissing the tears from the burning roses of her cheek—"and you have made me mad with joy. I am beloved. Oh! tell me, Kate, that you love me as I adore you! My heart is hungry and will be satisfied with nothing less. These tears are something; the clasp of these trembling hands make me audacious with hope. Let me gather the words from your lips. I shall not believe them else."

She struggled a little, but only as a bird flutters in its nest. Then all her delicate pride broke down, and she surrendered her mouth to his kisses.

"I am answered—I am answered," he whispered, pressing his cheek to her hair, in which the perfume of roses still slept; "but give the joy to me in words, only say, "Clanranald, it is you I love!"

"I do—I do say it!" she whispered, amid the soft sighs that brightened her lips as winds flutter apple-blossoms in flower.

"You love me—and none other? Only say that, my Kate!"

"You—and none other!"

"Hush! Kate, hush! if you would not kill me with this sweet madness!"

She attempted to withdraw from his arm; but he would not give her up till she had repeated over and over again the words he could not yet fully believe.

At the other end of the room Lady Clanranald chatted with her niece, and the old lady slept. The flame in a silver sconce lighted up the group; but the lovers sat in shadow, and, with their faces out in the night, no one suspected the exchange of vows a few moments had witnessed. They were silent now, wrapped in that profound content which follows a free outgush of passionate confidence. At last Lady Clanranald's voice aroused them from the most heavenly dream that ever can dawn on two human hearts.

"Kate! Kate Fraser, you brave the night air imprudently! What will Lord Lovat say if we allow this?"

Katharine started up with a sudden cry. She had been away thousands and thousands of miles deep in paradise. This commonplace summons back to earth frightened her.

Clanranald rose, drawing a deep breath; for his heart had been soaring upward, and the voice disturbed its reveries.

"Come, let us go to our mother," he whispered, tenderly.

Katharine surrendered her hand to his clasp. It fluttered like a newly-caught bird; but he folded it close, and led her out of the balcony through the dim twilight and into the illuminated space occupied by the ladies.

"Mother," he said, in a voice so rich with happiness that Lady Clanranald began to smile at the first sound; "mother, this hour has given you another child. I have told this lady that I love her, and she is not angry."

"What—what is that?" cried the little old lady, starting up from her cushions. "Who presumes to talk of love before the Prince has won his own? Not you, my grandson!"

"Hush, mother!" said Lady Clanranald, rising to her full height, and pressing a right royal kiss on Katharine's forehead. "Love only makes a brave heart braver. My son has given his heart worthily. God prosper him forevermore!"

"Clanranald loves her, and she loves him! What a fool I was!" cried Flora, clasping her fair hands in an ecstasy of thankfulness. "That I should never have thought of this before! Kate! dear Kate, come and kiss me! Cousin Kate! The dearest, sweetest name I ever heard!"

"But what will Lord Lovat say?" murmured the old lady, still half-asleep.

"We will learn that, good grandam, at the

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proper time," answered Clanranald. "But what is that?"

The ladies all turned toward the window leading to the balcony, which still stood open; but they failed to see the pale, eager face and sharp eyes that peered through, searching everything in the room with keen interest. Clanranald saw the face, and stepped quickly to the balcony, but it was empty; and but for a rustling of the vines, and a dull sound of steps running away, he might have fancied that his eyes had deceived him.

CHAPTER XII.

The kingly old Palace of Holyrood was suddenly aroused from its dingy stillness, and kindled up with the golden blazonry of a royal presence. Lights poured in sheeted brilliancy through the undraped windows, flooding the unpruned trees and neglected shrubbery in the grounds so bravely, that the shadows which had haunted the place for half a century were broken up and driven back into their native midnight. Within and without the palace walls there was gayety and the enthusiasm of sudden success. Highland officers in full military costume thronged the palace. Highland soldiers guarded the portal, their arms gleaming, and their swords clashing out a sort of rude music, as they closed in after each party that presented itself for admission.

But the illumination which broke through the windows was nothing to the blaze of light that flooded the vast rooms, from which the accumulated dust had but just been swept, and penetrated to the passages where the filmy cobwebs still hung, swaying to the gushes of fresh air like wreaths of smoke that threatened to float away every instant. Everything bespoke haste and the wildest enthusiasm. Strains of martial music rioted down the dim passages; bagpipes clamored in the entrance hall; the ring of swords and the gingle of spurs sounded up from the oaken floors that had not known a martial tread, or vibrated to the spring of a dainty female foot, for many a long year.

But the old palace was not altogether devoid of splendor. Many a Jacobite household had given forth its treasures of tapestry and rich hangings to conceal the grim walls of that long-neglected state-chamber. At the upper end of this room a rude throne had been improvised, and rendered imposing by a canopy gorgeous with cloth of gold, and draperies of crimson velvet that swept the floor. The grim pictures on the walls, too hideous for so much light, were half-submerged with waves of gleaming silk; while the dilapidation of benches and antique chairs was concealed beneath tapestry that brightened their decay into sumptuousness worthy of the proudest court in Europe.

In scarcely more than a day all this splendor had sprung out of the heart of a loyal people ready to cast their very lives under the feet of the Stuart, who had come to this old Scottish palace there to claim a crown rightfully the inheritance of his father.

The state-chamber was full; for the first bold dash of Charles Edward had dazzled the people far more than a permanent success could have done. There was a romance and chivalry in it that, for the moment, swept cool reason quite aside.

Well did the Prince meet the poetic idea of his people, as he stood, with one foot rising on the step of the throne, holding an animated conversation with the group of noblemen that surrounded him. In the noble presence of Lochiel—one of the handsomest men of the age—and many a noble compatriot, the Prince looked most kingly of them all. The fresh, pure complexion, which came of his Gaulish blood, gave singular beauty to features bright with life and intelligence. His tall figure, full of elastic and subtle grace, gave a royal effect to the simple Stuart tartan, whose prevailing tint of scarlet was lighted on the breast by the star of St. Andrew, the only ornament he wore. Thus, young, stately, and flushed with triumph, the Prince stood receiving the first homage of his subjects. No wonder that his blue eyes flashed, and his lips reddened with smiles; no wonder that he forgot the battles that must be fought, and the sufferings that must be endured, before he could, in reality, win the throne on which his foot rested! It was an intoxicating cup that one success had placed to his lips that night. No wonder he quaffed it with such zest!

The rooms filled and the scene became more and more imposing. Now some Jacobite lady would bend before the Prince, sunning her beauty in his admiring glances. While she retreated into the crowd, betraying her progress by rustle of silk and a glow of jewels, some Lowland lord, whose loyal heart had broken through all prudence, would sweep toward the throne, followed by the cadets of his house, and, falling at the young man's feet, offer him a noble homage, which swelled his forces and gave strength to his cause.

Enthusiasm like this is always contagious. Many a powerful noble, who had entered the

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palace that night, unpledged and reluctant, went forth with his fate decided. That drawing-room won more partisans to the Stuart than any battle-field that followed it.

As the rooms filled, those who marked the Prince closely observed that he grew restless and looked anxiously toward the entrance whenever a new party presented itself. Was he getting weary of a ceremony which chained him to one spot, while the soft ring of female voices filled the crowd which was forever sweeping past him?

No, it was not that, for it depended on himself to break up the circle around the throne at any moment; but he did not move or attempt to escape the martial throng that would talk of war even there, when a hundred bright eyes were challenging them to the dance.

At last there was a slight tumult near the entrance, and the name of Lady Clanranald was announced. That moment the Prince broke off an animated conversation with the group of chieftains that surrounded him, and turned eagerly to receive the Lady Clanranald and the two fair girls who accompanied her.

The group came forward, moving slowly through the crowd, which separated right and left to give it a free passage. Of all the distinguished persons who presented themselves before the Prince, that night, none could boast of a presence so noble, or loveliness so perfect, as those who approached him now.

Lady Clanranald would have paved the very street with precious stones, could she thereby have given *eclat* to the first drawing-room in which her king was to be represented before the people of Scotland; but this being impossible, she took a noble pride in adorning herself bravely, in order to honor an occasion that had been the crowning hope of her life. Never did a magnificent toilet give greater effect to beauty. The velvet folds of her dress glowed with the purple bloom of an untouched plum; delicate lace shaded her neck, and was gathered at the bosom with a bouquet of jewels, clustering diamonds, and emerald pendants; the girdle which confined her robe at the waist also sparkled with gems; and the masses of her hair were looped back from the white forehead with a chain of diamonds that ran through them like ripples of flame.

In contrast with her mature beauty so splendidly arrayed, came those two high-born girls, graceful as water-lilies riding on the swell of a fountain. Katharine Fraser was swan-like in her dress of heavy white silk, over which a silver sheen rippled like traceries of frost. Pearls wandered in and out of her bright hair, holding it back from her forehead in waves, and tangling themselves with the ringlets that fell upon her neck; a crimson rose held back the too abundant waves from her left temple; and a cluster of the same rich blossoms shed their fragrant glow upon her bosom. I cannot describe the dress of Flora Macdonald. It was pure, bright, and sparkling like herself. A gleam of pearls here; the flash of a diamond there; and a glow of rose-colored silk, floating and rustling around her like a sunset cloud, that threatened to change to gold or lilac every moment.

No wonder the Prince allowed his glance to wander past Lady Clanranald and beautiful Kate Fraser, there was something in the radiant bloom of Flora Macdonald that might have charmed any heart that evening. The crowd drew back, and a cordon of the bravest nobles of Scotland stood around, while Lady Clanranald advanced to the Prince and bent her stately person before him. So deep was her homage that her knee almost touched the floor; but he would not permit her to kneel, and, yielding to his graceful gesture, she recovered herself and drew back, presenting the two fair girls who followed close upon her steps.

As they bent before him, a glow spread over Edward's handsome face, and he whispered something to Flora that sent a blush all over her face and neck. He did not relinquish the hand that he had taken in preventing the act of homage which she was about to render; but grasping it with gentle violence, addressed the gentlemen around him.

"Come now, my lords, let us see if this fair lady can show your Prince the way through your native dance. If I prove awkward, fair lady, blame the usurper at St. James, who has kept me so long in exile. That is well, gentlemen, choose your partners; Clanranald, come with us. After this we fling ceremony to the wind, nor stand for precedence; but let the music sound."

The music did sound one of the exhilarating Scotch airs that sent the blood sparkling like wine through those young veins. The Prince had scarcely begun to tread his first measure, when the whole room was a scene of joyous commotion. The spirit of a victorious battle-field was carried so completely into the dance, that the old timbers of Holyrood vibrated with a sort of joyous tremble beneath a hundred bounding feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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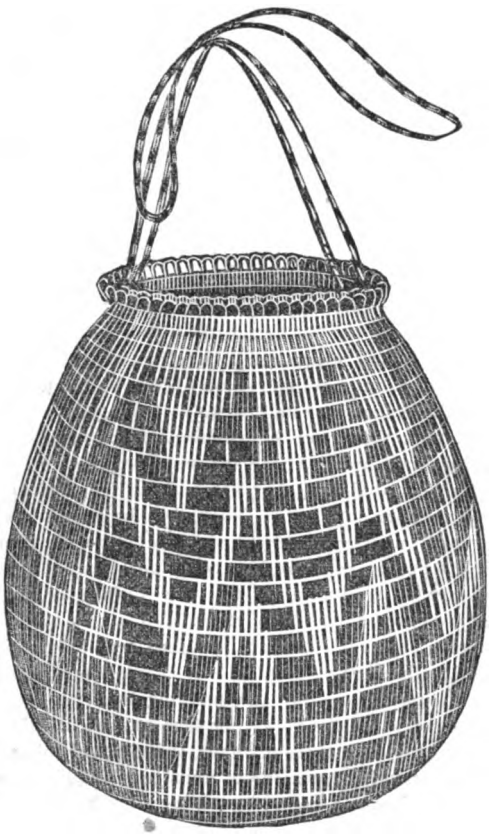
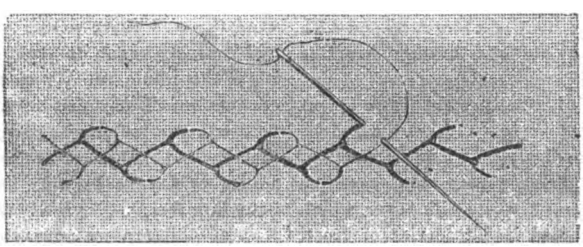
LADIES' PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



SINCE the renewed introduction of Reticules, ladies' Purses have undergone many changes of size and shape. The one which this engraving illustrates is a new form, and very convenient for opening without much trouble. It is worked in crochet, which is the most durable style of work for purses. The color is a rich crimson. It is completed by being drawn in with a gold cord. It may, if preferred, be made up with those pretty little gold slides and a ring, now much used, which give it a more ornamental appearance.

NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



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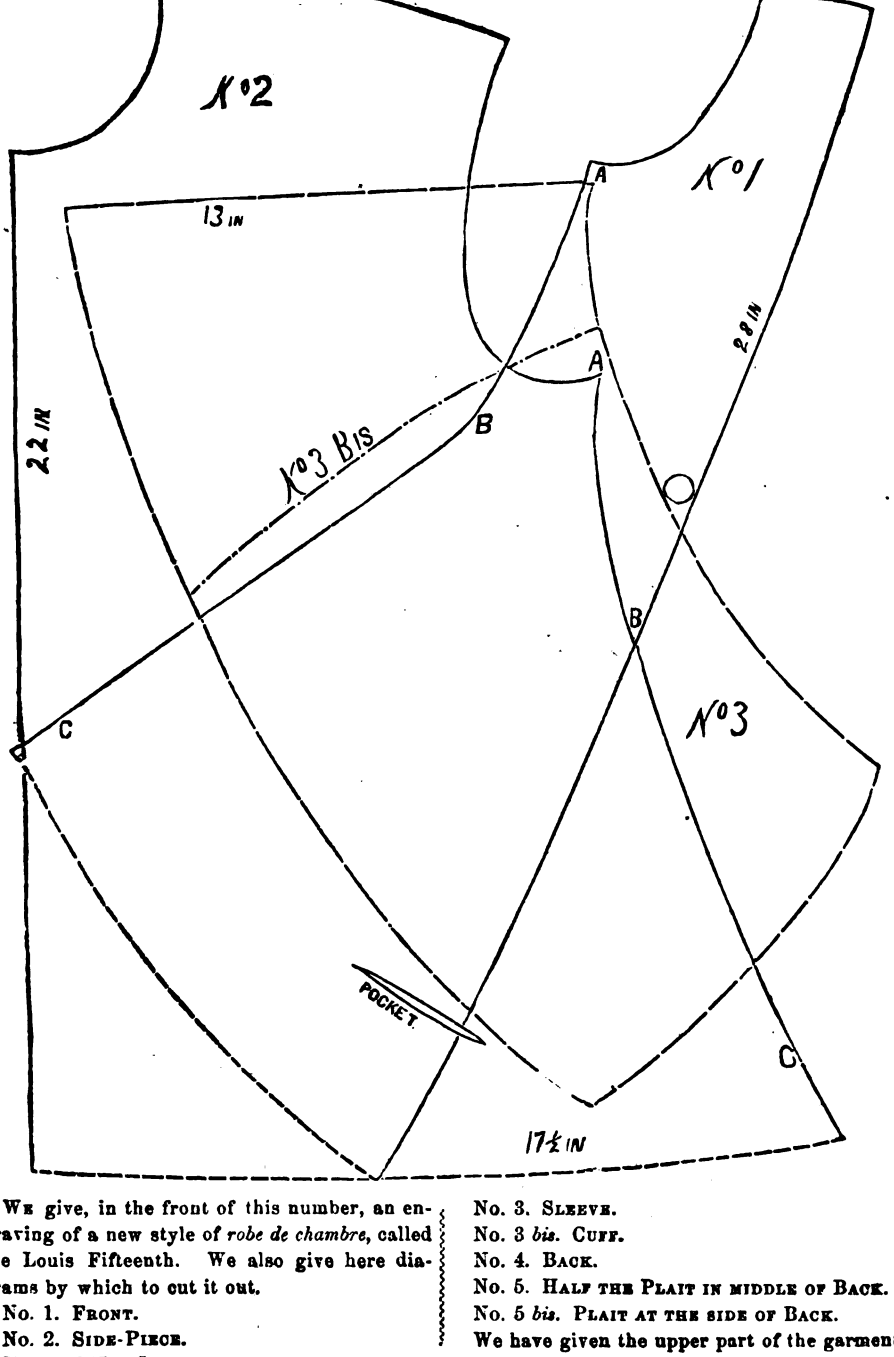
LOUIS XV. ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, in the front of this number, an engraving of a new style of *robe de chambre*, called the Louis Fifteenth. We also give here diagrams by which to cut it out.

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Side-Piece.
No. 3. Sleeve.
No. 3 *bis*. Cuff.
No. 4. Back.
No. 5. Half the Plait in middle of Back.
No. 5 *bis*. Plait at the side of Back.

We have given the upper part of the garment

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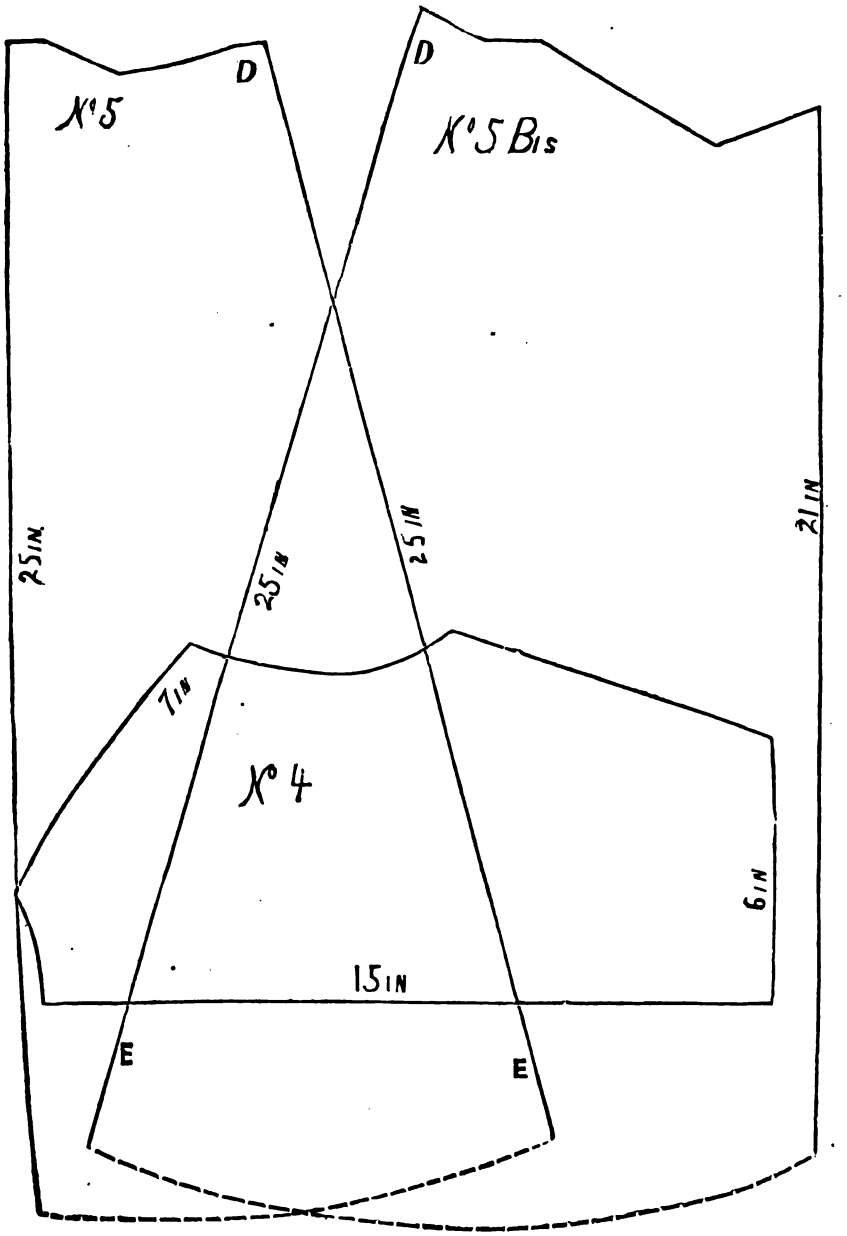

only, no paper being long and wide enough to give so ample garment quite complete. But it will be easy, on examining the pattern, to understand that, with the exception of the middle of front, all the seams are very divergent in order to obtain the fullness and train behind. In making up this *robe de chambre*, be careful to observe that the pattern No. 4 serves as lining to the back, that the waist cord or girdle is fastened at the place marked with a circle on the side-piece, which is afterward covered by the plaits falling over it, and produced by the patterns Nos. 5 and 5 *bis*. These plaits, three in number, begin at the neck, are folded under and fastened on the back, which forms a lining, and from the waist they are confounded with the skirt. Nothing can be more stylish than this *robe de chambre*.

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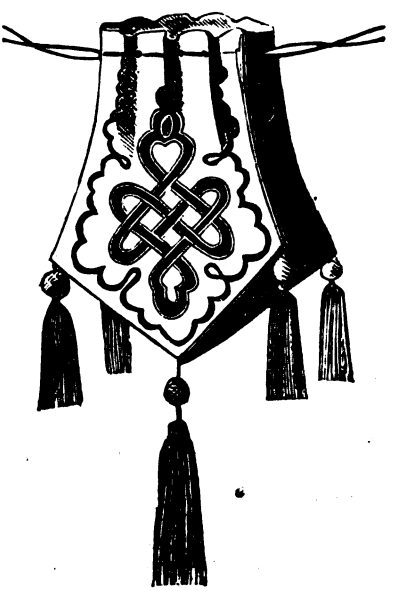
CROCHET BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

An engraving of this bag is in the front of the number. It is formed of three rounds of crochet, each worked separately, and afterward joined together so as to form the lower part of the bag. This being done, it will be found that there is an opening at the bottom narrowing to three points, and this opening must be filled up with a small piece of crochet corresponding in shape and size, which may be composed of chain loops. The upper part of the bag is now to be worked in the simple pattern given in our illustration; the openings between each round being filled up with short lengths of the crochet until the edge is even, when it may be worked round and round until the proper depth is completed. The string may be either a ribbon or cord passed between the loops; and at each of the three points where the rounds of crochet meet, a pretty tassel is attached. It can also be made in netting silk, the rounds being crimson, and the top and bottom of a rich dark blue. To make it still more handsome, a gold thread may be introduced into the centers of the three stars. In working these stars, after the chained loops are worked which surround the centers, a row of short crochet should be added all round; this contributes both to strength and richness, the little loops giving it a light appearance. A very elegant purse may be made in the same form, only the stars must be much smaller, and finer silk used for this purpose.

TOBACCO BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Bag is made of Russia leather; the design is in blue velvet application, bordered with a gold braid. Three pieces, like the pattern on the next page, are necessary to make the bag; these pieces are lined with white kid. The seams are covered with a small cord.

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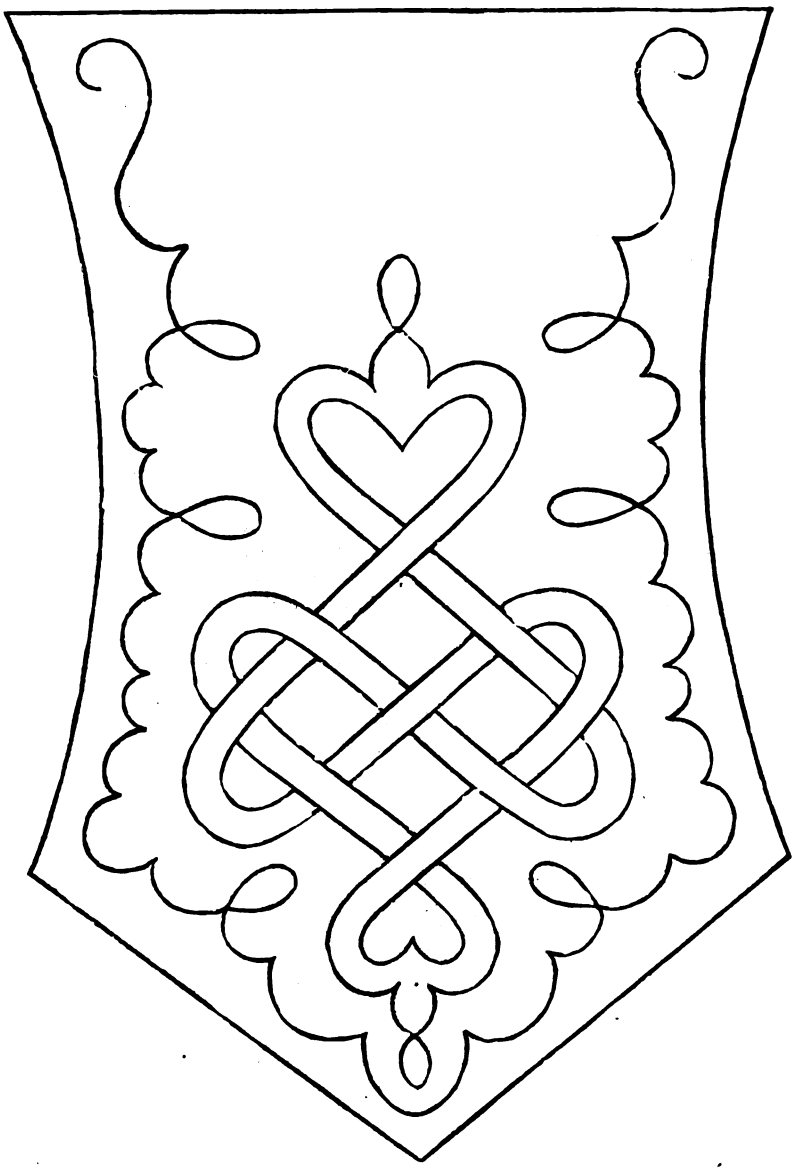

PATTERN FOR SIDE OF TOBACCO BAG: FULL-SIZE.

ZOUAVE JACKET AND VEST, BRAIDED.

BY J. OBERSTELLER & CO.

In the front of the number is a pattern for a lady's Zouave Jacket and Vest, furnished by J. B. Obersteller & Co. The jacket may be in velvet, cloth, or cashmere. The vest should be in cashmere of a corresponding color to the jacket. Persons desiring patterns in embroidery, braiding, etc., should address J. Obersteller & Co., and not the publisher of this Magazine. J. O. & Co. will promptly fill all orders, by mail or otherwise.

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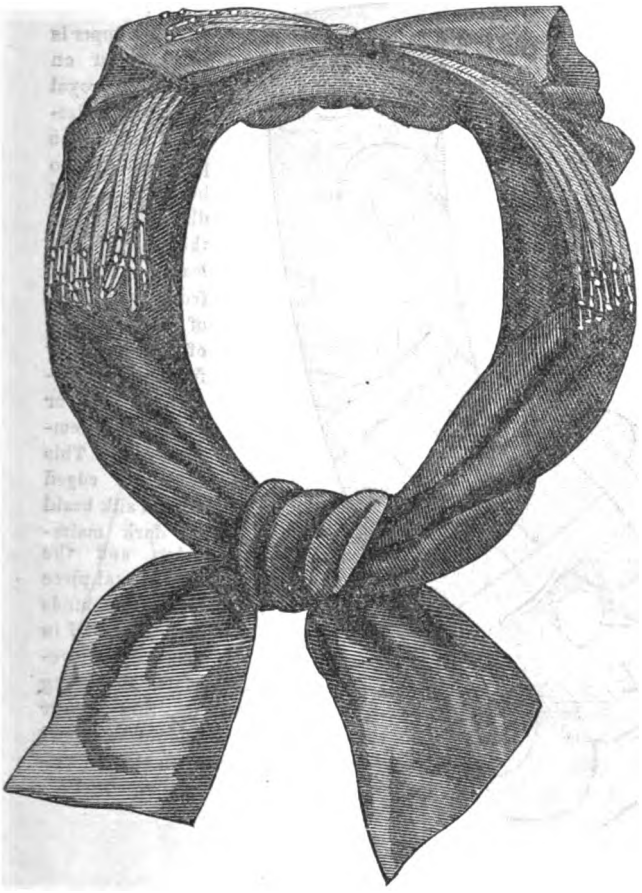
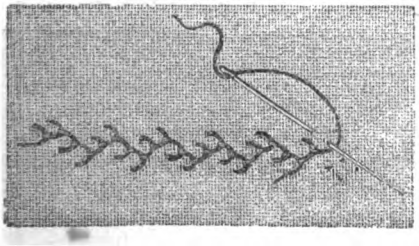
ESMERALDA HEAD-DRESS.

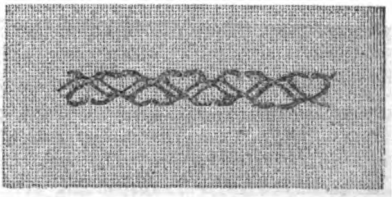
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS beautiful head-dress is composed of a roll of black velvet on a foundation of milinette, stiffened with cap wire to keep it in place. On the front of the forehead are velvet loops with long gilt pendants. A knot of velvet confines the roll at the back of the head. This head-dress is beautiful in black or scarlet velvet with gold pendants, or in scarlet with black jet pendants. We have seen one exactly like the accompanying, composed of a beautiful shade of blue velvet, with the ornaments in gold wheat-ears.

NEW DESIGNS IN CHAIN-STITCH





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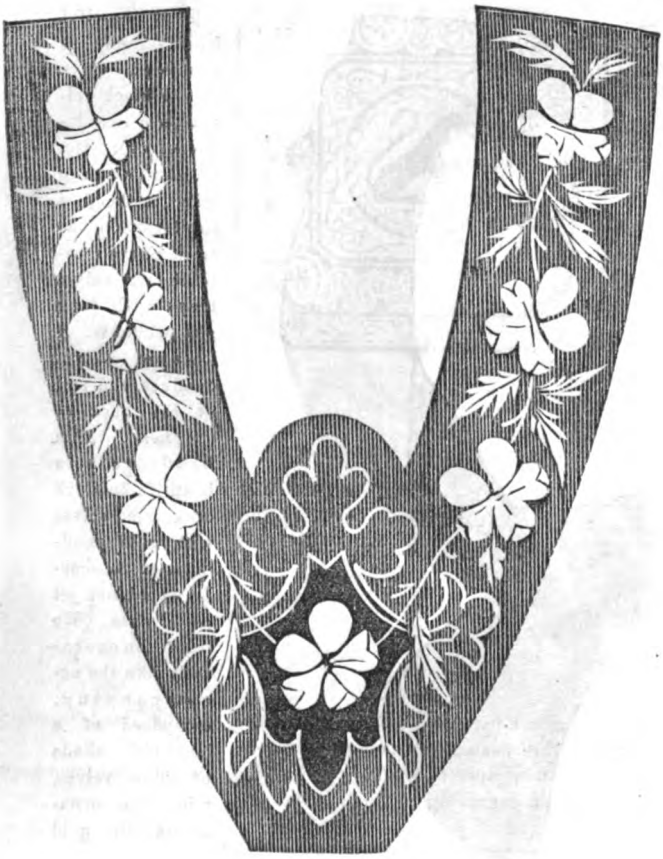
EMBROIDERED CLOTH SLIPPER.

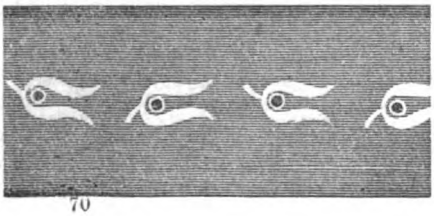
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

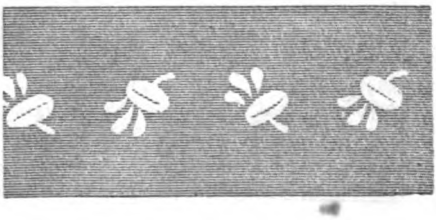


THIS Slipper is embroidered on cloth of royal blue in maize-color silk. The patterns are to be left clear and distinct, both in the flowers and leaves. On the front is a piece of black velvet of an irregular form, ornamented with a flower of the same, embroidered. This tablet is edged with a silk braid of dark maize-color, and the ornamental piece which surrounds it is executed in the same materials. In making up, this Slipper should be bound with black velvet.

PATTERNS FOR SHIRT FRONTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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ETRUSCAN HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern, full- size, printed in colors, for this beautiful Hand-Screen, which is to be done in tapestry or plain crochet. Above we give an engraving of the appearance of the Hand-Screen when made up.

This pattern may also be used for a cover for a small table.

CROCHET SHORTWAY EDGING.

BY "A NEW CONTRIBUTOR."

Make 12 chain, miss 6, and work 1 tc into the 7th and 8th stitch, 3 ch, 1 tc into last, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc in last row, 3 ch, 1 tc into 4th ch, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 6 ch, 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into 4 ch, 15 ch, turn work, 1 tc into 6th ch, 1 ch, 1 tc into every other stitch four times, 1 ch, 1 dc into 2nd loop for head, turn, 4 ch, 1 dc between 1st and 2nd tc, 4 ch, 1 dc into the three next spaces, (4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc into center spaces,) (if worked correctly there will be 12 loops of 4 ch round,) 6 ch, 2 tc over tc, 3 ch 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 1 ch, (1 dc, 1 tc with 4 ch between, into each of the first 6 loops of ch,) then 5 ch, (1 tc, 1 dc, with 4 ch between, into each of the remaining 6 loops,) 1 dc into nearest loop of head, turn. 1 dc, 1 tc, 1 long with 4 ch after, into each first 5 loops of preceding row, work into center loop, 1 dc, 1 tc, 1 long, 5 ch, 1 long, 1 tc, 1 dc, then 4 ch, 1 long, 1 tc, 1 dc into each of the last 5 loops, 1 dc over the tc stitch of head, 6 ch, 2 tc

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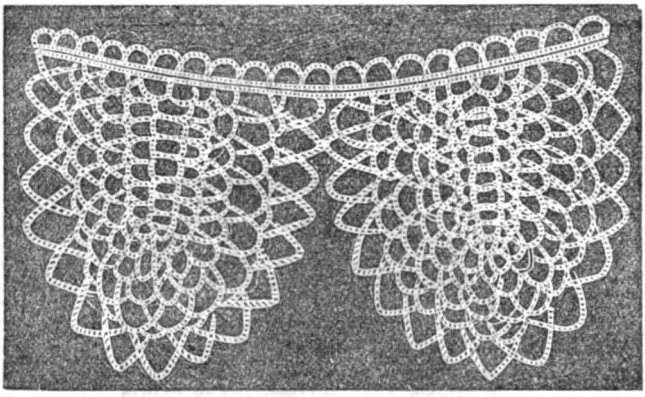
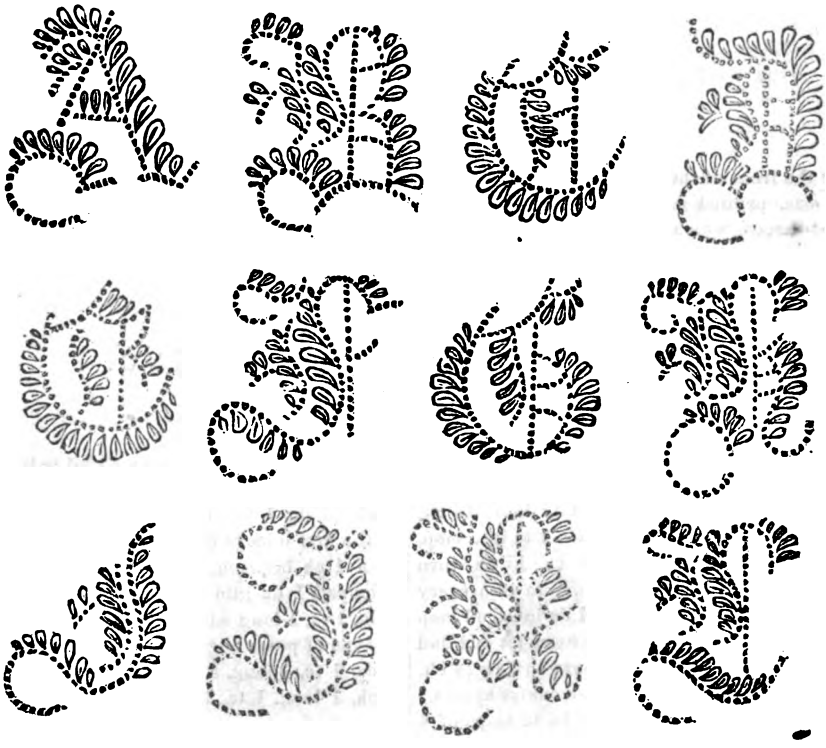


over tc, 3 ch 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into each of the first 5 loops, 5 ch into center loop, work 1 dc, 6 ch, 1 dc, 5 ch, 1 dc into each of the last 5 loops, 5 ch into the first worked loops of head, 1 dc, turn, 4 dc under first loop of 5 ch, preceding row, 5 ch, 2 dc into each of the next 5 loops, 5 ch, 4 dc under next loop, 1 dc over first tc of head, †, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 8 ch, 1 tc into 4th ch, turn, repeat from mark † thus, twice more, continue the pattern.

ORNAMENTAL ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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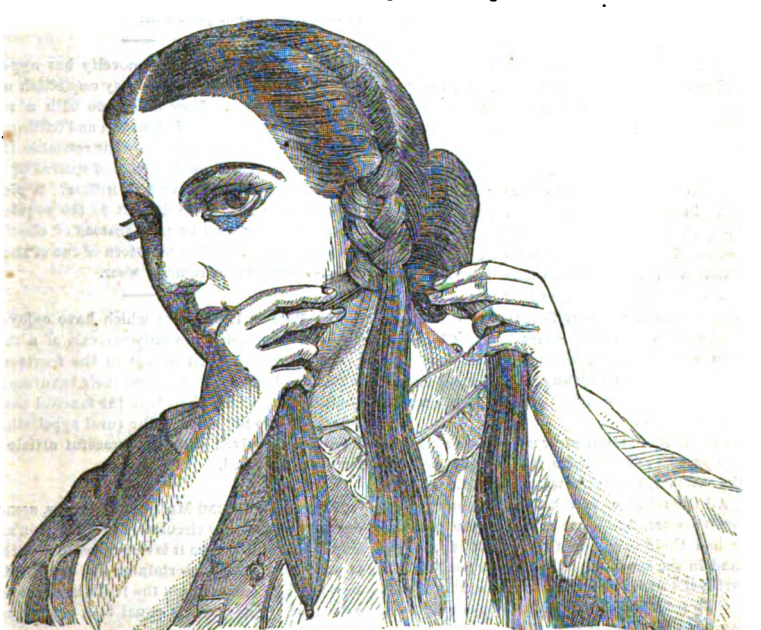
TO PLAIT BRAIDS IN THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

These two engravings illustrate a new Parisian method of plaiting false braids in among the natural hair. The first cut shows how the braid is introduced: the next how the plait looks as it progresses. This new method is quite an improvement on the old one.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

History and Social Science.—There is a notion, but a false one, that history and social science are the same. It is virtually the theory of Macaulay. But the investigation of the laws of social change is not history. For history, in its true sense, has to do with the actions of particular individuals, and with the effect of those actions on nations and communities. Social science, on the contrary, has to do with the progress of peoples, and with the results worked out by one people on another. We can have a history of Napoleon, a history of one generation, a history of France, or a history of Europe; but there can be no such thing as social science, properly speaking, unless it involves all nations now extant, and traces the influence on them of all nations that have ever lived.

History and social science, therefore, are not only not the same, but it is impossible that they can be. The one is, as yet, in its infancy. For the other we have ample materials. The one will probably never be brought to perfection. For the other this was effected as early as Thucydides. The history of the Peloponnesian war will never be written better than it was two thousand five hundred years ago. But the social science, if we may so phrase it, of the Greeks, will never be known, because no sufficient statistics for it are extant. The history of these United States is being written by Bancroft, and is a succession of vivid pictures of men and of events; but social science, so far at least as it relates to this republic, is yet in comparative chaos, the materials for it existing only in the census tables and in a few other receptacles of dry statistics. What a brilliant panorama is to an arithmetical table, that history is to social science.

Macaulay, in his attempt to develop the science of English society, has given us a strange jumble of history and romance. His celebrated chapters on the condition of England at the time of the Restoration, are made up partly from unreliable generalizations, and partly from the exaggerations of play-wrights and pamphleteers. He has done for the people of Great Britain who lived two centuries ago, what a historian of the year two thousand and sixty-two would do for the America of to-day, if he should describe our women from the satirical poem of "Nothing to Wear," or our Presidents from the columns of opposition journals. It is, in fact, impossible to construct a social science of the past, from the few accurate data which are in our possession. The wisest man now living cannot even tell the population of England two hundred years ago; much less that of Europe; much less that of the world at large; and if this, one of the very first things to be determined in developing a science of society, cannot be ascertained, how can we hope to achieve anything further? All attempts at solving the social history of former ages must be, in the nature of the case, delusions. They are words, words, and nothing more.

Nor is this all. If there is one error more dangerous than another, in the pursuit of knowledge, it is to fancy we have arrived at the whole truth, when we are acquainted with only a part. All the religious persecutions in history, most of the oppressive wars, and even many of the personal crimes, have had their origin in this sort of incomplete knowledge, and in the supposition that it was perfect. To attempt to write the social annals of former generations is for the "blind to lead the blind." It may make bigots in history; it can never advance truth.

New Volume with this Number.—We inaugurate the new volume, it will be seen, with a very beautiful steel engraving, "The Sisters," and a splendid colored pattern. We also begin a novelet, a charming love-story, by Carry Stanley, who is one of the most popular of our contributors. For this volume we have some of the most desirable illustrations being engraved, that have ever appeared, either in this, or in any other magazine. We need hardly remind our readers that "Peterson's" is the cheapest—and we think the best also—of any periodical devoted to the ladies. In clubs of eight, or more, it can be had for $1.25 per copy, with a premium to the person getting up the club. No time, in the year, is too late to subscribe, as we can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. For those, however, who do not wish back numbers, this is an especially good time to subscribe, so as to begin with the present number. For terms see the Prospectus printed on the cover.

"White Chokers."—The Paris Sport, which is the journal patronized by the clubs and by Young France, announces the immediate extinction of the white neckcloth as a portion of the dress toilet. It seems that the young men of fashion will not go to parties where this part of the costume is indispensable, and many of the patronesses of high circles have given in to the decision. It appears that a lady of high distinction, who "has the reputation of making the most elegant courtesey in Europe after Queen Victoria," excited the risible faculties of one of the most aristocratic assemblies, by offering a most gracious specimen of her talent to the white-necked butler, whom she mistook for the master of the house. A fashionable journal dwells upon the *contretemps* as quite a sufficient reason for the abandonment of the detestable white, and the substitution of rose or pink silk.

Nightcaps.—A nice little novelty has appeared in the way of nightcaps for ladies, very coquettish and dainty in their appearance. They are made with a round crown, whipped on to a piece of insertion and frilling, and are not tied under the chin, but somewhat resemble the shape of a net. The caps are usually made of spotted or figured muslin, and trimmed with work or frilling. A piece of elastic is sometimes put in to draw it to the required size, or a piece of ribbon may be used instead of elastic. We hope soon to give our readers a pattern of one of these nice little caps, so suitable for summer wear.

The Pretty Hair Nets which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity, are only revivals of a fashion which prevailed to an equal extent in the fourteenth century, when the ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, which then bore the fanciful name of "dovecots." We do not see why the rural appellation should not have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged.

Equal to a Sewing Machine.—Persons, sometimes, wonder at the enormous circulation of "Peterson's." The mystery is explained when it is remembered that this Magazine is as useful as it is entertaining and beautiful. The Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel puts the truth in a nut-shell, when it says that "Peterson's is equal to a sewing machine in a family."

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WEATHER SIGNS.—A few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seaman, farmer, and gardener, are the following:

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate and light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy, blue sky is windy; but a light, bright, blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the *softer* clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapor that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual, but general, the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely-outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong wind. Misty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

When sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected.

When they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind, with stormy weather. As many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather, or compare its variations. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others—hang about home, and they fly up and down, or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upward during a calm), an unfavorable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind; but seldom or never *formed* while it is blowing.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon; distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction); and what is called "a good *hearing* day," may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.

FASHION PLATES.—Where are there fashion plates as beautiful as ours? And they are as late as they are beautiful.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT FOR A FIRE-GRATE.—The prettiest is crinoline. Draw out the threads, and place them lightly in the grate and fender; or to form an apron or deep fringe, draw out the threads of a piece of crinoline about a yard deep, leaving a plain piece at the top, comb out the fringe perfectly smooth, then fasten it to the register so that it hangs over the grate, first filling up the grate with the threads drawn out; likewise put some in the fender. This is the lightest and most elegant ornament for a stove, also inexpensive: two yards will suffice. But the quantity of muslin may vary. So, also, the number of strips. "Like everything else, it requires taste." A few gold and silver shavings give a very pretty effect. Another kind of stove decoration is fresh and pretty:—Place a large bouquet of flowers in the grate, surrounded with evergreens so as to conceal the vessel containing the flowers: it has a very pretty effect. The evergreens will keep fresh for a fortnight, or longer: the flowers need the water occasionally changing.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Says the Aurora (Ind.) Commercial:—"Peterson's Magazine is always ahead of other magazines, and the June number has come to hand. Its store of good things seems to be inexhaustible. Peterson gives as much as any of the three dollar magazines, and all for two dollars a year." Is it not worth while to save a dollar?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The City of the Saints, and across the Rocky Mountains to California. By Richard F. Burton, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." With illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume is the well-known English traveler, who, several years ago, penetrated to Mecca, and more lately explored portions of Central Africa. He visited this country in the summer of 1860, concluding his tour by crossing to California by way of Salt Lake City. His book is the most thorough that has yet been written about the Mormons. Mr. Burton, however, is, to some extent, their apologist. He is not able to conceal that this is the result of his prejudices against the people of the United States, whom he calls "the petulant, fanatical republicans of the New World," and whose government he characterizes as an "absolute aristocracy clothed in the wolf-skin of democracy." It would seem almost impossible for Englishmen to understand this country. De Tocqueville said they were "too insular to comprehend anybody but themselves;" and our Mr. Burton is no exception to the rule. Because Mormonism is repugnant to Americans generally, our author extenuates it as far as possible: a practice we have seen imitated, more lately, on a larger scale, and in reference to another subject. With this drawback the book is exceedingly interesting. There is a good deal about the Indians as well as the Mormons. The description of the beauty of Salt Lake City is quite rose-colored, but, in the main, we believe, true. The volume is a large octavo of nearly six hundred pages, and is illustrated by more than twenty wood engravings, many of them full-page ones. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for this and all other works published by the Harpers.

Beauties, Selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It was a happy thought to publish this book, which contains the cream of De Quincey's writings, selected from the dozen and more volumes of his miscellaneous works. "The Spanish Nun," "The Easedale Romance," "Childhood," "Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow," "The Vision of Sudden Death," "Dream Fugue," and "The Palimpsest," all well known to admirers of De Quincey, are among the selections. A portrait of the author faces the title-page.

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An Introduction to the Grammar of the English Language. By John S. Hart, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—The best grammar of its kind in the language. It is plain, logical, perspicuous. The author says, in a preface, that he has selected, from his larger grammar, those portions which are purely of an elementary character, and which are studied by beginners in first going over the subject. Copious explanations, and a complete series of practical exercises, are appended to the several definitions and rules. Having, lately, had our attention particularly turned to the various elementary grammars in print, we find this to be altogether the best. We recommend it, therefore, with confidence.

Prison-Life in the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond. By Lieut. W. C. Harris. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. W. Childs.—Lieut. Harris was one of the prisoners taken at Ball's Bluff. His narrative of the privations to which he and his fellow-unfortunates were subjected, and of the indignities inflicted on them, will touch every heart. Mr. Faulkner, formerly U. S. Minister at the Court of France, openly protested against the treatment to which these prisoners were subjected, and finally procured for them some alleviations; but, to the last, the treatment they received was disgraceful to their captors and to civilization, and such as will remain a subject for astonishment to future generations.

Considerations on Representative Government. By John Stuart Mill. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Mill is one of the few Englishmen who understand America. He is a liberal in politics, and a writer of acknowledged ability. The present volume is principally designed for the English people, but contains much that is suggestive, if not instructive, to Americans also, and, therefore, has been properly republished in this country. We recommend it to all who are interested in the subject of government: the highest inquiry—short of religion—to which the human intellect can be addressed. It is a neat volume of three hundred and fifty pages.

The Children's Picture-Book of the Sagacity of Animals. Illustrated with sixty engravings by Harrison Weir. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a capital book for the little ones. The text is clear, the engravings spirited, and the selection of subjects excellent. The volume is printed on thick, cream-colored paper, and is handsomely bound.

The Last of The Mortimers. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A charming novel by one of the most popular of living authors. The character of the lieutenant's wife is particularly well done. In a different way, and less pleasant to contemplate, Miss Mortimer is powerfully drawn.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE VISIBLE INVISIBLE.—You tell the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except one, shall see it; yet you will not blindfold him, nor in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any part of the room he pleases. This trick is accomplished by placing the candle on the party's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking-glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.—Place a glass of any liquor upon the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you have drunk the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass, and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that *I* did not touch the hat."

QUITE TIRED OUT.—You undertake to make a person so tired by attempting to carry a small stick out of the room as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint upon his personal liberty. To perform this manœuvre, you take up the stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him, that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will, of course, gladly give up the undertaking.

PARLOR RECREATIONS.

THE TRANSPOSABLE PIECES.—Take two pennies and two dimes, and grind part of them away on one side only, so that they may be but half the common thickness; and observe that they must be quite thin at the edge; then rivet a penny and a dime together. Lay one of these double pieces, with the dime upward, on the palm of your hand, at the bottom of your first three fingers, and lay the other piece, with the penny upward, in the like manner, in the other hand. Let the company take notice in which hand is the penny, and in which is the dime. Then, as you shut your hands, you naturally turn the piece over, and when you open them again, the penny and the dime will appear to have changed their places.

TO MAKE A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR TURN UPON ITS EDGE ON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.—Take a wine or porter bottle, and insert in the mouth a cork, with a needle in a perpendicular position. Then cut a nick in the face of another cork, in which fix a quarter; and into the same cork stick two common table forks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downward; if the rim of the quarter be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned round without any risk of falling off, as the center of gravity is below the center of gravitation.

CAKES, PIES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Soft Gingerbread, very nice.—Four teacups of flour, two cups of molasses, half a cup of butter, two cups of buttermilk, a cup of thick cream, three eggs, a tablespoonful of ginger, and the same of saleratus. Mix them all together, with the exception of the buttermilk, in which the saleratus must be dissolved, and then added to the rest. Bake in a quick oven.

Caraway Cake.—Take one pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, a glass of rose-water, four eggs, and half a teacup of caraway seed; the materials to be well rubbed together and beat up; drop them on tin sheets from a spoon, and bake twenty or thirty minutes in rather a slow oven.

Very nice Loaf Cake.—One pound of flour, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one of butter, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of rose-water, nutmegs, one cup of cream, and one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Currant Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, a little grated nutmeg, and a cup of currants.

Clove Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, three eggs, two spoonfuls of cloves; mix it with molasses, and bake.

Apple Pie.—Peel the apples, slice them thin, pour on a little molasses, and sprinkle sugar over them; grate on some lemon-peel, or nutmeg. If you wish to make them richer, put a little butter on the top.

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Chicken Pie.—Cut up your chicken, parboil it, season it on the pot, take up the meat, put in a flour thickening, and scald the gravy; make the crust of sour milk made sweet with saleratus; put in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg; cream is preferable to sour milk, if you have it. Take a large tin-pan, line it with the crust, put in your meat and pour in your gravy from the fat; make it nearly full, cover it over with crust, and leave a vent; bake it in a moderate oven two hours and a half.

Rhubarb Pie.—Pull the rhubarb from the roots instead of cutting it; peel off the skin from the stalks, and cut it into small pieces, put them in the pie with plenty of brown sugar; cover the pie and bake, like apple, in a deep dish.

Mutton Pie.—Cut steaks from the loin of mutton, beat them, and remove some of the fat; season it well, and put a little water at the bottom of the dish; cover with a thick paste, and bake it.

Pudding Unique.—A quarter pound of raw potatoes scraped, a quarter pound of raw carrots scraped, a quarter pound of currants, and the same quantity each of suet, chopped fine, and flour; a little salt and allspice. Mix all these well together, and make it the consistence of a pudding for boiling, by stirring in treacle; about two tablespoonfuls will be enough, or it may require rather more. This should be put into a greased pudding-mould, and boiled two hours. It may be served up either with or without sweet sauce.

To make Fancy Biscuits.—Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar, and some orange-flower water. Pound the almonds very fine, and sprinkle them with orange-flower water: when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted through a silk sieve; put the pan on a slow fire, and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off, and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, etc., and cut it into various shapes; make an icing of different colors, dip one side of them in it, and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them colored pistachios, or colored almonds, according to fancy.

Lemon Jellies.—Take two ounces of Cooper's refined American isinglass, which should first be soaked in water two hours; drain off that water and take two quarts of cold water, one pound and a half of sugar, the whites of three eggs, the juice of three lemons, the peel of one, a stick of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, orange-peel, or other spices. Stir them all together when cold; then boil the whole mass five or ten minutes; then pour it through a jelly-bag, when it may be put in glasses or moulds, and when cold it will be ready for use.

Quince Pudding.—Take six large ripe quinces; pare them, and cut out all the blemishes. Then scrape them to a pulp, and mix the pulp with half a pint of cream, and half a pound of powdered sugar, stirring them together very hard. Beat the yolks of seven eggs, and the white of two, and stir them gradually into the mixture, adding two wineglasses of rose-water. Stir the whole well together, and bake it in a buttered dish three-quarters of an hour. Grate sugar over it when cold.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Put into three pints of boiling milk, six crackers pounded fine, and one cup of raisins. When cool, add four eggs, well beaten, a little sugar, and four apples, pared, with the core carefully removed; to be baked and eaten with warm sauce.

Currant Jelly.—Take the juice of red currants and loaf sugar, equal quantities in weight. Stir it gently and smoothly for three hours; put it into glasses, and in three days it will concrete into a firm jelly.

Boiled Apple Pudding.—Line a basin with paste tolerably thin, fill it with the apples and cover with the paste; tie a cloth over it and boil till the apples are soft.

Tapioca Pudding.—One quart of cold water; six tablespoonfuls of tapioca; set on the fire and stir till it boils; then add one ounce and a half of white sugar in powder. Again set it on the fire for a quarter of an hour, stirring it occasionally; take it off, pour it into a basin, and stir in immediately one ounce of fresh butter and three eggs well beaten first; pour it into a buttered fire-dish, and bake gently one hour; or it may be boiled one hour and a half in a mould, adding two more eggs. In either case, let the tapioca be prepared early. To be cold before it is baked or boiled, it must stand a quarter of an hour before you turn it out.

Jelly from Apples.—They are pared, and quartered, and the core removed, then put in a pot *without* water, closely covered, and placed in an oven, or over the fire. When pretty well stewed, the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little white of an egg is added, and then the sugar. Skin it previous to boiling; then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be produced.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Clean White Kid Gloves.—Stretch them on a board and rub the soiled spots with cream of tartar, or magnesia. Let them rest an hour. Take a mixture of alum and fuller's earth in powder, and rub it all over the gloves with a clean brush, and let them rest an hour or two. Then sweep it all off, and go over with a flannel dipped in a mixture of bran and finely-powdered whiting. Let them rest another hour. Brush off the powder and you will find them clean.

Husk Beds.—Select the inner husks, throwing aside the outer ones, clip the points, or the blackened tips merely. Do not split or lacerate the husks, but put them into the tick whole, not even clipping the buts. In this way they are much more durable. Once in two years separate all the fine husks, pieces, and dust, and replenish with new husks. Husks are far preferable for under-beds to anything yet discovered. The United Society have used them for fifty years.

To Remove Grease Spots.—Magnesia will effectually remove grease spots from silk on rubbing it in well; and after standing awhile, apply a piece of soft, brown paper to the wrong side, on which press a warm iron, gently; and what grease is not absorbed by the paper, can be removed by washing the spot carefully with warm water.

Kalydor for the Complexion.—Take blanched bitter almonds, one part; rose-water, sixteen parts. Mix and strain; then add five grains of bichloride of mercury to every eight ounce bottle of the mixture, and scent with rose or violet.

To Clean Brass.—Finely-powdered salammoniac; water to moisten. Rock alum, one part; water, sixteen parts. Mix; warm the articles to be cleaned, then rub with either of the above mixtures, and finish with tripoli. This process will give them the brilliancy of gold.

Growth of Hair Increased, and Baldness Prevented.—Take four ounces of castor oil, eight ounces of good Jamaica rum, thirty drops oil of lavender, or ten drops of oil of rose. Anoint, occasionally, the head, shaking well the bottle previously.

Cement for Broken Earthenware.—Take one ounce of dry cream cheese, grated fine, and an equal quantity of quicklime, mixed well together, with three ounces of skimmed milk, to form a good cement, when the rendering of the joint visible is of no consequence.

Tomato Ketchup.—Cut tomatoes in pieces, and between every layer sprinkle a thin layer of salt; let them stand a few hours, then add a little horseradish, garlic, pepper, and mace. Boil well, and strain; then bottle, cork, and seal for use.

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To make Washing Fluid.—Add one pound of unslacked lime, to three gallons of soft, boiling water. Let it settle, and pour off. Then add three pounds of washing soda, and mix with the lime water. When dissolved, use a large wineglassful to each pailful of water. Add one gill of soft soap to a pailful of water.

To drive away Musquitoes.—A camphor-bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits, applied as perfume to the face and hands, will prove an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

To take Mildew out of Linen.—Take soap and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also into the linen: lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out at once.

Bleeding at the Nose.—To cure it, apply to the neck, behind and on each side, a cloth dipped in cold water. Or wash the temples, nose, and neck with vinegar. Or snuff up vinegar and water.

To Remove Flies from Rooms.—Black pepper (powdered), one drachm; brown sugar, one drachm; milk or cream, two drachms. Mix, and place on a plate or a saucer where the flies are most troublesome.

To Extract Stains from Silk.—Essence of lemon, one part; spirits of turpentine, five parts; mix, and apply to the spot by means of a linen rag.

Paste for Cleaning Metals.—Take oxalic acid, one part; rotten stone, six parts. Mix with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine to a paste.

Black for Grates, Stoves, etc—Asphaltum, five pounds; melt, and add boiled oil, two pounds; spirits of turpentine, one gallon. Mix.

Golden Salve.—Two quarts of linseed oil, three pounds of rosin, three pounds of beeswax, to be melted and mixed, and put in small boxes.

To make Vegetables Tender.—Put a spoonful or two of pearlash into the water in which you boil them.

To Stop Blood.—The nap from a wool hat applied to a wound will stop its bleeding.

BEVERAGES, ETC. ETC.

ROSE WATER.

When the bushes of roses are full,
As most of them are about June,
'Tis high time to gather, or pull
The leaves of the flowers. As soon
As you've picked all you need for the time,
To each quart of water unite
A peck of the leaves, which, if prime—
And they will be if plucked off aright—
May be placed in a still near at hand,
On a very slow fire. When done,
Bottle off, and permit it to stand
For three days, ere you cork down each one.

To Prepare Ginger Beer Powders.—Take two drachms of fine loaf-sugar, eight grains of ginger, and twenty-six grains of carbonate of potass, all in fine powder; mix them intimately in a Wedgwood's-ware mortar. Take also twenty-seven grains of citric or tartaric acid, (the first is the pleasantest, but the last the cheapest.) The acid is to be kept separate from the mixture. The beer is prepared from the powders, thus: Take two tumbler glasses, each half filled with water, stir up the compound powder in one of them, and the acid powder in the other; then mix the two liquors, an effervescence takes place, the beer is prepared and may be drank off. The effervescence is occasioned by the discharge of the carbonate of potass. If the beer is allowed to stand for a few minutes, it becomes flat; this is owing to its having lost all its carbonic acid. The cost of these powders is sixteen cents a dozen sets.

Lemon Cordial.—Take eight fine lemons, pare off the rind very thin, and cut it into small shreds, which put into a bottle; add a pint of spirits of wine or brandy, or whiskey not smoked, a dozen bitter almonds bruised and blanched; put all into a bottle for six days. Make a syrup of a pound of fine lump-sugar; let it boil, and then cool; pour it into the bottle, and let it stand six days longer; filter it through blotting-paper, and bottle for use. It will be ready in a few weeks, but is better for keeping.

Raspberry Wine.—Bruise the fruit to a mash, and strain it through a cloth; measure your juice; take an equal quantity of water, boil it, and, when cold, pour it on the dry fruit that you have strained; let it stand six hours, and then strain it, and add it to the juice; to every quart put rather more than half a pound of sugar; let it remain in an earthen steon closely covered for a week; then turn it into a clean cask; bung it up closely, for a month or more, and then bottle it off.

In Making Mead the proportions are a quart of honey to three quarts of water, the whites of five eggs, and two lemons; these should be all boiled together, and, when sufficiently cool, three spoonfuls of good yeast added, and left to work for four days. It should never be allowed to work until it has, in the slightest degree, lost its sweetness.

To Prepare Soda Water.—Soda water is prepared (from powders) precisely in the same manner as ginger beer, except that, instead of the two powders there mentioned, the following are used: for one glass thirty grains of carbonate of soda; for the other twenty-five grains of tartaric (or citric) acid.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Infant's Wardrobe.—If we may judge from many letters received during the last few months, the following list will not be uninteresting or useless to young wives and mothers elect:—

Articles Required for a Baby's Layette.—Twelve little shirts—six plainly trimmed, and six more elaborately trimmed; six rollers; eight long petticoats—four plain, and four with work and insertion at the bottom; six monthly gowns, variously trimmed; eight night-gowns; eight robes—six would be found sufficient in many cases; twelve long pinafores for wearing over robes, when these are liked; three pairs of knitted woollen socks; six dozen diapers; half a dozen quilted bibs, trimmed or not, according to taste; three day flannel petticoats, or blankets, as they are termed; three night ditto; four fine white flannel squares, bound with flannel binding; four day squares, made to draw up at one corner to form a hood (these may be made scarlet, pink, or blue, and may be embroidered, scalloped, or merely bound); six squares of Welsh flannel, simply hemmed, for wearing over diapers.

Things Required for a Baby's Basket.—A basket covered with muslin, muslinette, sprigged net, or any pretty light material, to be made with a pocket on each side; one pincushion; powder-box and puff; sponge; soft hair-brush; scissors, needle, and thread; flannel cap; flannel nursing-apron, and, if liked, a waterproof ditto; a diaper or linen bath-towel.

Things Required for a Baby's Berceaunette.—Berceaunette and cover (this must be arranged according to taste and means, and ought, properly speaking, to match the basket); two mattresses; one pillow; one under blanket; two upper ditto; two coverlids; four pairs of sheets, the upper one of each pair trimmed with frilling; four pillow-cases, trimmed.

Infant's Clothing for Out-Door Wear.—One hood; two caps; one cloak; flannels have been already mentioned; one white Shetland veil.

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MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Walnut an Excellent Family Medicine.—Everybody eats walnuts, everybody knows how to make a pickle of walnuts; few, however, know the medicinal virtue of walnuts. Now, the fact is, walnuts, when prepared *secundum artem*, are an excellent medicine and alterative; and this is the way to prepare them:—Get the green walnuts fit for pickling; put them in a stone jar filled up with moist sugar, at the proportion of half a pound to a score of walnuts; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for about three hours, taking care the water does not get in, and keep it simmering during the operation. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts; if it does not, add more, cover it close, and in six months it will be fit for use; the older it gets, the better it is. One walnut is a dose for a child of six years of age, as a purgative; and it has this great advantage over drugs, that whilst it is an excellent medicine, it is, at the same time, very pleasant to the palate, and will be esteemed by the young folks as a great treat. Who can say as much of salts, jalap, and other doctor's stuff? And in a large family it will abridge the doctor's bill fifty dollars a year.

To Salt Hams.—For three hams pound and mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of saltpetre, and four pounds of coarse salt; rub the hams well with this, and lay what is to spare over them; let them lie three days, then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, put water enough to cover the hams with more common salt, till it will bear an egg; then boil and skim it well, put it in the salting tub, and the next morning put in the hams; keep them down the same as pickled pork; in a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine, and hang them up to dry.

Substitute for Stilton Cheese.—Families may produce their own *Stilton* by the following simple process:—To the new milk of the cheese-making morning add the cream from that of the preceding evening, together with the rennet, watching the full separation of the curd, which must be removed from the whey without breaking, and placed in a sieve until of such a consistence as to bear being lifted up and placed in a hoop that will receive it without much pressure. The cheese, as it dries, will shrink up, and must therefore be placed, from time to time, in a tighter hoop, and turned daily, until it acquires the proper degree of consistence for use or keeping.

To Make Cream of Roses.—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one pint of rose-water, and two drachms of Malta rose, or nerolet essence. Put the oil, spermaceti, and wax into a well-glazed pipkin over a clear fire, and, when melted, pour in the rose-water by degrees, and keep beating till the compound becomes like pomatum. Now add the essence, and then put the cream into small pots or jars, which must be well covered up with pieces of bladder and soft skin leather.

A very Cheap Dish.—Cut very small two ounces of lean bacon, or the meat of a herring; chop three large onions, and a few sprigs of sweet herbs; put these, with a pound of rice and two teaspoonfuls of pepper, into two quarts of water, and let the whole boil rather slowly for two hours and a half. This will make a satisfying family meal, at a very small cost.

To Clean Cast-iron and Black Hearths.—Mix black lead and whites of eggs well beaten together; dip a painter's brush, and wet all over; then rub it bright with a hard brush.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. i.—Evening Dress of White Barege, trimmed with two rows of black guipure lace. Bournouse of white barege trimmed like the dress.

Fig. ii.—Evening Dress of Pink Grenadine.—The skirt is trimmed with puffings of grenadine, lengthwise of the skirt, edged with narrow white blonde. Sleeve reaching to a little below the elbow, made quite wide. The body is pointed both back and front, and has a square trimming of puffed grenadine.

Fig. iii.—Dinner Dress of Gray Silk, Figured, trimmed with plain gray silk edged with black lace.

Fig. iv.—Dress of Fawn-colored Summer Poplin, trimmed with rows of black silk braid.

Fig. v.—Fluted Mantilla, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. A black silk scarf mantilla, with deep square ends. Two plaited ruffles neatly pinked on either edge in scallops, with a velvet ribbon run through each plait, trims the bottom of the mantilla, one row only extending up the front and round the shoulders. This is one of the most graceful shaped outer garments we have seen this season, also the most dressy and stylish.

Fig. vi.—Summer Cloak.—Our next, from Benson's, is not as dressy as the mantilla, but is most useful as a half-dress and traveling cloak. The shape, as seen by the engraving, is peculiarly graceful, particularly over the arms. It is made of gray summer cloth, bound round the bottom and up the front with black silk about three inches in depth, ornamented with two rows of white stitching. The black silk round the neck is cut in a three-pointed ornament on the back and on each shoulder, and extends down part the front, forming two like ornaments on either front. All are stitched with white.

Fig. vii.—Bonnet, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. A white crape bonnet, laid on the foundation plain. The left side is trimmed with a broad white ribbon edged with lace, formed in two plaits clasped by a jet ornament. The ribbon extends down the side, and two similar plaits are formed, also fastened by a jet. The face trimmings are a full cluster of plum-color and lilac flowers, intermingled with white flowers and lace on the top, and on either side a full ruche of blonde. Broad white strings.

Fig. viii.—Bonnet of Black Hair, also from Mrs. Cripps, plain cape of white crape covered with a fall of black lace. The top of the bonnet is ornamented with a full cluster of violets, roses, and black currants; the face trimmings are also a full cluster of the same kind of flowers intermingled with black lace. Broad white strings.

Fig. ix.—Riding Hat of Straw, bound round with black velvet, deep in front, trimmed with black velvet loops and black and white feathers.

General Remarks.—Dresses composed of silk of two different colors are becoming more and more fashionable. A very pretty dress in this style has just been completed. The robe itself is of silver-gray silk, and the skirt is edged with three graduated rows of plaiting of violet silk. The corsage is trimmed in corresponding style, and the long ends of the ceinture are edged with violet-color plaiting. The fashion of employing two colors of the same material has extended to ball and evening dresses; for instance, a dress of white tarletane may be trimmed with flounces and ruches of pink tarletane.

Our ladies will continue this season to wear Zouave jackets of muslin or nansook lined with colored silk. We have seen some very pretty specimens of these very charming plaited chemisettes to be worn under them. Plaits are much employed now in all linen articles, such as petticoats, night-jackets, etc.

Dresses are worn very long behind, and are much gored; and evening dresses, of light material, are arranged in this manner. As the mode appears to be to lessen the width of the skirt at the top, it is absolutely necessary that the material be well gored, to give sufficient width to the bottom. These gored training skirts are exceedingly becoming to the figure, and in a drawing-room nothing is

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more elegant. It is a pity that this fashion cannot be confined exclusively to in-door toilets, and not adopted (as it too generally is) for walking. What can be more disagreeable than to see a lady's rich silk skirt sweeping the streets as she walks? It is extravagant, inelegant, and exceedingly dirty. However, if ladies will be in the fashion, and wear trained skirts in the streets, in dirty weather, they may keep them in order by wearing them looped up over a pretty petticoat. The latter garments are being worn more elaborate, and of richer material, than ever; and it will soon be necessary to have the petticoat made as handsome as the dress—the fashion of looping up the dresses necessitating an elegant under-skirt.

We have remarked some charming PETTICOATS, made of bright-colored French merinos, and trimmed with velvet and elaborate braiding designs; and we have even seen them embroidered. Two little fluted flounces, placed quite at the bottom, form a pretty finish, and are, besides, useful in assisting to keep out the bottom of the dress.

White petticoats, made with two little fluted frills at the bottom, are exceedingly comfortable wear for muslin dresses, and are much more *distingue* than the *open* embroidery, which, of late, has become so very general. The thick satin-stitch, or raised embroidery, is always in good taste, and it is now much used for under-skirts. Tabliers of this rich and handsome embroidery are frequently inserted in the front of the petticoat; so that if a morning dress, open down the front, be worn with it, the effect is very good.

IN BRIDAL COSTUME there is never any great variety to notice. The dress may consist of white tarletane, at seasons when so light a texture is appropriate. Satin, moire, and taffety, or *pou-de-soie*, are favorite materials for wedding dresses. Satin and moire are very rich; but owing to the brilliancy of these textures, they are not so well suited for daylight wear as taffety or *pou-de-soie*. A ruche of tulle illusion round the throat is very generally preferred to a collar. Ornaments of jewelry are now seldom worn in bridal costume.

SHAWLS of wide white barege, trimmed with black lace, are very fashionable.

IN THE STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR there is a decided tendency to heighten the coiffure. The chignon, or plaits at the back of the head, are still fixed very low, but the hair is elevated immediately above the forehead. The front hair is slightly waved, and elevated so as to produce an effect somewhat approaching to that of the toupee of our grandmothers. On each side the hair forms two smaller puffs. Sometimes a little powder is added. Such is the newest fashion; but it would be erroneous to say it is that most generally adopted. Many of the new head-dresses are straight across the forehead. One, for instance, is all black lace, formed by a double barb, which hangs down behind in unequal ends. On each side of the forehead is a bunch of cherries, one black, the other red, with stems of the natural wood in the middle.

Another is a torsade of black velvet, mixed with gold oak-leaves and bunches of fruit.

Another is composed of tufts of reeds and bunches of lilies of the valley.

HOME DRESS-MAKING.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, dresses lying by which are almost useless, and which, with a little ingenuity, may be turned to good account. We are speaking of the dresses made with two or three flounces—a fashion which is now obsolete, excepting the cases where lace is used; and deep lace volants are always in good taste.

Many styles have been invented by which dresses somewhat *passe* may be made quite *a la mode*. One of the difficulties to contend with is the narrowness of the skirts of dresses made some few years since, which, at the present time, are scarcely of sufficient width to go over a crinoline. To obviate this difficulty the skirts should have a *tablier* inserted in the front, or *small gores* let in *between* each *seam*, to the depth of about twenty inches; or bands of silk about four inches wide may, with advantage, be put between every width.

To enable our readers better to understand what we mean, we will describe how to remake a three-flounced dress. Between every width of the silk insert a gore, sixteen inches at the bottom, tapering to a point at the top, and about twenty inches deep. Should the wearer be very tall, allow the gores rather deeper. Ornament these gores with some of the *flouncing*, cut into narrow *frills*, and finish off the point at the top with a rosette of ribbon or ruched silk, or some of the flouncing made into a rosette. This skirt will be found really elegant in its appearance, and sufficiently wide to be comfortable over a *moderate*-sized crinoline.

TO REMAKE A TWO-FLOUNCED DRESS.—Insert pieces between every width of the skirt, the same as the preceding one, but make use of the deep flounce for the purpose. A width of the flounce should be let in between the seams of the skirt, and the top of the flounce plaited in to form a kind of fan; these plaits being ornamented with a rosette. The shape of the *fan* is very much improved by *slightly sloping* the flounce toward the top, as, by so doing, the material will not have such a *bunchy* appearance. This skirt, when finished, also has a very good appearance, considering the *old-fashioned* materials of which it is composed.

Before concluding our remarks on contriving to make *new* things out of *old* ones, we will mention another mode of widening plain skirts, such as those of brocaded silk, chine silk, or any material of that description. A straight band of black, or some colored silk, to contrast nicely with the dress to be widened, should be let in between every seam; this band is perfectly straight, and looks nicely stitched on with white. Supposing there are but five widths in the skirt, then five bands of silk, each one six inches wide, will increase the width of the skirt nearly a yard. If there are six widths of the material, the band need not be so wide.

We noticed a very pretty gray mohair dress arranged in this manner, with bands of violet silk on the skirt, stitched on with white. This dress was made with a Zouave jacket and waistcoat, bound with lilac silk; and the sleeves (being for morning wear) were closed at the wrist.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SPANISH DRESS OF GRAY INDIA SILK FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with rose-colored silk and black lace. The body is made with lappels from the shoulder, and passing down to the waist and around it at the back. The body is cut open in front for a short distance, and faced with pink silk, showing a chemisette of white muslin. Pointed belt in front. Short sleeves, cut open and turned back like the upper part of the body, and finished with a full puffed muslin sleeve. Straw hat and white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE DELAINE FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The bottom is cut in vandykes and edged with black velvet; a narrower row of black velvet is put on a short distance above the edge. The sleeves, berthe, belt, and pockets are all trimmed with black velvet. The body is cut square in the neck, and is finished by a white cambric tucker.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, the two latest novelties in the way of children's dresses; but the Garibaldi style continues the most popular both for girls and small boys. Dresses of white Marseilles, braided with black, are very stylish, and fashionable for children.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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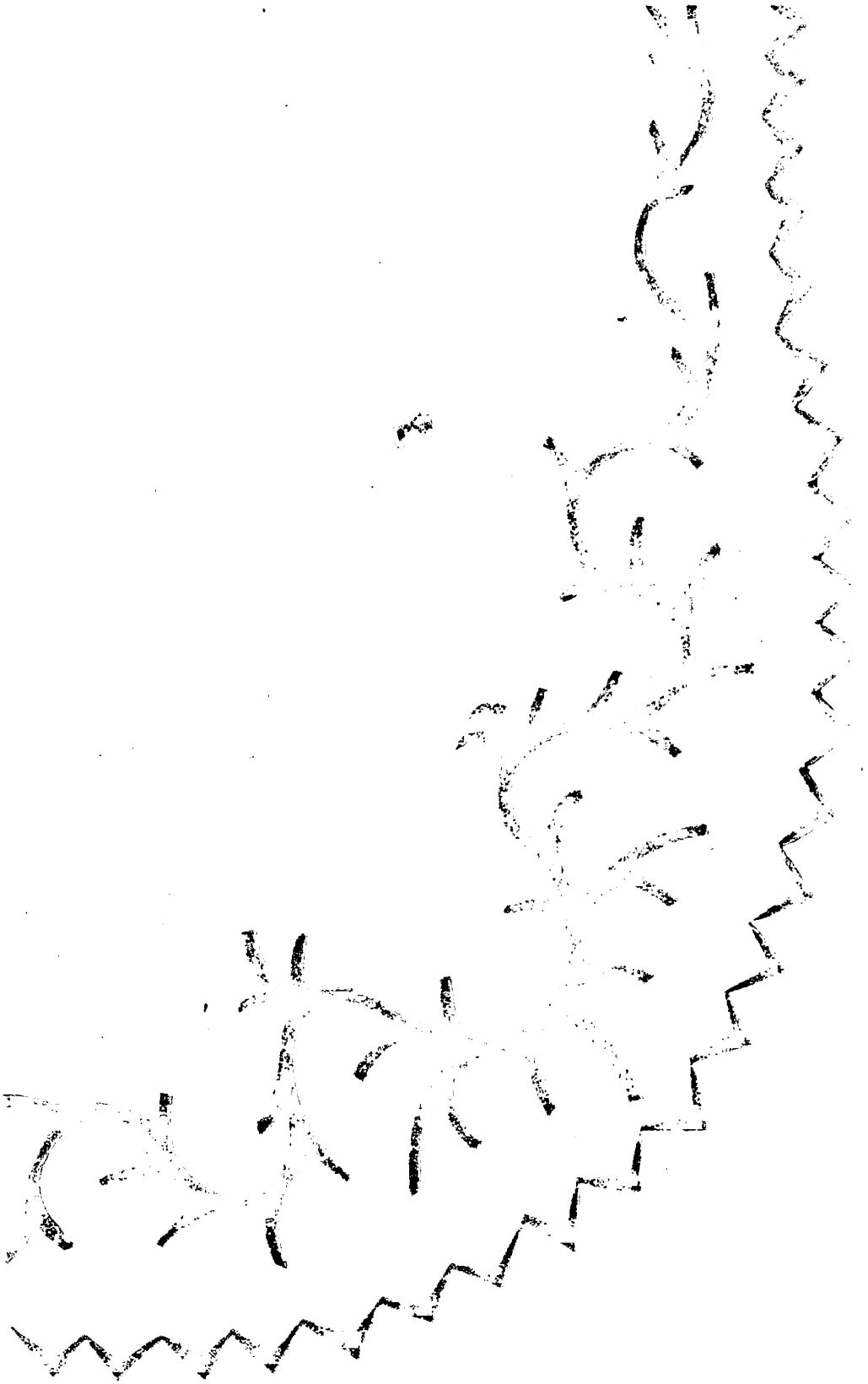

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN CORAL.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

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INSERTION.

WALKING DRESS.

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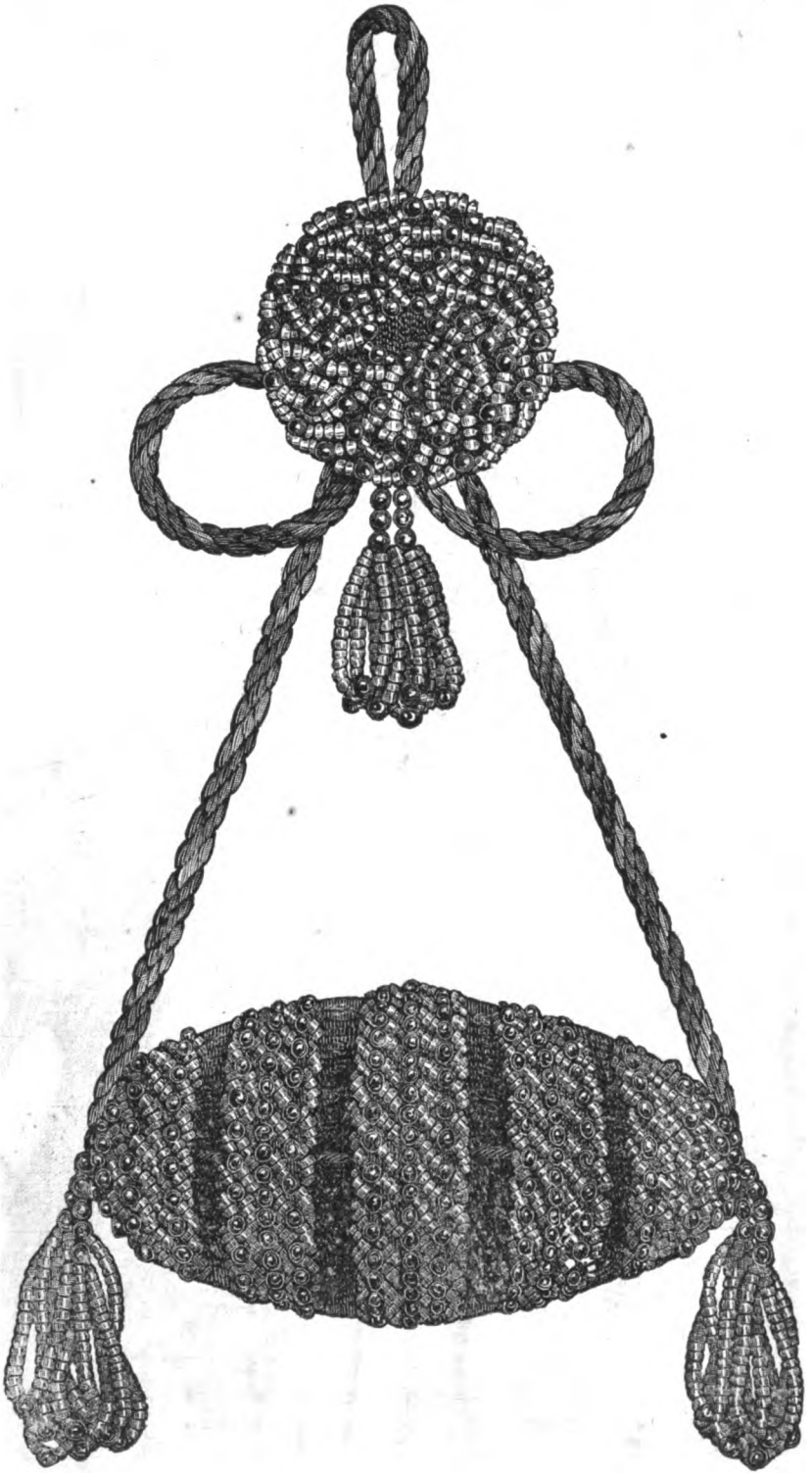

KNITTING-BAG.

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PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

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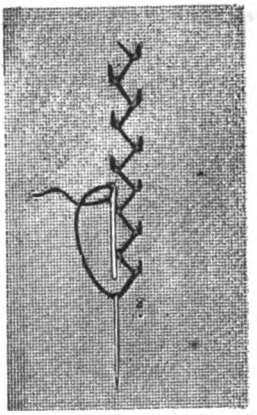
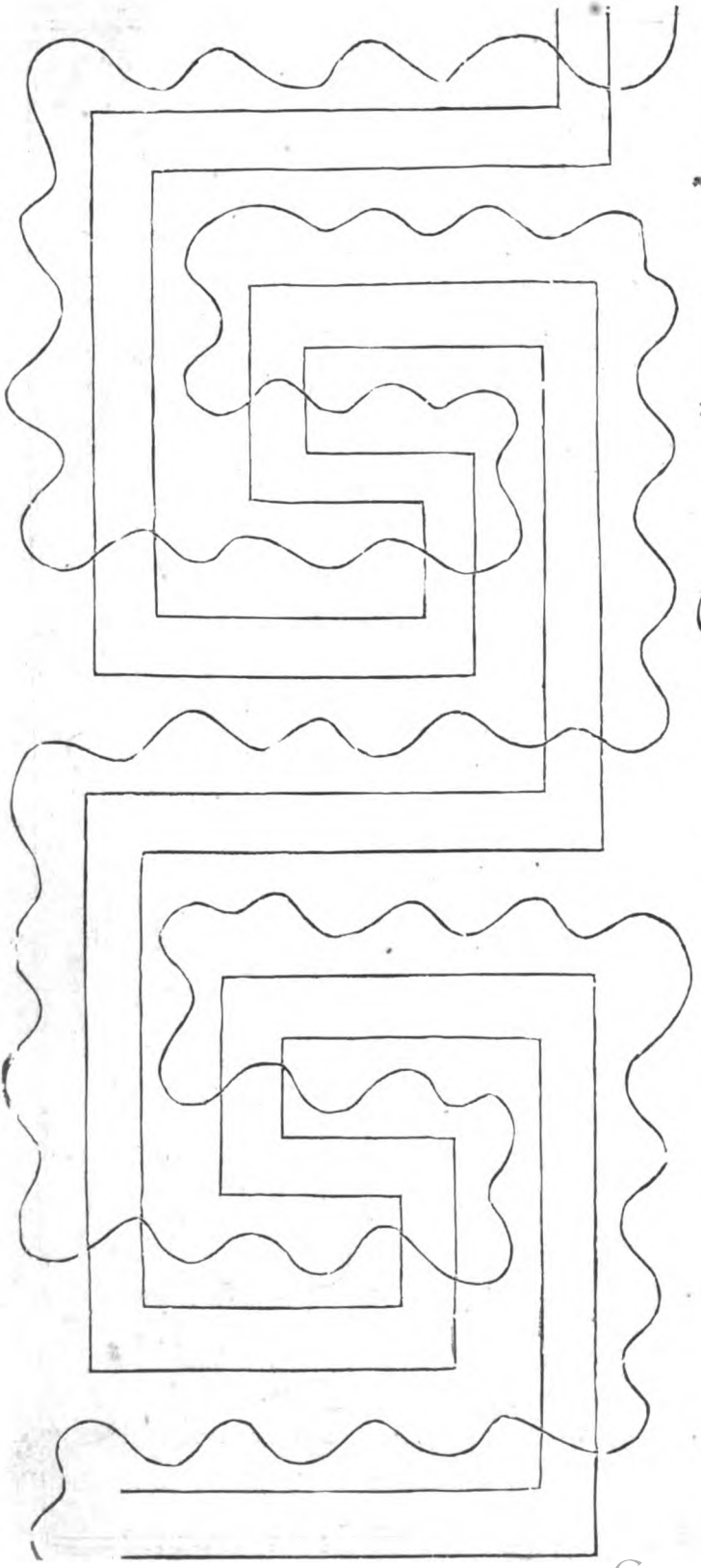
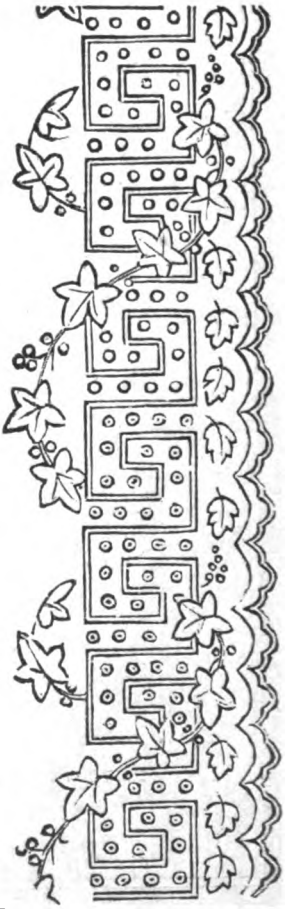


NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.

LETTER FOR MARKING.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR DRESS.



FOR HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

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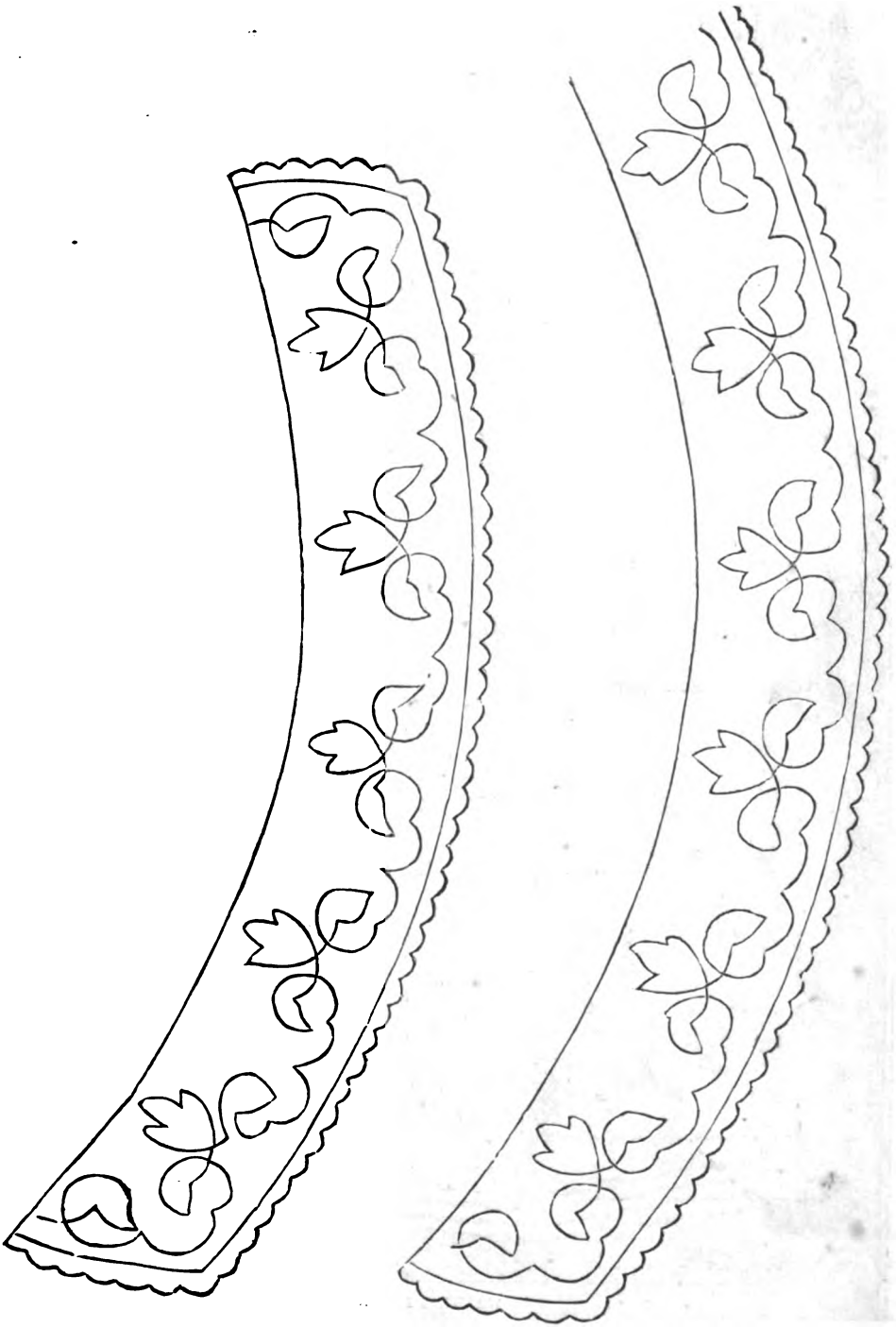
INSERTION FOR SHIRT BOSOM.



HALF OF COLLAR AND CUFF IN BRAIDING OR CHAIN-STITCH,

(From J. Obersteller & Co., No. 123 New Street, Philadelphia: where all orders, by mail or otherwise, for Embroidery Patterns are promptly attended to.)

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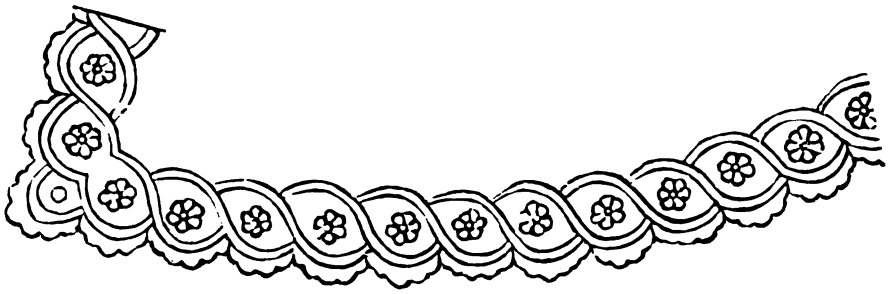

FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

WALKING DRESS.

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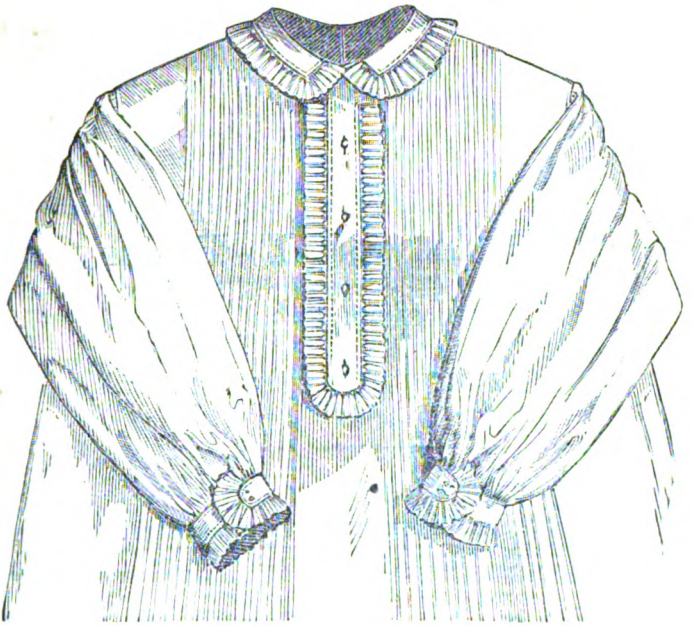

LADY'S SACQUE.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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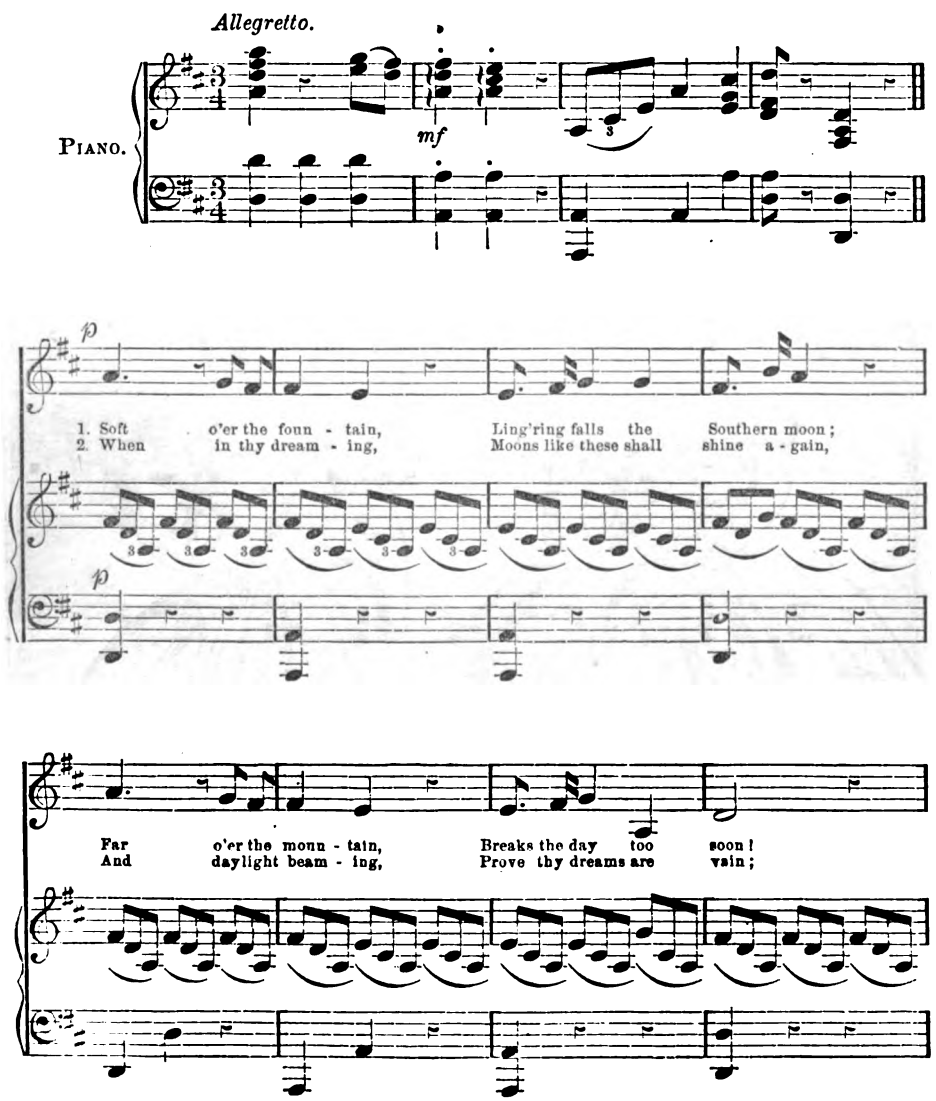
JUANITA.

SPANISH SONG.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.



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In thy dark eye's splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell:
Wilt thou not re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

Ritard.

Weary looks yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
In thy heart con - sent - ing, To a prayer gone by!

Ritard.

A Tempo. *Teneramente.*

Ni - ta - jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta-jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Ni - ta - jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni-ta-jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

p

A Tempo. *Teneramente.*

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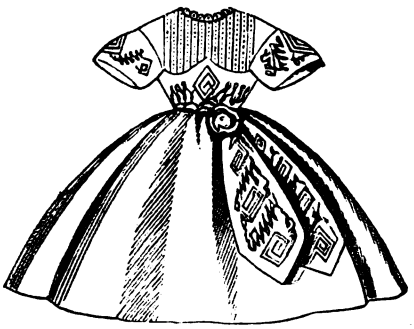
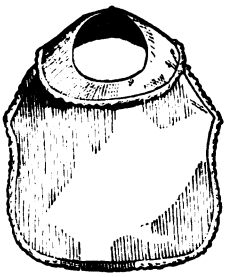


CHILD'S DRESS.



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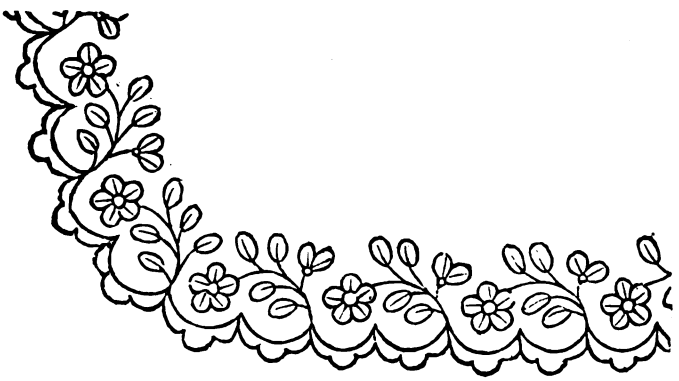

FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

CHILD'S APRON.

THE TULIP SLEEVE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1862. No. 2.

MARION LEIGH.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

I had been settled at Snowdon for some weeks, as the village physician, when I was first introduced to Miss Marion Leigh. I had been called in to attend a little boy, who was suffering from the effects of a fall, and I found my little patient lying on Miss Leigh's lap. His mother introduced me to her, and, even in the anxieties of a professional call, I noted the sad sweetness of her face, the tender care of her little charge, and the quiet dignity of her manner. This was our first meeting. After that we were often thrown together. No poor cottage in the village was unvisited by Miss Leigh, when sorrow or sickness came to its door; and I found her name a household word wherever suffering called me. No name in the village was so honored, so blessed.

I had been in Snowdon nearly two years, when one morning Miss Leigh called at my office.

"I have come, doctor," she said, "to consult you about my own health."

I soon found she had a painful form of heart disease.

"How long is it since you first knew of the trouble?" I inquired.

She turned very pale, as she said,

"Nearly thirty years. It has become worse yearly."

A careful examination showed me that the danger was now imminent. Quiet and freedom from excitement were all that I could advise at once; but I promised to call in the course of the day at her sister's house.

But the death-stroke was given. No care could keep this nobly useful woman amongst her loving friends. I called one morning, soon after, and found her sinking very fast. Her sister's anxious eyes questioned mine, but I dared not give a hope so soon to be crushed; and Mrs. Willis bent over her sister with a pale face, yet calm and gentle even in that trying hour.

"Marion, dearest," she said, softly, "I will keep my promise, though it break my heart."

Miss Leigh looked up eagerly.

"It has come!—the time has come!" she said. "You will send for him!"

"He is here! I sent three days ago, but I dared not excite you before. Now——" her voice failed.

"Now I am dying. Once more, only once more I may see him. Send him to me, sister!"

In a few minutes her sister led into the room a tall, elderly gentleman, who, bowing slightly to me, passed to the bedside. I withdrew with Mrs. Willis, but not before I saw the radiant look of recognition which lighted the dying face, face, as the visitor spoke to her—one word only,

"Marion!"

When I called again, an hour later, the still, pale face and rigid form were all that were left earthly of Marion Leigh. Later, from her sister's lips, I heard the story of her life.

She was the daughter of the clergyman of one of the largest congregations in Pittsburg, and with her sister, (the only children,) the pet of the whole parish. Motherless from their childhood, these little ones were the special objects of care in all the wealthy families who reverenced and loved their father. They were sixteen and eighteen when their father died, leaving them amply provided for, but lonely and sad. Jane soon married Mr. Willis, and then her home became her sister's.

Marion was wondrously beautiful, and attracted much admiration; but she was twenty years old before she loved. Then, with all the depth and fervor of her nature, she loved Carrol Ross, a lawyer some nine years her senior. He was a grave, rather reserved man, of good standing, and much trusted and respected, and none suspected the depth of his nature till Marion roused him to love. These two,

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unfolding their hearts only to each other, grew to live only when together; to dream only of their life-long union; to trust for happiness only in the hope of sharing their joy or sorrow in the deep confidence of marriage. They loved passionately, sincerely, deeply.

It was the day before their wedding, when every preparation was completed, that the blow fell which severed these two loving hearts on earth forever. Marion was in her own room, with her sister, when a summons to see Mr. Ross called her down stairs. I give the interview in her sister's words.

"The servant said, Mr. Ross wished to see me too, so, rather wondering, I went down. We found Carrol seated, his face bowed into his hands, his whole attitude one of extreme suffering. Marion was beside him instantly, and, as her hand fell upon his shoulder, he looked up. In twenty-four hours he had become an old man. Such a wan, haggard face I never saw, and such deep despair as was pictured in his eyes, I trust I may never again behold. Marion was startled; but she trusted him implicitly, and did not stir from her place beside him.

"'Marion,' he said, in a strange, low tone, that haunts me still, 'I have come to say farewell to you, to crush your heart as mine is crushed, to explain away one dark passage in my life, and crave the forgiveness I scarcely hope to win. I told you, dearest, that I was a widower, one year after my marriage, yet I never told you of my wife. It was a subject I would gladly have buried in oblivion. I was married, when I was twenty-one, to a young girl whom I loved with a quiet affection, but who I believed was the ideal of my boyhood. I was urged to this step by my relatives, because she was wealthy; by hers—I learned later why they wished her to have a protector. We had been married but a few months, when I found that Margaret was subject to spells of deep melancholy, succeeded by an excitement that was positive insanity. I grew alarmed, and sent for the family physician. Then I learned how I had been deceived. She was liable, from childhood, to fits of insanity, but her parents had concealed this fact from me. I did my duty—indeed, Marion, you must believe that—but in a year my wife was hopelessly insane. I placed her in an asylum, and soon after the physician wrote to me that she had escaped and committed suicide. Her bonnet and shoes were found on the banks of a river, and we inferred she had taken her own life. Yesterday my brother-in-law heard of our approaching marriage, and to-day he is here. She lives, Marion, still insane, but at home; where the family, regretting their deceit, have kept her concealed, even from me. She lives, I say, Marion. Marion, speak to me!'

"But my sister did not stir, did not speak. Stiff and erect, pallid as death, she stood in her old place by his side, silent and stunned. It was hours before this state passed off; hours before the stare left her eyes; hours before the rigid form became relaxed. Then came her trial. Carrol Ross pleaded with her for a promise of marriage, if he freed himself from his cruel bondage. A divorce was easily procured with the proof of the imposition practised upon him; but Marion would not listen. Crushing back the temptation and sorrow, she sent him from her, and they never met again till his breast yesterday pillowed her dying head."

MOTHER!

BY LUTHER STROUP.

Oh, MOTHER!—may the endless theme
Inspire the muse in sweetest dream!
Around thy brow may flowers twine—
May wreaths of glory too be thine
Naught purer—oh! thou Queen of Home!—
Not e'en the stars that gem the dome!
In holy radiance may'st thou shine—
To worship be the pleasure mine.
Nor raging storm, nor demon's wrath
With ruthless sweep invade thy path.
O'er thee may holy angels fling
The shadow of their guarding wing.
Thou empress of the world's wide main!
What realm o'er which thou dost not reign?
In every heart—in every land
Dost rule—dost sway thy sceptre bland.

Oh, MOTHER!—beauteous, Heavenly name!
What bounds can bar thy hallowed fame?
Beside the river's golden flower—
By leafy tree in forest bower;
By crystal margin of the rock—
In field, by shepherds' feeding flock;
In wilderness and valley green—
By mountain peak and sunlight sheen;
In changeless desert, parched with heat,
Trod by the Arab's sandaled feet;
On battle-field—in tented camp—
By sentry's lone and measured tramp—
Where'er the heart beats warm and high,
The sweet word rises to the sky—
No sweeter word—no other
More musical than—MOTHER!

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MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction that I sit down to my desk to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years, and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys; though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love-match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast-beef and palatable puddings to preserve, in its purity, the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was, naturally, exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed, by nature, with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match: he was poor, and I had no idea of practical housekeeping.

Ah! how well I remember the first washing day! My husband, after vainly trying to persuade me to employ a wash-woman (I knew he could not afford it), came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first; but, after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out that there was little poetry, and no fun, in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the fields to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description; but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and, when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake concocted in accordance with those impossible receipts which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Bakers' bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellences for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning, my husband came in, with a letter in his hand, and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast-table, which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is anybody sick—or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least, it ought not to be bad news."

"Well, what is it? Something serious—I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie; nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and will call on us, and—and get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the sentence reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and, knowing, by this time, my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his

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pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast-table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get some peas, and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half-smile flitted across his face. He had heard of my famous dinners before.

"Well, we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time both for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles *very* particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about the dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining-room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me. "If my memory serves me *our* Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma. "The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No. I thank you. I cannot stop a minute."

Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again? Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner. Frank's chum. And I want to know how long to boil potatoes and other——"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me. "Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done!"

"I know as much as that, mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook and beefsteak, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not Hattie's fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father, kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask what you put into that mince-pie that I eat at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will, in time, be as good a cook as your mother. And now as it regards the present difficulty," he went on pleasantly, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you, mother, can take the poor child home and stay to superintend this dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans; so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me such anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me. Especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir! if you had known, you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us, that day, under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterward

It came to pass, after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it, I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making some milk biscuit, though I could never guess right in regard to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appear-

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ance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese-press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers, like those used in iron foundries. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared perfectly hopeless I had still one resource. There was a wide ditch behind the garden, and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour, a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which, in due time, found their way to my *cache* of provisions. The biscuit, so long in soak, now had a resurrection, and I remember watching the poor fowls as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear Hattie," said my husband, one morning, after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I cannot tell. I am quite discouraged."

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method, you would succeed admirably. Why do you not consult your mother? She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sisters, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends united in predicting our present perplexities. No, it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting any one. I give all my visitors bakers' bread, and they, having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"

"We cannot afford that; and, besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort now is out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper, and I had gone into a convent!"

His face flushed. "I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, ungraciously. "I hope there will be no bread making in eternity!"

He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but he did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with.

After he had gone to his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungenerously to my husband, whose unwearied forbearance and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency, had so often excited my gratitude. Alas, that so much misery could result from the want of a loaf of good bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me. Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and, after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."

"But I have tried yeast, and my bread soured."

"You let it stand too long. It must be put in the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand till it begins to come up again."

"But where can I get good yeast?"

"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure to bake it soon enough."

I was soon on my way to the bakery, a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunlight soon had their usual genial influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said, to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I *will* learn to make good bread if it takes me a year."

I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quantity; so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to moisten it sufficiently. It smelt very strongly of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to rise, when I recollected Mrs. Lee's caution about baking it in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough in it to raise it if I bake it directly. It can rise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me! how green it looks! But it will all come right in baking, I dare say."

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So, without further delay, I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality, but threw it, almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and, for the first time, sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no genteel sniffle, with just tears enough to add lustre to my eyes; but a downright sobbing that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten. I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast-table stood just as we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. Then he came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table, upon which it had rested, to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and to be only anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him the sad experience of the morning, the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish, that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said, at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not think of that. I shall try very hard, and you will have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent, Hattie?"

"Ah, Frank! it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve for a dinner; and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so, if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge; or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating, what is really true, that I can now cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lanswood.

THE GLAD SUMMER.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Sweetly still the Summer lingers,
With its sunshine, and its flowers,
Tracing, with her fairy fingers,
Memories on those hearts of ours.
Garlands woven in like roses,
Amaranthine flowers they are,
In whose chalice there reposes
Many a nectared beauty rare!
Summer flowers look in our faces,
Whispering, "We are dying now!"
And the light, in sunny places,
Seemeth dimmer in its glow.
Still her birds are sweetly singing,
Still there's music in the leaves,
Still the golden bees are winging,
Still the reaper binds his sheaves.

And I watch the vines that bending
Hang with clustering fruit to-day,
'Minding me of Summer, blending
With the Autumn's golden ray,
As it sends its dreamy shadows
All along the cottage wall,
Bringing thoughts as fresh as meadows,
Filled with flowers, at evening's fall.
Gliding down life's silent river
Summer after Summer dies;
And each Autumn brings us ever
Nearer home, to Paradise.
And I love, oh! dearly, dearly
Love this changing world of ours,
With its seasons changing yearly
From their ice and snow, to flowers!

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

19*th*, *Evening*.—I wish I could understand myself. I certainly love Hugh Brantly more than any being in the world. God forgive me! more, I fear, than either father or mother, who have so loved me; but I could not help taking a pleasure to-night in thinking, once or twice, that I fretted him. Am I a coquette, or is it a feeling of revenge because I am not his first love? I think Mrs. Scott must have been the cause of it. She irritates me to a degree that is inexplicable; even placid mamma is affected by it. She says that she always feels as a cat must whose fur is rubbed the wrong way.

At old Mr. Brantly's request to-night I sang some of the ballads of which he is so fond. Mr. Home, of Scotch descent though he was, had never heard "Helen of Kirkconnel;" and when I had finished it for him the second time, whilst my fingers were still touching over the keys involuntarily, I heard Mrs. Scott, who was standing close by me with her brother, say, "She don't *compare* with Laura Whitney." Hugh's answer was so low that I did not catch it; but though I knew that Mrs. Scott's everlasting glass was upon me, and suspected her brother was perhaps making a mental comparison between his two loves, I played and sang a whole stock of Scotch ballads for Mr. Home. I don't know what evil spirit it was which prompted me to do as I did, but I devoted all the rest of the evening to Charley Home's amusement; although once or twice I caught a puzzled, inquiring look on Hattie's face, and a fixed one on Hugh's, such as I had never seen before.

Hugh, Hattie, and Mr. Home walked home with me, and I was glad that I was not left *tete-a-tete* with Hugh, for I did not feel like making or receiving explanations.

25*th*.—Heigho! How long these summer days seem! Hugh pays me stolen visits, but there is not the old frankness between us. Whose fault is it—his or mine? If he is abstracted for a few moments, I begin to think he is seeing Laura Whitney in my place; and if he is attentive or gay, I am unreasonable enough to believe that he is striving to hide the true state of his feelings from me. The fault must be mine. I wonder if I am a natural coquette? For the life of me I cannot help talking and laughing with Charley Home, particularly if I see Hugh look more sober than usual; yet all the time my own heart is heavy enough. If it was not for dear little Hattie's sake, who, I believe, is really fond of that popinjay, I would have a downright good flirtation, and then, perhaps, that would bring Master Hugh to an explanation.

28*th*.—I went up to Tylney, this morning, to carry a bunch of mamma's magnificent carnations to Mrs. Brantly, who says most justly that John, with all his green-houses and skill, cannot produce such carnations as mamma.

Mrs. Scott had just lounged down to breakfast, when I entered the dining-room, and she wondered, in her affected way, "how it was possible to rise so early and tramp over wet fields." Whilst she was breaking the shell of her egg, Hattie, who had finished her breakfast, and was looking over the papers just brought from the post-office, suddenly exclaimed, "Mrs. Laura Morris—in the Persia. Why, has she come back?" That name—although she is usually known *here* by her maiden one of Whitney—sent all the blood which had been dancing through my veins, from my morning's walk, back to my heart. As soon as I could command myself I looked up at Hugh, and met his eyes fixed searchingly upon me. Was he weighing my face and figure in the balance against her beauties? Were thoughts of old times tugging at his heart-strings, and remembered glances and whispers dimming his eyes and ears to my presence? I know not. I only know that had his eyes been those of a Medusa, he could not have turned me quicker to stone. I was glad, for the first time, of Mrs. Scott's presence. Her exclamations of delight at Laura's return were cruel, it seemed to me, when she knew of her brother's former engagement to the woman; but Mrs. Scott had always been Laura Whitney's fast friend, and affected to think that, if Hugh had been less proud, his cousin would

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never have married any one else. But cruel as she was, I *felt* no less so. I wanted Hugh Brantly to suffer; for was not I suffering too, and was not he the cause? I sat a few moments; then abruptly took my leave.

Hugh came down this evening, but I felt as if I could not talk to him. Will the ghost of that love ever be laid, I wonder? Is it to disquiet two lives hereafter? No, it shall not. I will never be Hugh Brantly's wife as long as I have any fear of Laura Whitney.

August 10th, Evening.—I've had no heart to look at this poor disjointed diary for days. A week ago Hugh escorted Mrs. Scott home. She flew on the wings of her butterfly friendship to welcome her cousin. Such dumb agony as I have known for the past few days! Hugh has not yet returned. Is he again at the feet of Laura Whitney? No message, no letter. I have not been up at Tylney, for the house is full of strangers; and only once has Hattie and Mr. Home been here, and then I was out. I cannot stay in the house. I walk, walk, walk, till I am almost exhausted, and yet I cannot sleep after all my fatigue. I would give anything just to see that woman, though I cannot help clenching my teeth when I think of her. How sad the vague, tender moonlight is! It is no wonder when there are so many despairing hearts in the world. If I could only tell some one of my trouble, but I cannot. I never knew before how reticent I am—I who am thought so frank and independent. Even if I could bring myself to speak of it, who would understand? Dear mamma's life has been so unruffled, she is so good and calm herself by nature, that such hot words and bitter thoughts as mine would bewilder her—but she could not comprehend. Then papa, though he loves me dearly, would go off thinking of queer Dido, perhaps, from association, and pat my head and say, Poor child! whilst the shores of sunny Carthage rose before his eyes. What can a man who lives so much among the dead know of living, burning hearts?

One would think that the moonlight was pure and cold enough to still all such feverish thoughts as mine, yet it is full of panting words and looks. Heigho! if I could only sleep, even if it was to dream!

August 12th.—Hugh came last night. I recognized his step as soon as Carlo did, but I kept on with my monotonous promenade up and down the piazza, whilst Carlo was vociferous in his welcome. I do not know whether his greeting was really cold, or whether it was only a reflection of mine; I know that I gave my hand passively, and half drew away when he attempted to kiss me. He sighed, took a chair and commenced talking of the weather and the company at Tylney. Presently mamma came in, and she had a hundred questions to ask about indifferent things, for which I blessed her, for I should have broken down if I had attempted to keep up the conversation. What a miserable state of things! At last mamma left the room—I would have given anything for a pretext to have kept her. I was glad that in consequence of the warm night the parlor was only lighted by a lamp in the hall, for I became conscious of the nervous twisting and wringing of my hands, as they lay in my lap, which I would not have had Hugh see for the world. Mamma had hardly left the room before Hugh drew his chair close up to mine, and, taking one of my cold hands in his, said, "What is the matter, Amy?—have you been sick since I went away? Is that the reason you did not answer my note?" My heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still, but I *could* not speak; a tear or two came to my eyes, then, in a fit of remorse and shame, I took a good cry on Hugh's shoulder. Of course the heat of the weather is always blamed for a young lady's vapors; but I can't help thinking that Hugh suspected it was something else, for he asked again why I had not answered his note.

"Because I received none," I was ashamed to say; sure now that he would know why I had behaved so foolishly.

"I wrote to say that some business for my father would detain me in the city several days longer than I had expected, and begged you to lighten my banishment from you by a few kind words. Hattie knew why I was detained; did not she tell you?"

"I have not seen Hattie since you left. She called over, but I was not at home," I replied, thus dismissing a subject which had just shown me how foolish I had been.

15th.—Such a glorious gallop as Hugh and I had, this morning, down the river road, and through the notch! How beautifully the blue misty shadows lay in among the hollows of the hills! How glad everything seemed! What the lowlanders miss! I wouldn't give the wonderful variety of the mountain landscape, with its ever shifting lights and shadows, this sombre darkness, that patch of golden green, now here, now there, as quick as the eye can move, for all the brilliant sunsets of a flatter country. Turk and Snap went on, neck and neck, thud, thud, down the road, under the arching trees, in a light spirited canter, and Hugh and I were

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too happy to care to talk much. A quiet presence is often more magical than words! When Hugh put me on Snap and called me "Queen Amy," he looked so happy and so proud of me, that my very heart laughed for lightness. As we rode off, he said,

"Snap is utterly unworthy of such a fine rider. As soon as I have a right, I shall get a horse that will be more suited to my queen of hearts!"

"As soon as I have a right!" They were simple words enough; but I thought them very musical when said by Hugh. Somehow his usually haughty manner seems to soften so when he looks or speaks to me.

August 20th.—I find I have been living in a "fool's Paradise" for these many days past. I have been so secure, so happy till this morning when Hattie came in, flushed and angry-looking. I was sitting on the back piazza, my work-basket by my side, seeing pictures with my inward eyes of an elegant home, but none the less comfortable for that, when Hugh's chair and Hugh's book would be by my favorite work-table.

"How tantalizingly cool you look, Amy!" said Hattie; "do put down your sewing. I'm all out of sorts to-day."

"That's nothing uncommon for such a spoiled little mademoiselle as you are," I answered, stitching away.

"Well, it's too bad to have the house overrun with such a set of people! We have just got quiet again, and now Bell must turn us all topsy-turvy. I don't see how she can have the face to bring Laura Whitney here, or how Laura dare to come!"

I had put down my work by this time. My fingers trembled so I could not have taken a stitch.

"When are they coming?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"To-morrow. Laura wrote to mamma, and said that she could not resist Bell's invitation to join her in a visit to Tylney; that so many happy hours had been passed at our house; and that she was anxious to make the acquaintance of her cousin Hugh's future wife. I hate her, and I wish she'd stay away."

I wanted to ask what Hugh had said about the visit, but could not. Hattie sat by my work-basket, unwinding my tape measure, breaking my cottons, and doing all the things which an idle person does, who gets sewing implements within their reach. She had been gone but a few moments when Hugh came in, looking warm with the walk in the hot sun. At any other time I should have sprung up and brought him a glass of cold water; but now I quickly picked up my work and sewed as if my life depended upon it. Hugh threw himself down in the great chair, drew it up close to me, and, pulling my sewing out of my hands, said,

"This everlasting stitching is all nonsense, darling. You'll ruin your eyes and get a stoop in the shoulders. You are 'getting ready to be married,' I suppose; that's the way Hattie phrases it. As if a man wanted to take a woman, like a snail, with all she had on her back."

So, tossing my work half-way across the piazza, he imprisoned my hand and bid me entertain him.

His manner was so cordial that I could not be cool or sulky, though I was all the time haunted with wondering if he would say anything of this expected visit. So the morning went till dinner was nearly ready. As he rose to go, he said,

"Now go on 'getting ready to be married,' the sooner the better, *cara mia.* Bell is coming to-morrow with Laura Whitney; but as they both generally manage to have a train of cavaliers after them, I suppose that my services will not be needed, so I'll still plague you with my company."

His cousin's name was mentioned as coolly as if she had been his grandmother; so I took up my work again, feeling happy, except that I began to fear my own jealous nature more than Hugh's love.

23rd.—As I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet, late this afternoon, I heard the sound of strange voices in the hall below; then low, rippling laughter came floating up the stair-case. Then Hugh's tones:

"Nancy, tell the ladies that Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Scott are here, will you?"

There was no need. Already I had surmised as much; and the bow, with which I was fastening my collar, seemed as if it would never be made straight by my trembling fingers. I gave myself no time to think, but went down immediately. I have one fortunate quality—no matter what inward tumult there may be—I have been told that I always *appear* cool and self-possessed.

As soon as I reached the parlor door Hugh stepped forward, took my hand and introduced me to his cousin. In an instant Mrs. Scott's glass was at her eye, insolently noting the meeting, and comparing the merits of her brother's two loves. I glanced at Hugh and saw that he was watching us both narrowly.

I could not help it, but my heart sank again

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when I saw Laura Whitney. She seemed to me, at the first glance, to be the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Her widow's cap had been laid aside, but she still retained her deep black dress. This, by contrast, only made her wonderfully fair complexion appear still fairer. Her hair was neither brown nor golden, but a pure blonde. The color on her cheeks was as delicate and soft as an infant's; her mouth was small, rosy, a little full, perhaps; and her eyes were of that dusky blue, that look like lakes with mists floating over them; indolent eyes, voluptuous, selfish, cruel eyes, it seemed to me, but oh! so utterly bewildering. Every motion appeared to have a wavy, sinuous grace perfectly indescribable, and her white throat moved on her shoulders like a swan's.

She is a wonderfully brilliant conversationalist, adapting her remarks with ready tact to the tastes of those with whom she is speaking. I could easily see that mamma was already charmed, not only with her visitor, but with herself; she evidently never knew before how agreeable she could be. Mrs. Scott hardly deigned to address her conversation to any one but to Hugh or her cousin; though, as it was her first visit, she kept her glass nearly all the time to her eye, taking an inventory of every article of furniture in the room.

As they left the door, Hugh called back,

"Mrs. Winthrop, I'm coming back to tea, to eat peaches and cream with you; don't forget."

I looked up at Laura, who was scanning me with her dusky eyes, where the light had gone out; but her adieu was graceful and cordial.

I felt as if I would be expected to say something to Hugh about his cousin, so preferred to do it at the table, where the conversation could not be too confidential, before papa and mamma, to doing it when we might be alone.

So I praised her appearance extravagantly, perhaps I overdid it, for I was determined he should not think me jealous; and he assented in a careless, indifferent manner to all I said.

25*th*.—Last evening Mrs. Brantly sent for me to take tea at Tylney. I did not wish to go, my heart felt sore when I thought how inferior I was in every way, except my true woman's heart, to Hugh's cousin; but I had no reasonable excuse for staying away.

When I entered the drawing-room, Laura was half-reclining on the sofa, reading, with a small Italian greyhound in her lap, which she was stooping and caressing with one white hand, which was constantly snapped at by the dog. Her greeting was cordial and graceful; but Mrs. Scott's cool "Good afternoon" made me feel very much like the "fretful porcupine." I should not complain, however, for she treats her husband with the same insolence, acting as if it was a favor for her to bear his name and spend his money.

What a true specimen she would be of the dames of the "old regime," one of whom said, when speaking of the death of a notorious sinner, who had gone to his account impenitent, "that God would not condemn a person of that rank!"

Mrs. Scott went on with her crocheting, and I took out my embroidery. Hattie fumed for a moment at this state of things, then said,

"Come, Amy, let's go and see that new dahlia. It's as tall and stately as yourself," added my indiscreet little partisan, with a defiant look at her sister and cousin.

"You didn't use to be celebrated for your flights of imagination, Hattie," said Mrs. Scott, with a smile that made the corners of her mouth droop.

After tea, Laura sauntered to the piano and commenced playing. At first her hands flew like white birds over the ivory keys, the music now gay and sparkling; then in some beautiful German waltz, the time so well marked, the notes so expressive, that one could close their eyes and see the spinning couples, wreathing in and out among each other, in some coffee garden in the Vaterland; then slow, solemn, stately, like the march of a great army; and again there came a wail so sad, so beseeching, that one felt as if the heart of the player was breaking. I was glad that it was twilight, for the tears came to my eyes in spite of myself. Hugh was sitting by me on the sofa, scarcely breathing. I at last became painfully conscious that I was trying to note the effect of this music on him. The strains were now all mournful, sobbing, appealing I knew to the memory of the man beside me. His head gradually sunk on his hands, and thus I sat and watched him as the moon arose and looked in the window. Presently a voice rose clear, thrilling in the little room—and "*Al mia Fernando!*" was sung as I had never heard it sung before. What wonder that Hugh rose and walked slowly across the room, like one without the power to resist, and stood by the side of Laura Whitney for the rest of the evening!

I could bear it no longer. I left the room as if only going to the door to look out, snatched up my hat and scarf, which hung on the rack in the hall, and rushed off home alone. And what a night I have spent! I say to myself constantly that Hugh has given me no cause

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for this jealousy; but yet, shall the echo of that old love be always in his ears? I could not endure it—I cannot even endure to think of it; and how will it be when I am irrevocably bound to him? Will these questions rise to torment me every time he sees his cousin, or hears her voice? If I thought so, God help me! but I would never be his wife.

Evening.—I had just finished the last sentence when Hugh came in. He looked like *my* Hugh again, not like Laura Whitney's Hugh of last night. His first greeting was,

"Queen of hearts, if you ever do such a highly disreputable thing again as to walk home alone at night from Tylney, you and I will have to settle the matter at the end of the—tongue. Seriously, Amy, what made you do it? I really feel more than half-vexed with you, darling. It was not right. Come kneel and confess."

I was already ashamed of the freak; and what construction would Laura put upon it?

"You have no right to extort confession, yet, father Hugh," I answered, laughingly, "I chose to come home, and I came."

"Well, rebel, have you got my gun-case, that you promised me, made yet? Come, you must buy absolution!"

I was glad to have the subject dismissed so easily; so I went up stairs for the green baize cover. Hugh inspected it and praised it as he ought to have done. We were on the shady piazza, he listlessly twirling my thimble on the points of my scissors, and I standing with the gun before me, bothering with a button-hole in the cover that was too small.

"Hercules and Omphale, by all that's good!" said a silvery, mocking voice close to us, and Laura Whitney came up the steps.

"How you have tamed the man since I knew him, years ago, Miss Winthrop! He's a regular apron-string sort of body now," she added.

Hugh reddened as he answered, "I thank you in Amy's name for the compliment you have paid to her influence over me."

I had fastened the case over the gun, and, after giving Laura a seat, picked up my sewing.

She had tact enough not to pursue what she saw was a most disagreeable form of banter; so she chatted away in her versatile manner for an hour or more. Hugh, who seemed rather sullen at first, soon joined in, and at last got up to escort her home. As they went across the field, I saw her take his arm, and presently she pointed to her foot, and he stooped down evidently to fasten her boot. Heigho! I wish she had not come. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OF GAIN.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

A TROUBLED moan ran through the sky,
It shivered o'er the naked trees,
Then, sweeping down with sob and sigh,
Just stirred the heaps of dry, dead leaves.

I looked out to the dreary West,
I saw the shivering woods stand bare;
And by the song-bird's mossy nest
Only a dead leaf fluttered there.

And then I thought, and thought in pain,
How things of life are charged with loss;
I could not—would not see the gain,
The crown above the martyr's cross.

I watched the farmer drive his team
Backward and forward oft again;
And thus I thought as through that green
The iron cleaves the souls of men.

I watched him long; the ashen clouds
Hung low within the dreary West,
And, flaunting like a tattered shroud,
The dry leaves rustled round the nest.

That furrowed field lay black as night,
And then broadcast the russet grain
He scattered in that gloomy light,
And thus I come to think of gain.

I thought thus through the misty haze
That seed must spring to light and life;
And in the dark, forbidding days
Lay passive 'neath the warring strife.

Black frosts and chilling rains will fall,
And snow wrap up the vivid green;
But through all changes that befall,
Sweet Spring shall find it fresh again.

All through the softly dropping rain,
And in the sunshine's golden haze,
Stately will grow the yellow grain
Into the Summer's gorgeous blaze.

And then—oh! soul which would not turn
And look from loss to star-crowned gain,
There where the rich red sunset burns
They gather up the sheaves of grain!

And thou which counted it a loss
To suffer and be trodden down,
Which only saw the thorns and cross,
And not the golden starry crown—

Know'st thou that seed which may be dropped
Upon the iron-furrowed mould,
Shall spring into a goodly crop,
A stately harvest manifold?

Chill winds may nurse it; bitter rains
May fall upon the ragged soil;
But forth shall spring the vivid grain,
A rich reward for pain and toil!

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THE OLD TEACHER.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"LEONIE, how would you like to take lessons in Latin and German, this winter?"

Leonie uncurled her little figure from its resting-place, in the corner of the broad window-sill, and, springing down, showed, from under a mass of black ringlets, a pair of saucy black eyes, and a pretty piquant face.

"Latin and German, papa? I don't know! A school-girl just emancipated don't feel exactly like stepping back into the traces. Why?"

"You have heard me speak of Herman Styles, my dear old class-mate."

"Who gave up his holiday to nurse the sick in the awful cholera year?"

"Yes; the gentlest, most tender-hearted hero I ever heard of! He was the most delicate young man in the class; so retiring and quiet that many thought him cowardly. Yet, at that fearful call for aid from every one, he faced pestilence, almost certain death, to nurse the poor in Philadelphia during that fearful summer. He was a young man then. Now his hair is gray, and his figure stooping, from the premature old age of study and struggling against misfortune; yet the same quiet heroism is printed on his fine face as then illuminated it. He has been in South America for several years; but to-day he called upon me to tell a tale of sorrow and care. His wife died many years ago; two children followed her to the grave—and he is alone in the world, and very poor. He wished me to aid him in obtaining scholars in Latin and German, refused all assistance except a trifling loan, and gladly undertook to give his first lesson to his old friend's daughter."

"I had not the slightest idea how anxious I was to study languages!" cried Leonie. "I am all impatient to begin!"

"He will come to-morrow morning. Mention it among your friends, Leonie, and try to form a class for him."

Leonie Huntingdon's life had been one long, unbroken scene of sunshine at the time when I present her to my readers. The only child of an indulgent father, she had lost her mother when too young to feel the sorrow. From the care of her old nurse she went to a good boarding-school, where her wit, good-humor, and vivacity made her queen among her companions, and her intelligence and amiability won the love of her teachers. Home, at eighteen, was only another delightful change; and the petted but unspoiled child was the very darling of her father. Her generous, warm heart was touched deeply by her father's account of his old friend; and her reception of her teacher was a beautiful combination of respect and affection. Yet a smile would quiver round her rebellious lips as the gaunt, tall figure, with its ill-fitting suit of shabby clothes, its immense feet and stooping gait, presented itself; and the effect was heightened by large, prominent eyes of a pale blue, sandy hair streaked with white, and a sallow, faded complexion. "Dominie Sampson!" she thought, as she advanced to meet him.

"Miss Huntingdon?" he queried, with a shy, nervous bow.

"Leonie Huntingdon! My father's old friend must allow me to drop formality. Will you walk into the library and select our books? You will find me a very ignorant person on both languages; but I will try to do credit to my teaching." And aside she added, "Will nothing put him at his ease? All the blood in his body is in his face."

And the shy, embarrassed scholar fully justified her thought. The stylish little figure and easy, graceful manner was absolutely terrifying to the grave recluse, whose worldly intercourse had been closely confined to scientific circles, and whose home had been presided over by a delicate, gentle little wife, as modest and quiet as himself. Not until the lessons were fairly started did he lose his awkward manner; but when the little beauty once began to read the languages, her teacher threw heart and soul into his task, and the hour set for the lesson lengthened into two, three, or four; while all his knowledge of the quaint, weird German legends, the deep, metaphysical lore, the classics, and the poring over out-of-the-way volumes were all poured out for Leonie's entertainment and instruction. His other lessons were daily tasks; but the hours spent with Leonie were his resting-places, his bright spot in the weary routine of a teacher's life. Her winning gentleness toward him, her taming of the high,

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youthful spirits to meet his sadness and try to win him to cheerfulness, were, to the sore heart of the old teacher, touching and grateful tributes from his old friend's child. And winter, spring, summer, and fall sped on, and the lessons were continued with but little interruption. Sometimes, though not often, Leonie won him for an evening call. But in the brilliant parlors, with the lively hostess, his old shyness came painfully over him; and, seeing that these visits brought more embarrassment than pleasure, she ceased to urge them.

A sad time was coming for the gay, bright child. Her father died suddenly, and, his income dying with him, Leonie was thrown orphaned and penniless upon the world. Herman Styles was near her through all the weary, wretched time of sorrow, parting, pain, and desolation. He, losing sight of self in the absorbing theme of her grief, stood manfully between her and every rude shock which sudden poverty flings to its victims. But all his affection could not save the house she loved, the thousand relics of happiness around her; he could only watch the preparations for the sale with a wrung heart, and a gentle, consoling sympathy for the orphan.

"Leonie, don't!" he said, gently, as he found, one morning, the little sable-clad figure kneeling sobbing by her father's vacant chair. "My dear child, you are grieving yourself to death."

"No, dear friend," she said, rising; "I have done with weak sorrow. To-morrow I shall leave you, to commence my struggle with the world. My friend, Mrs. Baird, will take me to Bridgeport as a governess for Mary and Hetty."

"You—you, Leonie? You are not—I—oh! Leonie, I did not mean to speak yet; but—but—I have wanted to ask you since—I——"

She looked up with an inquiring face.

"I thought—perhaps—Leonie, I love you! Can you live with your father's old friend? I know my home is a poor one, one that I should never have dared offer to you before; but now—I am old—not fit for you, my bright one. But I will try to make you happy, and, perhaps, I can make my little wife love it—I——"

"Oh! how good, how kind you are!" she said, vehemently. "But it cannot be! No, no, I will not burden you!"

"Burden me! Leonie, I love you!"

"But I cannot——" she stopped.

"I see," he said, sadly. "I was an old fool to think of it! Forget it, little one, and let me be your old friend again."

It was a shock to Leonie to think of her youth tied for life to Herman Styles—and she did try to forget it. But when the parting came, the one kind farewell would linger warmly in her memory; and the stooping form, erected by the dignity of sorrow and love, haunted her in her new life. It was no sinecure. Two children of bright intellect and over-indulged manners needed all her care to keep them in order and employed; yet the long, lonely evenings, the many hours of thought, were filled with the memory of a kind voice, a tender protection, and a dignified sorrow. All his oddity, his clumsiness, his awkward shyness was forgotten, or ennobled in the recollection of his noble heart, his splendid intellect, and great acquirements. She wrote to him often, and received kind letters in reply; yet there was a strange, vague longing in her heart that this correspondence did not satisfy.

Two years had passed in her new home, when she received, from her father's lawyer, a letter stating that a legacy from a great aunt had been placed in his hands for her use. The sum was small, yet enough to make her independent of work, and give her something above comforts. The same post brought another letter.

"Dear Leonie—Do not be startled at seeing the dreadful hand-writing on this sheet. The long looked-for trial of my life, threatening for years, has fallen at last: I am blind! I am learning to guide the pen by feeling, but I cannot write very legibly yet. Don't—don't be very much shocked if I tell you to direct your next letter to the alms-house; for my rent is only paid for this month, and you know my teaching was my only resource. My darling, write soon. Though other, stranger eyes must read your letter, it will be my only pleasure in this world to hear that you are well and happy.

H. Styles."

The tears fell fast over the irregular lines, the struggling words, and awkward letters; and then, with a throbbing, swelling heart, Leonie sought her kind friend, Mrs. Baird.

"You have been crying. Are you ill?" was the greeting she received.

"No; but I came to tell you that I must leave you to-morrow. I am going to be married to Mr. Styles."

Mrs. Baird stared in astonishment.

"Mr. Styles! Why, he is old enough to be your father! What is it, Leonie? Do not let the weariness of teaching make you rush into such a marriage."

Leonie handed her the lawyer's letter.

"But this only makes it more inexplicable,"

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she said, completely bewildered. "He is an excellent person, I do not doubt; but I cannot see——"

"Oh! Mrs. Baird, I never knew my own heart till to-day; and now I see that I have loved him since I first knew him! I cannot tell you half his kindness when my father died; and now I know that it was losing him that saddened all my life since. I looked upon him as a sort of father; but now I know that he is more to me, dearer than any other has ever been! I must go to him. Give me God-speed on my journey, my friend."

Warmly the kind friend responded, and Leonie left her.

Night was closing in, and Herman Styles was sitting sadly by his fire, trying to face manfully the dark future before him. Large tears would rise, and roll heavily down his sallow cheeks; but they were patiently wiped away, while he whispered, softly, "The Lord will provide, ay! for me as well as her, my Leonie!"

She came in, with a quiet step, and stood near him, scanning, by the fire-light, the shabby dress, the pale cheeks, the holy, trusting expression, till the full heart could keep silence no longer. She knelt down beside him, and, taking his wasted hand, carried it to her lips.

A smile came into his sightless eyes, as he said,

"Leonie! Is it Leonie?"

"Yes, your child—your wife, who will never leave you again!"

"No, no! My darling shall not sacrifice herself to an old, blind man!"

"Will you thrust me out from my home?" she said, in a voice that carried truth in every accent. "I have found my resting-place, after a weary waiting." And she clung to him like a tired child.

"But, Leonie——"

"Can you not believe me?" she said, earnestly. "I love you! I cannot be happy apart from you! If you cast me off, you will break my heart!"

"Cast you off!"

The strong arms folded her in a close embrace, and held her fast, while the red fire-light played upon her upturned face full of loving trust; and she, in broken tones, but with the emphasis of sincerity, repeated her vow—never to leave him!

CHANGED!

BY LILIAS M———.

Yon low-roofed, mossy cottage,
  Brown, 'neath clustering vines,
Nestles beneath the shadow
  Of whispering, dark-hued pines.

Grass grows to the very door-step,
  Starred with butter-cups, golden bright;
Ah! the low-roofed, mossy cottage
  Very pleasant seems to the sight!

The brook still sings in the meadow
  Its joyous, rippling tune;
The song-birds pause to hear it,
  When haunting the trees in June.

The wheat-field glows in the sunlight,
  And the frolicsome breeze steals by,
To whisper some mirthful secret
  To the nodding heads of rye;
And they nod afresh and waver
  As if they'd fain reply.

Ah! peace lies sweet on the meadow,
  And sweet on the sunny plain;
But peace to the heart a-weary
  Will never return again!

Though the light is bright and golden,
  Though the sky is pure and clear—
From days far off and olden
  A shadow falleth here.

It darkens the glowing beauty
  Of the fields of waving grain;
It dims the light of the present—
  The past is here again;
And anew the sad heart throbbeth,
  And moaneth in its pain.

A maiden of saintly beauty
  Once dwelt in the cottage old—
With blue eyes soft and dreamy,
  And locks of paly gold.

One day, when the purple hill-tops
  Grew pale, as the sun went down,
The maiden, cold and silent,
  Was borne from the cottage brown.

Her brow was pale as the lilies
  That twined around her head;
The rose on her quiet bosom
  From her cheek had stolen the red.

Now the cot seems lone and dreary,
  Though once 'twas ever bright;
And dreary seems the meadow,
  Though bathed in golden light!

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JESSY CLAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"He's queer *actin'*, anyway! Won't taste pork er beans, I heerd somebody say; goes off *miles*, an' guess what arter!"

"After maple sugar?"

"No-o-o! arter ex'cise; warlks like a house afire! I've seen 'im!"

"I didn't know but he went after maple sugar, this time of year, spring."

"No-o!"

Mercy Kennedy was a little purling brook; Mrs. Kennedy, her brother's wife, was an avalanche ever upon the slide, especially on the borders of the brook. She hadn't a spark of malice; on the contrary, she had a great love of peace and goodness; but she was strong; and liked in a wholesome way to exert her forces.

"No-o! goes arter ex'cise. He ort ter be where I am, hadn't 'e, Lemuel?"

Mr. Kennedy also was a brook, but of a little greater breadth, a little louder proclivities, as became his sex. "What 'd you do, if you had 'im?" he asked.

"The fust thing i' the mornin' I'd say, 'Hop,' ('s name's Hopkins, ye know; they say 'e's old Dr. Hopkins' son o' Marlb'rough. Land! I've heerd my farther say a sight 'bout old Dr. Hopkins—doctor o' duvvinity, 'e was—o' Marlb'rough. My farther's farther come from Marlb'rough, ye know, don't ye, Mercy?")

"No, I didn't know it."

"Ye ort ter; 'e did. Wal, I sh'd say, 'Hop, you may run up garrit an' git me some beans, some o' the speckled ones under the eaves, in the sou'east corner. Don't bump yer head.' I sh'd say; 'Don't git the small white beans, ner the marrer-fats, ner the cramberries; git the speckled ones under the eaves, i' the sou'east corner.' An' I sh'd say ter him ag'n, 'Don't bump yer head!' But I sh'd be in hopes 'e would—jes' 'nough ter make 'im rub it smartly wi' the hand that hadn't any beans in 't. When 'e got down wi' 'is beans, I sh'd look at 'im an' know, by the snap o' 'is eyes an' the frowze o' 'is hair, 't 'e got a bump up there; but I sh'd have orl my larf inside, an' bluster roun', an' take the beans out o' 'is hand, an' say, 'Good boy, Hop! Now jes' run down suller an' bring me up a piece o' pork out o' the fust bar'l ye come to, on the right. Fust bar'l; don't furgit!' I sh'd say, ''cause the next bar'l's got ole hog's pork in't. I want pig pork fer the beans.' I sh'd give 'im the gre't bootcher knife ter cut it, an' a plarter ter bring it up in. 'E'd want ter know how big a piece 'e mus' git; an' arter considerin' wi' both hands on my hips, so, I sh'd say, 'Oh! ye may git a pooty big piece; *you'll* like ter have the beans nice an' joocy; git a piece bigger'n a piece o' cheese; consid'able bigger.' That would ex'cise 'is brain some, ye see. Wal, so I sh'd keep 'im totin' roun' t'll my bakin' wus done an' my rooms swep'—I sh'd tell 'im *he* might dust the furnitoor, 'f 'e would. I do' know's he'd be 'xactly willin' to though. D'ye s'pose 'e would, Lemuel?"

Mr. Kennedy answered, that, judging from his own experience, he didn't believe he would.

Mrs. Kennedy "thort like 'nough 'e wouldn't; but she shouldn't care 'f 'e didn't. She sh'd ha' the fun of askin' 'im, an' o' hearin' what 'e'd say to 't. He's paintin' Mr. John Clay's mill an' sugar-camp. There ain't re'ly another such boozerish place anywhere, that *I* know of; but he's charmed wi' 't, so they say. They say 'e's let the sun in ter shine on one part on 't, an' it's 'splendid!' This 's the word—'splendid!' ('Ta'n't none o' my words, 's ye both know.) 'Splendid! splendid!'—they can't say 't of'n 'nough! The camp's such 's my farther use' ter make, 'cordin' ter their tell; hemlock. They say 't the sun shines on a part o' *this*, splendid, too! but that a part on 't down where the hemlock's thick, 's as black 's ('black 's that chimbly-back,' they use' ter say 's long ago 's when you an' I were young, Lemuel, now we hafe ter say, 'black 's that sto'!' My! sunthin' o' a fallin' off, a'n't it, old feller?) They say 't 'e's got the sun settin'; a'mos' down; an' that 't shines through the bare trees on to things like one blaze o' glory. That's what Cowperthwait says about it; an' 'e allers gits things 'bout right; I've noticed this ever sence 'e's been here.

"'E's got orl the ole rotten lorgs in; an' they're covered all over wi' moss; an' they're ablaze too, where the sun comes. 'E's got Mr. John Clay in, walkin' i' the path 't leads fro' the mill ter the camp. 'Is old hat is on, so 's

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'is ole frock, an' 'e's carryin' a bucket full o' sap, 't seems; fer one arm 's stretched away out so—the sap 's ser heavy to 'im, ye see. He's carried the things that war heavy, t'll the things that a'n't very heavy, seem heavy ter him. He's a'most seventy now; an' they say the man's painted 'im tall an' gaunt, jest 's 'e is. Cowperthwait called 'im 'a gran' ole Roman.'

"I motion we go down, all three of us, termorrer, an' see what they're doin' i' them parts!"

Mr. Kennedy told her he'd been thinking, all along, of going to see Mr. Clay's camp, but hadn't got started.

"No; 't takes some folks a good while ter start, I've noticed, if they don't have somebody ter start 'em," tipping him one of her comical winks. For it by no means displeased her, that, beyond where his work, or his business led him, he seldom stirred, or wanted to, unless she first said to him, "Come, Lemuel, I'm goin' down ter the village terday, ter make a visit ter Miss Trumble's," (or Lancaster's, or Hill's, as might be,) "an' you've got ter come arter me an' stop ter tea, ye know; an' ye mus' spruce up; I'm goin' to;" or, when each holy Sabbath came round, and, moving with the stillness she gave to that morning, but to no other, she said, "Time ter go, Lemuel; there's yer hat; stop, le' me pick this bit o' lint off." Then she picked away fondly at every speck she could find on coat, waistcoat, and pants, and they went out together.

"They said there terday, 't everybody goes in ter see the picter that wants ter. I didn't think o' goin', fer I a'n't no judge o' such things, o' course; but they said I *must*. Cowperthwait told me ter *go!* I made fun 'nough o' his thinkin' 't *I* mus' see it. I tol' 'im I s'posed the one that's doin' on't wouldn't know whe'er 'twas a good picter er not, t'll I'd seen it an' tol' 'im. But *he* didn't make fun o' me. I never can make 'im do it, anyway 't I try. 'E says 'e likes me orl the more fer bein' ole-fashioned, an' so on, (I shan't tell ye orl 'e said, fer I don't deserve it,) jest 's 'e likes the oldest thing 'e's got in orl the world, best. That's the chair 'is mother use' ter set in; (she's dead, ye know;") spoken so softly that the purling brook was heard quoting a couplet from the song of 'The Old Arm-Chair.'

"'E's got Jessy in," pursued Mrs. Kennedy, after having given her tribute to Cowperthwait's mother and Mercy's quotation; that is, after having applied her handkerchief with more noise than usual to her nose, saying something about snuff's bein' such a bother to a body! "She's standin' by the fire, lit up wi' it, they said; an' she's stirrin' the bilin' surrup wi' a long-handled ladle. They say 'e's made 'er bootiful; an' 'f 'e hadn't, 'twouldn't be like 'er. The kittle hangs on cross-sticks; the smoke 's a-risin', the fire 's a-blazin' an' flarin', an' the tongues o' flame, Cowperthwait said, lap the bubblin' surrup out o' the kittle. I 'xpect it's a pooty gran' thing!"

CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER hearing Cowperthwait say of the artist, one day about that time, "He's the good old Stephen over again! When he sees this holy child of his brain before him, he'll lift his hands and say, 'Now let Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for my eyes have seen Thy and my glory joined together in one piece before them!'" He called the picture "perfect!" and one does not often hear this word, *perfect*, out of his so nicely discriminating lips.

I remember that the artist would turn neither to the right, nor the left; would give not even a moment's attention to the invitations to dinner, to tea, which, mostly through Cowperthwait, to whom he had brought letters, assailed him; or to the appearance of our prettily dressed village belles, who, as often as they dared, went to tinkle about the picture in his hearing. They came away, I remember, saying, "They didn't believe but he was good-natured, if one could only get at him! but there he stood, plashing his brushes one way and another, his forehead tied up into knots; and every hair of his mustaches had a snarl in it, as if he were a tiger! My! if they *didn't* get hold of 'im, by-and-by, when his piece was done!—if they didn't hand 'im round some then! They didn't blame 'im for being cross to Miss Parker," they said; "for she drove him wild, almost, with her minced-up phrases about Church, Rosa Bonheur, and the old masters. She was great on the old masters! She always got close to his elbow, a little back of it, to say those things; and one day it vexed him so, that he started to bring something he wanted—an old rag!" they said, "brushed against her hoops and almost upset her, and was so cross he didn't apologize! Wasn't that pretty well? Only, they didn't blame him for being cross to Miss Parker, she was so silly! but that wasn't any reason why he should be cross to them! Miss Parker didn't like his Jessy," they said. "She was forever finding fault with that! She didn't wait, either, till she was out of his hearing, before she began! He had made her too refined, she said.

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But anybody could see 'twas all her envy! Jessy Clay *was* refined! She didn't own two houses in Charleston, as Miss Parker did! She couldn't spend her time visiting the Lancasters and other folks that weren't any relation, and didn't care about having her! She lived in a poor house and worked hard; but she had the good Clay and Prescott blood in her veins; and there wasn't her equal for grace and refinement in the village!—there wasn't another so beautiful! They thought Miss Parker had better shut up!"

CHAPTER III.

At last the harness was thrown off; the piece was done; and it was impossible to look at it without feeling its spirit of deep repose enter the heart. The artist's brows were unlocked; he was the most genial fellow in the world; but I remember the belles said, that, "Lively as he was, they never should dare, again, to say anything to him about being so cross, when he was painting; for, when they undertook to joke him about it, one day, he grew sober in a minute! They knew from that, that he would be just so again, if he was painting. They wouldn't want such a fellow for their husband, at any rate. Perhaps Jessy could get along well enough with it (if he *did* offer himself to her). She was so pretty, they supposed he couldn't *help* being good-natured to her, if he *was* painting. But they wouldn't want him!"

Arm-in-arm he and Cowperthwait were constantly moving, drinking the refreshment of the delightful season; fishing in the brooks; and Hopkins brought in several sketches of our scenery; one of them (the meeting of the two rivers, the Pemmigiwasset and Winnipisiogee, to form the Merrimack) unrivaled in beauty, he said, if one went searching a thousand miles.

A party was formed one day to show him the Great Bay, so-called, from Musquito Bridge, near Laconia. Artists never visit this scene, I suppose; because a few miles farther on is Lake Winnipisiogee enticing their feet; but for pure beauty, I do not know a view at the upper lake which surpasses it, and Hopkins said the same. They said he wrung his hands traversing to and fro, wrought up with his joyful excitement. Jessy, they said, who had never seen the place before, trembled, looking from island to shore; but, in that large company, was too timid to utter even one of her beautiful thoughts. But Miss Parker, they said, "made a fool of herself, of course! cackling about 'effects,' 'shadows,' 'fairy islands, and coves!' She did most of it," they said, "in Hopkins' hearing." Of course she did! of course she would! But he contrived every time to escape her and come near where Jessy was standing in quiet enjoyment. They said they saw him look at her very often; it seemed as if he couldn't keep his eyes off of her a great while at a time.

The sun went down, the shadows of evening began to gather along the western shore and at the skirts of the islands, while the rest of the landscape was flooded with the soft golden light, as if it were a baptism.

They stood until this also passed and was succeeded by the sober gray of the coming night, and then they drove to the village of Laconia for refreshment; and they said Miss Parker was "dreadfully disgusted" to see how Hopkins waited upon Jessy. The rest were lively as they could be; Mr. Murray and Abby Lancaster danced a little, in grotesque fashion, when, in grotesque fashion, Ida Trumbull played on the piano while they were waiting for their supper to be ready; Cowperthwait, whose fine humor was stimulated by the quick appreciation of the accomplished Hopkins, said the liveliest things! Jenny Lancaster, as a good-hearted girl and Miss Parker's hostess, found the easiest, best chair in the room for her, that, if possible, her complaints on this head might be dissipated; at table she kept Miss Parker's plate and her own entreaties going, to Mr. Murray, to Cowperthwait, that, if possible, a tenderer piece of chicken or tongue might be found, to be to her palate what each mouthful of the excellent repast was to the rest; but nothing did her any good. She kept her glowering looks going round the table, especially out to that end where Jessy sat at Hopkins' side, looking as content and lovely as a white rose with the morning dew and the morning sun on it. She didn't part with her glowering looks at all, they said; but still had them when they set her down at Mr. Lancaster's gate.

CHAPTER IV.

A day or two later, Cowperthwait and the artist went to the Great Bay, the former to catch fish, the latter to get views. They brought home "a capital sketch!" so Cowperthwait said, and a dozen fine large trout and pickerel.

"Here's a brace for you," he added, opening his parcel before me. "Hopkins has taken some to Clay's folks."

"Tell me!" said I, receiving his gift, "how is it with Hopkins? What does he feel toward Jessy, I mean?"

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"He's pretty deeply smitten; he thinks she's something of a lily—a rare, white one, unfolding handsomely in her poor out-of-the-way home. And without one of the damages town lilies are so apt to get, too, either in the bud, or somewhere along. He thinks there never was such grace; likes it ever so much better for its being so timid, you know. Isn't that a splendid fellow?" touching a finger to the trout's round side. "I know just where I caught him. He has his own ideas, you see, of what she'll be by-and-by, if she has a chance; to see the world, that is, and dress as he has seen some ladies. He'll offer himself, I guess. I guess he will; though sometimes he don't know what to do about it; for he isn't very rich, and he means to go to Italy. I think he's afraid he'll be obliged to give that up, if he marries. He's a good deal exercised. You know she's sitting for her portrait now?"

"Mrs. Kennedy told me."

"What does she think about it?"

"She thinks it is a bad business! She can't keep still, she says. She says she would be glad to go to Cambridge, into the room of a young man who sits there industriously studying, and tell him that if he wants an inch of ground to stand on, when he gets here, he'd better come at once."

"She means——?"

"She means Joseph Lancaster. She says she knows he loves Jessy, and has for years, but has refrained from telling her, because he had his education to get, and was poor. She thinks Jessy loves him, if she only knew it. She says her love for him is sleeping, that is all; she wants him to come and wake it!"

CHAPTER V.

In a day or two Ida called; Mrs. Kennedy's trouble had got into *her* head. "I'll tell you how it has been," said she, quietly taking her crocheting out of her pocket. "Whenever he came home, after he had been gone awhile, at his studies or teaching, he showed, before he had been in the house half an hour, that he was thinking of Jessy. While he was busy about something else, putting away his books, or untying his parcels, he asked some such question as this: 'Had they been out much lately?—had they seen any of Mr. Clay's folks?' Jenny can always tell him she has, you know; for she likes to go there. She told me all about it to-day. She says sometimes she would simply answer him, and then wait to see what he would do; and she says he never could wait long before asking some question directly about Jessy. If Jenny told him how beautiful she was, how she was improving her mind and tastes, reading the books he left for her, cultivating her flowers and living close, *close* to nature as she does, a loving, pleased look overspread his features, to be followed, she says, very often, by a look of longing and pain. So she knew where his heart was, although it was several days sometimes before he allowed himself to go near her. And when he did call, he took Jenny with him always; and let her do most of the talking with Jessy, while he stood back, inspecting her occupations. Her reading, I mean; and Jenny says he didn't even pass over her work-basket without giving it a tender glance or two. He stopped by every plant, smelled her geraniums and roses; (she says she saw him touch his lips to a rose, one day;) he spoke to her bird, never forgot its name, she noticed, if he was gone a whole year; and once in awhile he asked Jessy some question about what he was looking at; and showed that he heard what they said all the time, by interposing little remarks, or questions of his own. By the time they were ready to come away, something, some feeling which she believes was love, kindled and flamed up in them both. Both were as self-possessed as they could be; he more so than she; for you know she is as tender as a lily; and Jenny says that she looked pleased, and yet as if she were borne down with some concealed struggle, and as if tears would come easier than the smiles they saw, if she would let them. And Jenny says she could read what he kept back in the veins setting out on his forehead, and in the flushes of color mixing themselves with his habitual pallor. When they came away, he always had some sincere, manly word for her; and after that he didn't see her, unless it was by accident, all through the rest of his vacation. He left some book and some little word for her when he went back to his studies, Jenny says. And so she knows he loves her, but that he wouldn't say one word until he knew how he would come out with his studies. He is almost through now, you know. In one month he will be ready for the bar; and it's all gone! I mean, he has lost her; for Ned says Hopkins will offer himself to-day; that he will take her to the Mountains for the season, and then to New York; will show her all the beautiful things she has all her life been longing to see, but has not seen; and perhaps, some time, will go to Italy and take her there too. You can see how it is! She won't refuse this; especially as he is so attractive a person, and as she has been

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so much with him lately. More especially, as she has no reason to think that Joseph Lancaster cares so *much* for her as he does for you or me, since he calls to see us five times, perhaps, to calling to see her once! So there it is! and I feel bad about it! And Jenny feels bad! Anyway that it can turn out I shall feel bad; for Hopkins loves her, and he is such a good fellow! There's a good deal of trouble, of one kind and another, in the world, isn't there? But then I suppose one must bear it, and can!"

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Kennedy called here, and at Mr. Trumbull's, in those days; but could not stop; appeared to be charged with some important matter; but when we questioned her respecting it, would only say, "Guess what 'tis!" We guessed; but, shaking her head, she replied, "No! no! no-o-o!" the last, when our guesses grew too preposterous. "No; but sunthin' 's goin' ter 'appen! You'll know, some day; an' afore long, pro'bly." She spoke as if she were one of the solemn old Delphic Pythias, said, "Good-by," solemnly, and went.

It was said of Mr. Hopkins, meantime, I remember, that he had gone into his tiger skin, behind his tiger face again, now he was again engaged in painting. He was painting in Jessy Clay's little front room; was there six hours of the day, and sometimes longer. Even Cowperthwait was tired of trying to get him out. Jessy was seldom seen. Those who saw her, said that her refinement grew every day. Her step was like a queen's, they said; still her head, and even her whole tall, slender form bent under the tenderness and timidity of her nature. So Miss Parker's nose was curled more and more every day, they said; and she was beginning to whisper things they would *not* hear! And then it was that good Mrs. Kennedy's ire was kindled.

"Land!" said she, "she hits everybody a dab! 'F I could git hold of a dorg that 's got every one o' 'is hairs growin' the wrong way, that 's jes' mean 'nough ter be sent off where orl their woo'-chucks die o' the whooping-cough, I sh'd like ter set 'im on to 'er, an' see what work they two 'd make of it together!"

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Hopkins offered himself the hour his piece was finished; but all the answer he got was tears.

"She was frightfully shaken! as near as I can make out from what Hopkins says," said Cowperthwait, when he was telling me about it. "The poor fellow tried to quiet her, (although he must have needed somebody pretty badly to do the same thing for him, since he understood one thing well enough, and that was, that she wouldn't accept him.) He offered to take back his proposals; told her they would both forget it and be friends, simply, as they had been; made the best of his own pain; but she still sobbed as if she would be shaken to pieces. As well as she could, she begged him to forgive her for weeping so; but she wanted him to leave her then. When she could, she would see him and tell him what she thought of such goodness.

"That was all the comfort he got; and he came away. All he does this morning is to walk the floor. He don't see anything worth living for, exactly, after this, you see. He's thirty-two; she's the first one he has ever cared much about; (or, so he thinks now;) and it has taken something of a hold of him, I find. He says he must get away from here; must go somewhere; but New York, and even Italy seems no better than Central Africa to him now; hardly so good. He's half-distracted about Jessy. He called there again in the evening, last night, but didn't see her. She had gone to bed sick with a headache, her father told him. He wants some woman to go to her. Can't you go? Don't let her make herself sick; tell her 'tisn't worth while; tell her the spring sun will still shine and she must look up and see it! Tell her that Hopkins too suffers, and she must be brave for both. This is the way to make sure of you women. 'Tisn't a very easy thing for you to get bravery for yourselves, alone; but, if another comes into the case, you'll brush off your tears and go through fire for him. We are different. We will go through fire for another, and will do the same for ourselves, which seems to me about right. I don't suppose Christ meant that we should love our neighbor better than ourselves."

CHAPTER VIII.

Jessy wept a great deal. She was ashamed that she couldn't control herself, she said; but she had kept it back so long!

"Kept what back, dear?—how long have you kept it back?—a few weeks?—since Hopkins has been here?"

"Oh, no! years!" she answered. "I can't tell any one what it is. I have no right to admit it to myself; but you know how I have lived here alone with my poor old father; and one thought has been company for me all the time. I have known that I had no right to it. No one

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had ever come and offered it to me, and left it with me when he went away, as my gift of joy from him. I knew it; but I still indulged myself with the thought. I didn't know what it would lead to! Now I see, and the thought is gone. All I have left is shame and self-reproach, that, without one shade of right or reason, I kept it so long."

I told her what Cowperthwait said.

"That is an easy thing for *him* to say! He has Ida; she is young, bright, and she loves him; she will be his companion, morning, noon, and night. It isn't strange that he can say it!"

I reminded her of One greater, more constant in His presence and His love, than any mortal, who under all our trials is ready, if we ask Him aright, to make our life sweet and precious to us; when, bowing her face in her hands, she sat so some time without speaking. She grew calm so. When she looked up, I saw that the summer-storm had passed and the bow of promise spanned her sky.

"I have been wicked," said she, "to give way to such ungrateful thoughts of my dear old father, and this dear little home where we have taken so much comfort together. Oh! I was bitter! I had nothing left, I said, because that one thought that I had no right to, was gone!"

She meant her thoughts of Joseph Lancaster, to which Hopkins' proposals fairly opened her eyes for the first time. It was not strange, I suppose, that she found it something of a loss.

CHAPTER IX.

"HERE's something from my woman; 'a line,' she called it," said Mr. Kennedy, at our sitting-room door, the next morning. "She's got one o' her maggits in 'er head; we'll let it work, all of us, an' it'll show itself so 't we can know what 'tis, one o' these days."

Here is the "line," spelled considerably in advance of her orthoepy, as the reader will see.

"MY DEAR—You must come up to our house this evening. I am going to have a party! All of the rest, except you and Jessy, will be coming up about seven. I want you and she to come at six precisely. She will be ready when you come along.

"Take particular notice! Don't let anybody else come when you two do! Don't you two fail to come when I've said. If Mr. Lincoln himself calls at your house about that time, don't let him keep you. Jest make him your curchy, and tell him you are going up to see

"His, etc., etc., THEODATE KENNEDY."

"How did you know that I wanted to come up here, Mrs. Kennedy?" said Jessy, when our kind hostess met us at the door.

"I knew! I've ben in trouble an' had an offer 't I couldn't 'ccept, 'cause, ye see, I'd already 'ccepted *this* feller!" laying her hand solidly on her husband's shoulder. "That wus the reason I couldn't!—the reason I didn't wan' ter!"

While we were in the dressing-room the door-bell rang. Mrs. Kennedy hurried us out, after she had looked Jessy over "ter see 'f she'd do," as she said; and, as we entered the sitting-room at one door, Mr. Kennedy admitted Joseph Lancaster at another. (There was never such another benevolent plotter as Mrs. Kennedy! I understood her riddle and her prophecy, as soon as I saw him in the door, and, through the dim twilight, discovered who it was.)

"I knew ye'd come up ter see yer aunty 's soon 'as ye got home! it's what I knew ye'd do!" (She wasn't his aunt. It was only her jocose way of "putting things.")

I met him half-way; but Jessy shrank and seemed as if she supported herself by the top of Mrs. Kennedy's stuffed chair.

"An' here's one ye wanted ter see most 'as much 's ye did me, I s'pose," taking him out toward Jessy. "It's *our* Jessy. She's mine 'cause she ha'n't got any mother. I do' know what makes 'er yourn; ye must make that out atween ye."

We laughed a little, but not much. Jessy was so white! she sank with such trembling and weakness into the great chair!

He kept her hand in his, I remember, standing close to her side; but it was some minutes before he spoke to her, or she to him. We asked him questions about his journey; and soon he was talking at ease with us, still holding Jessy's hand fast in his own. By-and-by, she could look up to him; at first with little furtive glances, at last with the full, responsive encounter. She trembled no longer; sat no longer in doubt and weakness. For she knew Joseph Lancaster. She knew he was no trifler, to give one ever so light sign with hand, eye, or lip, that he was not in heart and conscience fully prepared to ratify. So her reasonable, well-founded happiness rose as a flood; as a flood his rose to meet it in bewildering, ecstatic embrace.

I went to look at Mrs. Kennedy's parlor, and in a few moments she followed me.

"I've told 'em ter speak," said she, with gravity. "I tol' him he'd ort ter 'a' spoke long ago. I tol' 'im 't ef a man loves a woman an'

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's poor, 't b'longs ter 'im ter *say* 't 'e loves 'er, but is poor, an' wo'n't bind 'er; but 'at, ef she loves 'im an' 'll wait, he'll be gretfle an' 'll be helped by it. He took holt o' both 'er han's when I wus sayin' it an' drew 'er head ter 'is side. The poor thing's got somebody, that's young now, ter touch 'er an' put strength into 'er, an' I'm a'most 's glad 'as ef she wus my own chil'. 'E's one o' them that's sure ter s'ceed; an' I'll venter 'em now they've spoke. I'll venter anybody that speaks! D'ye want ter know what brought 'im?"

"Yes."

"I writ 'im a letter."

"Good Mrs. Kennedy!"

"I do' know 'bout the 'good!' But I couldn't stan' it, an' so I writ 'im a letter! The rest 're coming; we'll go out, now. I didn't ask that Parker girl. I sha'n't tell anybody else the reason 't I didn't; but when I see 'er, I sh'll tell *her* 't 's because she's got such a habit o' talkin' 'bout folks. I sh'll tell 'em that's sunthin' I can't bear, an' won't!"

Hopkins was invited, but did not come. Some who came said they met him just as he was coming out of the Indian "Carrying-way" into the road in the woods. He didn't look cross, they said; not as he did when he was painting, and wouldn't be meddled with; but he looked sober, and so they couldn't get courage to ask him to turn and come up with them, as they wanted to.

Joseph Lancaster mingled with the company; but did not once go far from Jessy, who, tender and beautiful as a lily, sat receiving not only his gratified glances, but the sympathizing attentions of all present.

"But I feel bad for Hopkins!" I heard Ida say to Cowperthwait.

"I don't know as I do," he answered.

"Why don't you? I don't see how you can help it!"

"It's better as it is probably. You all call her a lily, and that's what she is. So she belongs in the *still* waters. The dust and heat of the crowds would spoil her. She's different from my rose, my Malmaison; she'll thrive anywhere."

"Oh! Ned, I'm not your Malmaison! I'm your rose perhaps; I'm willing enough to let it go at that! but I'm the hardy velvet rose, then, that——"

"Yes, the fragrant, the good! that's what you are!" He took her hand to his lips, kissing the fingers. Ida paid him with one of her radiant glances out of the beautiful eyes. "What will you do with poor Hopkins?" she asked.

"I will let this go as one more heat of his passion for the beautiful," he answered. "It makes his heart ache some, I suppose. I know it does. But so will all the perfect works he finds, everywhere; in Italy, and everywhere. Heartache, more or less of it, belongs to genius clothed in the flesh, as its equable compensation for a great amount of satisfaction. And I suppose it is in part because we are fallen, and our flesh is more or less unsound and weak in its unsoundness. What I want above all things is to be healthy, and keep you so!"

Again Ida's eyes beamed.

CHAPTER X.

"THE poor fellow's gone!" said Ida, when I met her, the next day, her voice pathetic, her eyes shining. "But I'm glad of one thing! He called to see Jessy, and she told him just how 'twas; how long she had loved Joseph Lancaster, and all. That made him feel better. She told him few sisters love their brother, as she would love and honor him all her days, for his genius and accomplishments that place him so far above her, she said, and especially for his great goodness toward her. He felt better, Ned says; but he wouldn't consent to stay. Now he can go to Italy if he wants to, poor fellow!"

BRIGHT RIVER.

BY GRACE GORDON.

Thou art flowing on, bright river,
With thy rippling music-tone;
And the sunbeams lightly quiver
O'er thy flashing waves as ever,
In the days forever gone.

There the willows droop, as weeping
O'er the streamlet's mossy side:
There the violets are sleeping—
And the water-lilies peeping
At their image in the tide.

There the pale stars, watching nightly,
In their azure home on high;
And the tall trees bending lightly—
And the moonlight, softly, brightly,
In the wavelet mirrored lie.

Thou art rippling on, bright river,
With thy tone of music low;
And dost haunt my memory ever—
Though I tread thy green shores, never
As in days of long ago!

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MY FIRST CASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

LET me tell you the story of my first case, or stroke of business, as I used to call it. For many reasons I recall it with a more pungent, piquant flavor than any that ever came after. No great, lumbering cause that weighed my table down, after name and fame were fought for, and won, ever gave me the thrill of eager zest that accompanied that boyish venture. Alas! if *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, it is only the first step that pays; the others, high though they be, are vapid, tame. Yesterday, opening an old book, I found a diary, kept in the beginning of this century; and there, in a big, boyish hand, with clerkly neatness, and numerous admiration points and moral deductions, was set down this—my first adventure and first case.

Here is the history of it, minus the neatness and moral deductions.

We were at home—my chum, Joe Lee, and I—from the university, for the winter vacation: collegiate seniors, full-blown in whiskers and Aristophanes, and incipient lawyers, affecting calf-skin books before my sisters, and reading Dumas *pere* slyly in our den. You all know what a Virginia homestead is about Christmas time? How a steady stream of relations, rich and poor, near-blooded and far-off, sets in, from the beginning of December, through the always open gates; how the fires glow, and the faces brighten every day; how every white face is heavy with mystery, until the culminating day, and every black one keeps a close look-out for the ponderous packages in yellow paper, which will disgorge innumerable turbans and jackets on Christmas morning. Well, Christmas was over; New-Year's, Twelfth-day was over; the fun, plum-puddings, dances, were done away with; and, though some half-dozen lingering guests tried to warm the evenings with a remnant of the old glow, it was spiritless work.

Joe and I pronounced it such in our own rooms, yawning with a would-be *blase* air. Wasn't Sophy Marshall gone, about whom we nearly had come to an affair of honor? And wasn't that insufferable brother Dick of hers left—to make fools of the women's eyes with his captain's epaulets? Joe and I were vanquished—on our own ground, too. Discretion was assuredly the better part of valor. We resolved to retreat before the captain with dignity and good order.

"By George! John," said Joe, "let's be off to Kentucky. We've a month before us yet."

I welcomed the suggestion with applause. Kentucky was yet the dark, if not the bloody ground; its bears and Boones contented the youthful mind with adventure and mystery—the Fans and gorillas of Du Chaillu being yet unknown. "Beside," I said, spitefully, "that will be an end of contra-dances for the young ladies. Their pet-captain can hardly be partner and *vis-a-vis!*"

So we prepared for our journey with freshened vigor. I think the young ladies were a little repentant of their neglect, and my mother spent one or two sleepless nights about it, I know; but Joe and I were inexorable. Capt. Dick should not condemn us as "unlicked cubs," which Tom Frost had told us was his opinion, though unexpressed. He knew better than to express it! Two weeks' active employment—moulding bullets, polishing flint-locks, studying Kuhn's latest map—made us all right; and, one cold, snowy January morning, we set off, in full sight of the assembled household, on the gray and the chestnut mares, followed by the redoubtable Chess, my father's favorite body-servant. My mother kissed us inside, with her blue eyes wet; the girls were gathered on the portico, quizzing and half-sorry; every one of the plantation people had swarmed up to see "Chess and young mars' goin' to Kaintuck;" even that puppy, Capt. Dick, had brought me his pistol, and begged me to borrow it—if I would not keep it—in a very gentlemanly way. Joe said I ought not to have tolerated his assumption. But he had not offered the weapon to Joe; so I strapped it about my waist, and thought even Capt. Dick might have a redeeming point. My father and Dr. Howell walked down to the gate of the avenue to see the last of us.

"God bless you, boys: said my father. "If you should meet an Indian, or a bear, keep a cool eye, and trust first to my old uncle Sam."

"I say, you chaps," said the doctor, hurrying

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closer, "never play cards in a Kentucky bar-room! Mind that; I know the ropes!"

We were off at last. I am not going to tell you of our progress: how we stopped in Stanton, in Wheeling, in Louisville, hunting out pretty girls with more success than Indians; how, after we left the Old Dominion, a new *vis inertiæ* got into our veins; how we looked, with affable pity, on the strangers that fell in our way. Poor wretches! It was not their fault, we reflected, that they were born out of Virginia! How we stood, with our backs to the fire, and gave Chess a handful of change to distribute among the poorer Kentucky darkeys. We were snobbish, I grant; but so are the young, alas! too often!

One blustering night in early February we reached a little hamlet some forty miles below Louisville. No better ground for hunting could be found in northern Kentucky, the landlord assured us; and Chess brought us confirmation of the same from innumerable blacks, with whom he had scraped acquaintance. There was something cozy and inviting in the broad, stone paved kitchen, with its roaring wood-fire, and the little tap-room beyond, where two or three gray-haired old codgers nodded over their pipes. On court days, doubtless, the "Lafayette Hotel" was muddy and drunken enough; now it was clean, and glowing, and quiet: the very hot niche in the world where two hungry hunters could bring their spoils, with due applause, and see them famously cooked, and eaten with appreciation.

"I think," said Joe, gravely, "this is the place for us, John Page," looking out of the window at the drifting field of snow and white-capped mountains beyond.

The landlord came in with the supper.

"Ther's your Johnny-cakes!" he said, slapping down one dish after another. "Yer grouse, yer wild turkey, yer venison! Hunting! Lord help ye, genelmen! old Virginny can't never tech this hyer country, when yer talks o' hunting!"

"It seems a quiet place, Joe," I said, importantly, as we drew up our chairs to the table. "I think we'll stay."

"Ther's ony the blacksmith's un one or two smaller fry, un Squire Pitt, und Squire ——" the sound of the stage-horn cut short the landlord and called him off. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the snow outside, a "hi'ing!" and "whoaing!" and cursing between hostlers, and guard, and driver. Finally the coach lumbered off, and the landlord flung open the door, admitting himself, red and blowzy, a gust of keen air, and, last of all, a thin, little, peaked-faced old man, wrapped in a summer surtout.

"Come in, Lord save us! sir, come in," cried the landlord, shoving the starved-looking traveler before him. "It's a savage night to be abroad."

The man, who was old and lame, came close to the fire, holding his frozen fingers over the blaze. "Begarr!" he muttered, "it is one cold night!"

"Supper, sir?" said the landlord, taking an inventory of the stranger's bony body, patched trousers, and hungry, lean-jawed visage. "Supper, of course?"

The little Frenchman glanced over at the smoking dishes before Joe and me. I caught the wistful look, and caught, too, the glitter of a gilt-band under the linen surtout.

I was a boy then. The Revolution was only a field of heroes to me. I jumped up before he could speak, saying, in my school French, and so fast that I stuttered, "Monsieur is a soldier? He served in the Revolution? Pardon! but I must ask this one question!"

The old man's face reddened, as he drew himself up, proudly lifting his finger to his forehead. "*Sous* Washington!"

Well, that brought Joe to his feet; but I was spokesman, as usual.

"My father too—Col. Page! Did you know him?" And when I found he did not, and had come to a dead certainty, somehow, by instinct, that the old man was without a dollar, I assured him, gravely, that Joe and I had uncles and grandfathers both in his old regiment, and begged him to do us the honor of supping with us.

We were honest enough in calling it an honor. I looked across the table, with a sort of awe, at the lean little body that had been so blessed by fate as to strike a blow for freedom—my freedom! I owed him a debt! Nor was the man's face unheroic—starved if it were. The lips were cut sharp by pride and bravery, the eyes fresh and genial, childlike. How Joe piled up his plate, looking daggers at the landlord's coarse jokes about "the young Virginnyans hevin' their fun!" "Plenty o' them Revolutionary riff-raff comin' round!" he growled. Pah! the man was a brute! What need to be angry with him!

When supper was over we carried the little Frenchman off to our room, heaped up the fire, put him in the cushioned seat, and mixed his punch according to Dr. Howell's best receipt. The old man's heart opened and glowed under the unwonted warmth. I never saw a more

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simple, guileless soul, with all his queer, quizzical talk, and vanity of his knowledge of life. He had served under Lafayette, under Washington. He fought over half a dozen battles with us, drawing the plan on the table with punch, while Joe and I listened intent. His name was La Fonte.

"The La Fontes of Lyons?" said Joe, who had been in France. The old man colored.

"*C'est ma famille,*" he muttered.

A poor relation, we concluded; but the blood was good.

He lived now in Alabama, with one child—"little Gertrude." Of her he said very little, though his eyes flashed. We were young men, you see; she was a French demoiselle. He was making his way to Washington, with papers to secure his pension.

"It is all I have," he said; "when I succeed not, so had I better die. Gertrude has friends, who find me but a burden." His lip unsteady.

We found that his pension, if secured, would be a handsome income for himself and his daughter. Was he sure of obtaining it? He was confident of success: had letters from Alabama Congressmen. Joe and I, who, as the old doctor would say, "knew the ropes," were uneasy as to the effect of these same Alabamian recommendations; but the old man was not troubled with the shadow of a doubt. Yet, if he succeeded not, it was evident that life would be heavy to drag through. He was lame; one arm—the right—he had lost at Brandywine. "Just an old trunk, monsieur, is Pierre La Fonte!" with a pitiful smile.

The old man had a chamber next to mine. I saw him, through the half-open door, kneel down to pray, in a manly fashion, before going to bed. I took heart of grace, and did the same, to Joe's secret amazement: boys grow careless and cowardly at college.

The old man was to go on to Louisville the next day by the mail; the stage-coach which had brought him returned the night it came. We knew he would not go until the afternoon, so arranged a hunt for the next morning, eager to test our prowess, and, to be honest, to show it to our new friend. The poor old fellow tumbled out of bed, I remember, that night, with all a Frenchman's vivacity, to show me a trick with the rifle, "to make sure with one bear;" then stowed away his sole baggage—which was a bundle tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief—under his pillow, and was soon snoring soundly.

Joe, Chess, and I were off before the first streak of dawn. I hardly remember the story of our luck, so completely did the incidents that followed efface it. I only recollect that we came in, half-frozen, about the middle of the day, meeting the fat landlord, all greasy suavity, at the door.

"Where is Monsieur La Fonte?" demanded Joe.

"He has gone, genelmen. Went early this mornin'. Come to open his blue bundle, yer know, un fund some papers he'd calkilated on was gone out-er. Was in a terrible kippage, fumed and tore his hair; calkilated he'd dropped 'em in th' bottom o' the stage, yesterday, 'mong th' straw. Money in bank-bills was rolled in th' papers. Gone 'long."

"What did you do?" I asked, sharply; for I suspected the landlord had shuffled off the old man as a doubtful customer.

"What could I do, sir? Did I know where they was? Wanted me to send a messenger after the stage. Lord help you! sir, that stage-coach's one hundred miles gone now! Likely them papers ull ever turn out o' that straw? Heh? Likely?" turning off with a contemptuous laugh.

"Where did he go?" demanded Joe again.

"Went toward Louisville," replied the landlord, after a moment's hesitation. "'Spose the stage'll take him up."

We sat down, Joe and I, to consult. Joe suspected the worst: the landlord had stolen the papers, murdered La Fonte; I, more cool, saw the man was only coarse and selfish, not malignant. We guessed very near what proved afterward to be the fact: that the papers had been dropped in the coach, and that La Fonte, driven to desperation by their loss and the landlord's jeers, had started off on foot. But whither?

We set about the search for the missing man and the missing documents like a couple of Don Quixotes. The landlord, seeing that the Frenchman had such obstinate friends, dropped a word or two of annoyance at having been so "sharp with the poor devil!" "Fact is," he said, at last, "I told him the papers was gone fur good, an' that the sooner he made his way home the better. I'm a poor man, an can't afford to keep hotel fur nothing."

Our search for the man was useless. He had not, we found, been taken up by the coach for Louisville, nor could we hear any account of him on the other road by which he came. Our fear was, that, bewildered by the snow, he had lost his way in some mountain track.

The papers were more easily traced. Leaving Joe to keep guard at the tavern, I took Chess,

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and, going across the country, reached the little village of C——. To be brief with my story, I found, in the inn yard, the coach in which La Fonte had traveled, and aided by the hostler and a lantern, finally dragged out from under the straw a brown paper package—the poor Frenchman's title deed to life.

It was late when I reached the hamlet that evening. A heavy snow had fallen, blocking up the roads, making them almost impassable. The landlord met me, as I dismounted, with a face of woe. "No news of th' poor Frenchy yit? Ef he he'd thought I cared."

I brushed past him, asking for Joe.

"In the bar. Stranger there—stopped by the snow. Won't go on till mornin'. Farmer, I guess. More on 'em lodgin' at the Bull."

I found Joe sitting moodily over the fire, and, sitting down to take off my leggings, began a history of my success in finding the papers, and a hundredth speculation as to La Fonte's fate. The truth was, Joe and I, by dint of being young, in search of adventure, and alone in this dismal hamlet, had worked ourselves into a belief that some mystery lay under our hero's disappearance, and that it was our mission to make it plain. While we talked, the landlord shouldered the mantle-shelf, and Chess, crouching by the fire, threw in notes of explanation to elucidate my story.

"Tink," he wound up, "Provdence sent dis nigger heah, um Mars' John, to see to dat pore furriner."

The farmer, of whom the landlord spoke, sat at the opposite side of the fire, hidden by the shadow. A small man, stooping slightly, wrapped in a coarse overcoat that concealed his face. He seemed to be sleeping. Only once when Joe and I grew unusually vigorous in our talk, I caught a flash of a pair of dark eyes that startled me with their strange, soft brilliance. They were shut when I looked, and the man was breathing heavily again. The clock in the taproom struck ten.

"The wind has made me drowsy," I said. "Go out, Chess, and see that the horses are all right, and then make ready for bed."

It was a long time before the negro returned; lounging, I supposed, as usual about the stables; we sat meanwhile half-dozing about the fire.

The farmer stood up suddenly.

"There is some disturbance outside," he said, in a singularly low, even sweet voice. I noticed that he put his hand quietly to his breast as if to grasp a pistol.

"I dunnot hear none," said the landlord, yawning.

I, myself, heard nothing but the slow sigh of the wind over the snow; but in a few moments footsteps and muffled voices approached rapidly.

"You've a keen ear, stranger," said the landlord.

The door burst open and Chess rushed in, his knees knocking together with horror, and the delight of being the first to communicate horror.

"He's found, Mars' John! Lord, Mars' Joe, he's done starved! dead as um door-nail!"

The farmer sat down again, going off into a doze. Two or three men came in, white with snow, carrying something on a board. It was the body of poor Pierre La Fonte, in his linen surtout, stiff! Dead, I thought, as Joe and I knelt over it.

"We found him," said one of the men, "in an old barn about two mile off. He wor warm enough in the straw. It's hunger ails him, I'm thinkin'."

"He was starving himself to death!" I exclaimed, the truth flashing on me. The farmer came to us at the words. Even the brutal landlord was stung into remorse, chafed his hands, muttering to himself as he did it, "Lord! to think it ud come to this! I'd never ha done it. I'd spoke the critter fair!"

In the hurry and hurly-burly about the man, the farmer only was quiet and silent. Yet, somehow, it was he who held the head steadiest and poured the whiskey into his mouth, getting it down his throat when we all failed; looking critically at the Frenchman's face and head all the time.

"Starvation is a slow suicide," he said, looking at me across the body. "Yet there's something in the man's face that could will it."

La Fonte, when reason returned enough to give him consciousness, pushed back the spirits.

"Let me go," he whispered. "This is cruel."

I brought the papers and held them close to his eyes. He looked at them dully with a faint smile flickering at last in his yellow face. "*C'est bien fait*," he said, "*mais je ne crains pas la mort.*"

"Pierre La Fonte!" exclaimed the farmer, with a quick gesture of recognition, stooping and whispering something in the man's ear.

It acted like an electric shock. La Fonte raised his finger instantly, as in salutation to a superior officer, and struggled to sit up and speak. The other held him down.

"Put him to bed," said he to the landlord. "It is an old acquaintance of mine—I am responsible for all charges."

"M. La Fonte is our guest," I interrupted, rudely.

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The man turned with a smile to Joe and me. A peculiar smile; under the rough, muddy clothes, and felt hat, it suddenly invested the man with power. I am an old man now, but I never have been conscious of a more impressive *presence* than that of this little countryman.

"As you will, gentlemen," he said. "I will not deprive you of a pleasure."

He stood near until La Fonte had slowly recovered strength enough to be carried to his room. Once, when the Frenchman, who watched him closely, despite his deathly weakness, made an effort to speak to him, he put his finger to his lip with a sudden look of caution, and shortly after, being assured that all danger was past, went up to the loft where he was to sleep.

Joe and I watched La Fonte that night. Fever set in; but, half-delirious, he told us the story of his wanderings since the morning when he missed the papers. It was the last blow of a succession of disasters, or the brave heart would not have yielded so readily.

"Ah! *mes camarades*," he said, with a smile very pitiful to see, "it was the thought of the little girl at home! Better for her I went not back at all, than went to be a burden to her. But I was mad. It was cowardly," he added, with a nervous laugh. "I had fasted for two days until the night before. I guarded my money until I reached Washington."

Before daybreak, the landlord tapped at the door beckoning me out.

I went down to the front door, and found, as soon as I could see through the cold fog, the farmer preparing to mount. Some two or three other men on horseback waited for him. He came to me still muffled in his great-coat and shawl.

"Mr. Page, of Randolph county, in Virginia, the landlord tells me?" touching his hat slightly. "A son of Col. Page?"

I bowed proudly.

"Very well," abruptly, yet with the curiously winning voice I had noticed the night before. "Something in your eyes tells me you are ready for a brave, or a kind act. Can you find nothing better to do with your vacation than to slaughter the deers of Bullit county? See, my friend," more earnestly, "I want you to go on to Washington and procure the pension for this old man. What do you say?"

"I thought of that," I said, eagerly. "I never was there; but my father has friends——" I hesitated.

"Yes. Pierre La Fonte is a child. He would be swindled in a day. You will go, then?" with a quick, decisive nod, mounting his horse, and then drawing out a pocket-book and scribbling a few words on a leaf. "Do not embarrass yourself with applications to a dozen officials. Take the old man's papers and this note, and send them, with your address, to ——," naming a cabinet minister. "Tell La Fonte some day soon I hope to do better for him."

He handed me the open paper. There was only a line in cipher on it. "Good-by, my boy," drawing the rein and holding out his hand. An odd hand for a farmer, small, soft as a woman's, with a grasp of iron. "Good-by."

I took off my hat involuntarily, and stood with it in my hand as he rode away.

I went in, and, when La Fonte had wakened, told him of my plan. He made no opposition, being generous enough to accept a kindness, only held my hand in his for a moment. I showed him the papers.

"I understand it not," he said, looking at it. "Monsieur ——, *mon capitaine*, gave it you? It is right."

He did not name the stranger; and though Joe and I were burning up with curiosity, of course we asked no questions. Yet I did not wonder at the quiet reliance the Frenchman placed in this man; the few words I had heard him speak gave me a glimpse of a firm magnetism of power.

I left the hamlet the next morning, Joe and Chess remaining in charge of La Fonte. What if I did enter Washington, a few weeks after, my head agog with expected triumph? How many thousands of office-seekers do the same? Something in the atmosphere dazes a man, as my old uncle Tim used to say. Besides it was my first cause to plead, though not in court, and, in short, I was young

Before I reached the capital, I had persuaded myself that my personal and family recommendations were enough to gain my end, without resort to the mysterious cipher-note. Did you ever try your strength in Washington? Did you ever go there, mighty in provincial fame, and be shuffled, and jostled, and hustled through ante-rooms and clerk's offices, until you began to suspect yourself to be, what everybody thought before, a very powerless person indeed.

Such was the record of my first week's experience. In vain I haunted the bureaus of my father's friends, who spent summer after summer with us. It was always, "Eh! Jack, my boy, come down to dinner, the girls will be delighted! Pension—old man—um—ah—certainly—hand it to the clerk. I'll see to 't."

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I became disgusted with human nature generally. If ever I should be a statesman, or diplomat, with what open ears and liberal hand I would mete out justice! Afterward, when I held my appointment in Spain, bluffing off troublesome American travelers, I thought about it.

One Saturday morning I resolved to try the magic of the stranger's note. I had but little confidence in it by that time; however, I determined to follow his instructions to the letter. Folding up the old man's papers, with my address, I laid the note on top, and took my seat in the reception room of ——, early in the day. I was lucky; my turn came soon. I was ushered into the presence of the great man, who sat stooping on a high office-stool over a day-book, rapping impatiently with his pen on the desk. I named myself, and handed him the package.

"Ah—ha!" he said, studying out the cipher, glancing keenly at me. "Do you know who gave you this? Where did you see him?"

"In a country tavern in Kentucky. I do *not* know."

"Very well," scrawling some words on the paper. "Go home now to your friend, Monsieur—what is it?—La Fonte. It is all right. His pension will be granted. The first remittance will reach Alabama before he does. Good-morning."

I went back to Kentucky. Joe and Chess had been faithful nurses. La Fonte and they had already ventured on one or two rabbit hunts, and come home more hungry than successful.

I need not tell you of the old man's enthusiasm and gratitude, how we all sat round the fire, while I recounted my adventures, to the infinite delight of the whole party. The old soldier had set his heart on carrying the trio back with him to Alabama, to enjoy his new-found wealth. But our vacation was over. I confess I thought of parting with the old man with a sorer heart than I chose to acknowledge; but made him promise that when my mother had written to his daughter, he would bring her to make us a visit at Linn Valley. I knew he was a man after my father's own heart.

On the morning of our departure, however, while Chess and I were in the high tide of preparation, I found Joe loitering over the tap-room fire.

"The truth is, John Page," said he, "I'm going to cut the university for another month, and go home with Monsieur La Fonte. More can be learned from such a narrator as he of our national struggle——"

"Joe Lee," I said, solemnly, "has the old captain been showing you his daughter's likeness?"

Joe colored.

"The La Fontes," he stammered, "are of as good blood——"

"Whew!" I remarked. "Have you got to that?" and so set off for Virginia.

Joe Lee is living now in Accomac—Judge Lee, I mean—with a goodly troop of children and grandchildren. They are marked by their olive complexion, sparking eyes, and a certain picturesque air that sets them apart, from pure Americans, as of foreign extraction. Madam Lee, than whom no more gracious lady lives in Virginia, with her snow-white hair, and her dainty, courtly way, was French, as we all know. Her husband, even now, watches her graceful gesture, and tries to make little Gertrude catch her musical idiom, telling us that she was known in Virginia, when a bride, as *la belle Lyonnaise.*

Her father lived with them for many years, a favorite and hero in all the country circles. But of all after-dinner stories, the one he liked best to dwell on was the time when Joe and I met him in the Kentucky hamlet. The secret of the stranger's name he always guarded inviolate, however. I asked him once to tell it to me, curiosity overcoming courtesy. The old man's face grew pale, and his eye filled. "It is a great name," he said; "but it has gone down in shadow. I love it, John Page, though you curse it often!" and said no more.

In 1827 I was in New York, standing on Broadway, near the dusk of the evening, with a group of friends. I noticed a slight stir among them, as a man approached, and, naturally, turned to look at him, perceiving that they scrupulously kept their heads the other way. The man might have been a leper, so open were the glances of contempt and hate that followed him on every side, a sort of lane being opened for him to pass through. One woman, I observed especially, drew her skirts aside, as from something unclean.

"Bah!" muttered one of my friends, seeing the action. "It was not always so with the gentle creatures! Their king is dethroned now, that's all!"

Meanwhile the man passed down the *pave* quietly, his head bent on his breast, apparently unconscious of notice. As he came near, he glanced up; and, under the white hair that hung down over his forehead, I recognized the same unforgotten eyes, keen and brilliant. He turned into an obscure alley, and the street seemed to breathe freer.

"Who is it?" I demanded, impatiently.

"Aaron Burr!" was the answer.

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I followed him eagerly; but he was out of sight.

Going down the street, I hope I judged him with the summer charity, which, whatever may have been his crimes, made part of his own strange nature, muttering to myself his favorite lines:

"One point must still be greatly dark—
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How much, perhaps, they rue it!"

LILLIAN.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

When Spring in joyous mood had cast
Her flowery treasures o'er the earth,
From exile called the merry birds,
And bid the green-wood ring with mirth:

A fairer treasure did she bring,
More sweet to ear, and eye, and heart—
A something formed to bless this world,
Yet from its shadows shrined apart.

She came. The sluggish stream of life
Glad in its new-found channel ran;
My heart turned to its earlier dreams,
And found their truth in Lillian.

And mists and clouds of grief and sin
Were by her gentle light dispelled;
Her baby fingers, weak and small,
The cup of my salvation held.

Long years passed on, and brought to me
The brow of care, the heart of doubt;
To her—the glow of youth's sweet prime,
And faith which earth is hell without.

As Spring might lean her tender cheek
Against stern Winter's grizzly face,
So nestled to my worldliness
My Lillian's true and angel grace.

Her beauty still sublimed the soul,
E'en while it fresher stirred the blood;
Her purity was sin's reproof,
And from the sunlight of her good

Dark evil fled. She little knew
How much her gentle spirit wrought—
How, from each look and tone of hers,
My soul some holy impulse caught.

All things to her were beautiful,
The humblest flower a treasure rare;
Each odorous wind that stirred the leaves,
To her did some sweet message bear.

The crimson glories of the morn,
The starry splendors of the night—
All lovely shapes, all pleasant sounds
Could thrill her soul with wild delight.

The meanest thing upon this earth
Was something God's own hand had formed;
And the most fallen child of sin,
To life, by breath divine, was warmed.

Oh! when I saw my Lillian stand,
With clasped hands, and eyes on Heaven,
It almost seemed as to her gaze
The unseen glories might be given!

Not long, not long—her eager glance
Upon the pearly gates were fixed—
Not long: for her this world and Heaven,
The crystal walls rose bright betwixt.

E'en while I clasped my Lillian's hand,
I felt her pinions sweep my brow,
Heard the unfolding golden gates—
I strove submissively to bow,

And say, "Oh! God, Thy will be done!"
This ever more my prayer shall be,
Where she has left a track of light,
"Oh! give me strength to walk to Thee!"

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

BY DANIEL W. FELLER.

The storm has ceased, the rain is o'er,
And clouds obscure the sky no more;
The darksome gloom, in one short hour,
Has fled as if by magic power.

The sun breaks forth; its golden ray
Appears to all, and seems to say—
How strange so bright and shining spark
Could issue from a cloud so dark!

The flower that, even in its bloom,
Seemed veiled in darkness and in gloom,
Assuming now its native grace,
Displays to view its smiling face.

The rose lifts, too, its drooping head
From off its mossy, fragrant bed;
The trees, the flowers, the waving grain,
Through flowing tears, now smile again.

Oh! lovely sunshine! thou dost cheer
The soul, when dark, and cold, and drear;
Thy beauteous rays sweet joys impart
That lift the burden from the heart!

Then, when the storms of life are past,
And howling winds are hushed at last,
May we rest from that storm so vile,
In the bright sunshine of God's smile.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.

CHAPTER XIII.

When the dance was over, and the floor still quivering from the rebound of spirited feet, Charles Edward drew his partner quietly through the crowd and led her into the recess formed by the tent-like drapery over one of the windows. The gay multitude drew back to allow the splendid young pair free passage, and fell away from the window, affording the Prince the privacy which he evidently sought; for, as he passed on, the gay young man called out, in his light, joyous voice,

"On with the dance, my lords! Your Highland reels tax me worse than a battle. A moment's breathing—and I will be foremost with you, if the fair lady deigns to be my teacher once more."

A brilliant smile passed over Flora Macdonald's face. It was not in human nature for a spirited young girl, fired with romantic ambition, not to feel elated by homage so undisguised and lofty. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were one flush of roses, her step was light as it had been in the dance—and that was like the poise of a bird when it touches a tree bough. There was something superb in the joyous grace with which that young couple trod the oaken floors of Holyrood; and when they paused beneath that tent-like drapery, partially screened from public view, it was like the grouping of a picture.

"But for this hand," said Charles Edward, "I might have been lying on the steps of that ruined altar down in the old chapel yonder!"

Flora shuddered.

"And, after that," he added, gazing down upon her with ardent gratitude, "how can I thank, how repay——"

"My Prince, forbear! These words wound me. I was scarcely myself, but acting in a dream. Do not thank me in this fashion!"

"But you saved my life——"

"Perhaps—I do not know! But even then, if I could have done that by giving the last drop of blood in my veins, it is no more than the Stuart has a right to claim of the best Macdonald that ever lived!"

"And because the Stuarts are kings, you would exclude them from the sweet privileges of gratitude—of love?"

The last words were spoken in a voice of thrilling impressiveness that made Flora shrink away from him and catch her breath.

"Why do you start, lady?"

"My Prince, I have no right to gratitude—and—and as to the other word——"

"Well, sweet one, the other word? Is it forbidden to a Stuart on Scottish soil, that your cheeks grow so white all at once?"

"Forbidden? Oh, no! if a Stuart could find his mate in the realm! But a nation has only one royal family. and its princes find no equals!"

"Is there no royalty in beauty and courage then?"

Flora lifted her fine eyes till her glance met his steadily.

"None, my Prince, that would warrant a subject in listening to such words, if they mean anything, from the lips of a sovereign!"

"Nay, sweet, this is more cruel than the blow from which you saved me! Is my voice so terrible that it frightens all the bloom from that face? Nay, smile, or those who are watching us so keenly will think their Prince has commenced playing the tyrant before his foot is well planted in the kingdom."

Flora strove to obey him, but the very glance of his eyes drove the color back from her face as she made the attempt.

A shadowy frown flitted over the young man's face. He drew back and glanced for a moment toward the dancers. Flora shrunk away toward the window and looked out into the night. Great gleams of radiance fell from the palace, drawing the trees and grass out of their shadows, and touching them with russet gold. All at once she started and drew back, with a low cry.

"Back! back, out of the light!" she whispered, seizing Charles Edward by the arm.

Even in her wild fright, the young girl had wonderful self-command. The cry which escaped her was distinct to the Prince from its

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intensity, but no one else heard it. He stepped back, and thus placed some folds of drapery between his person and the window; but, not content with this, Flora, with a quick movement, placed herself full against the sash, through which her figure was revealed clear as day.

"It is the same figure!" she whispered, hoarsely. "See—nay, do not look! But he is creeping back among the shrubbery. That gleam of light struck his quiver. He is gone now."

She drew a heavy breath and began to tremble, casting vague glances now and then over her shoulder.

"Go," she said, forgetting all forms in her anxiety. "Do not stand here. He may come again. His weapon was up. A moment more—oh! this is terrible!"

The Prince took her hand and wrung it in his intense thankfulness.

"Again you have saved my life—saved Scotland, perchance!" he said.

She struggled a little and drew her hand from his clasp. A flood of almost angry crimson swept up to her face. A little way off stood a young man, apart from the dancers, looking upon the two persons in the window; and this it was which sent those wild flashes of red over her face.

This person was Dougal Carr. But his keen glance comprehended more of the scene than Flora imagined. He did not dream of the love passages, but of the danger which beset the Prince. That scene in the chapel had put him on the alert, and during the whole evening he had not for a moment lost sight of the Prince, always hovering around him as closely as respect to the royal person would permit.

Dougal saw the abrupt action of Flora Macdonald, and, guessing its cause, darted from the room down the line of guarding soldiers in the dim passages and into the palace grounds. A tangled wilderness it was that he plunged into; long, coarse grass, ragged thickets, and trees heavy with foliage, but bristling with dead branches, surrounded him everywhere. Profound darkness, cut through with great golden paths of light, made a contrast that was almost appalling. There was a fresh wind rippling among the leaves that confused his hearing; but once or twice Dougal fancied that there was a heavier rustling among the thickets than that could have produced. This brought him more than once into the shadows, then into the broad light again.

He stood a moment, wondering if it were not all a delusion. The shadows flickering down from a heavy tree-branch sheltered his face from the full light, but left his person exposed. He was about the height of Charles Edward, tall and slender, with that royal air which has been mentioned more than once. The Highland costume left little opportunities for distinction of rank to be discovered from the dress. He stood, listening for the sound that had convinced him of the presence of an enemy, partly concealed, partly exposed, as I have described. Everything but the wind was silent. The regular thud of dancing feet came to him from the palace; but that in no way diminished a sense of stillness in the grounds.

Whir—flash, an arrow plunged through the leaves across the path of light and pierced him. He saw it cleave the golden brightness, and felt it quivering in his flesh at the same instant. Seizing the shaft of the arrow with one hand, he did not pause to wrench it from the wound, but plunged into the undergrowth, for now he distinctly heard a rustling in the leaves, as if some wild animal were forcing its way through; and leaped upon the track, perchance to fall there.

Flora saw all this from her place at the window; for, after Dougal left the room, she had retreated to her old place, and, heedless of the Prince, was looking forth upon the grounds, her pale lips apart, and her eyes black with anxiety. There was no power of blushes in Flora Macdonald's frame then; the very blood in her heart seemed turning to ice. She checked the eloquent gratitude of the Stuart as if he had been a common servant lad.

"Hush! he will find him—there will be death!"

As she spoke, the arrow flew across her vision, cutting the very strings of her heart. A leap into the darkness. Was it to die? Had the arrow pierced his heart, and was that the last agonized death bound?

She put the Prince aside. The white face was turned toward him an instant, and she was gone.

Soldiers on guard, who had seen Flora Macdonald enter the palace scarcely an hour before, in the rich bloom of her beauty, recognized her now with astonishment. Her rose-tinted raiment was the same; the imperial air, the gentle grace—but her features were locked, her eyes had changed their soft color. The very curve of her neck seemed chiseled from marble. She passed on swiftly through the long passages and into the grounds as Dougal had done. At another time the soldiers might have smiled to see a lady, so young and splendid, following closely on the track of the handsomest youth

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in Charles Edward's army; but there was something in that face which crushed such thoughts even in the bosoms of those rude men, and Flora passed forth, leaving a vague, wondering homage behind her, such as a bewildered angel might have inspired.

She stood a moment in the black shadow of the palace, gave a keen look all around, and turned into the river of light which lay beneath the window she had occupied. She reached the great tree that had but half-sheltered Dougal, tore her way through the long grass that he had cleared with a single leap, and penetrated the darkness beyond, parting the wet shrubbery with her hands, and calling out in a clear, pathetic voice,

"Is any one here? Is any one hurt?"

No answer came. The darkness was profound, and even the wind had hushed itself for the moment. Oh! how she prayed for a light of any kind with which to penetrate that black depth of leaves, and find of a certainty that he was not lying dead beneath them. She longed to tear up the illuminated glass and force it to light her on. Again she called out, but with growing anguish in her voice,

"Speak to me—oh! speak to me if there is any one here! I am alone, but can bring help. Give me but a groan, a sigh, to lead me where you have fallen. I am Flora Macdonald."

"And what is Flora Macdonald doing here?" said a voice directly behind her.

Flora turned and saw Luke, the hunchback, standing close by her. She drew slowly back, holding up both hands in a wild gesture of repulsion.

"You—you unhappy wretch! Miserable wretch, was it you?" she cried out.

"Yes, fair lady, it is I—miserable that I am always to bring disappointment when a maiden finds my misshapen person in the place of some handsome gallant. I am used to loathing gestures, but not quite so vehement as these. Pray, have I offended in passing through these grounds?"

"Offended? Great heaven! that a man can talk thus with murder close by!"

The anguish and horror which broke out in her voice made Luke recoil; but it was as a serpent tightens its folds for a spring; the glitter of his eyes was so terrible that she could see nothing else.

"Did you say murder, lady?"

Flora had forgotten that it was Dougal Carr's brother to whom she was speaking: in truth, she had never thoroughly realized the fact.

"Did you say murder, lady?"

Luke repeated the question in a low, sharp voice, that would have terrified a woman less occupied with one great fear.

"Murder!" she cried, turning sharply upon him. "Murder! Yes, I saw the arrow fly—I saw him leap into the air and down again into the blackness yonder. He is dead—dead! I have searched and searched—called aloud—you heard me; but he is dead and cannot hear!"

She wrung her hands in frantic grief.

"Dead, lady! Well, what then? It is but one man; and had he lived, to-morrow or next day might have witnessed the slaughter of a thousand better men."

"Better men! you slander him. There was not his equal in the whole world. So brave, so grandly beautiful, and now lying dead—dead!"

"But how know you this? The flight of an arrow does not always kill."

Flora ceased wringing her hands and looked earnestly at him; the breath bated on her lips, and a dull aching flutter at her heart.

"But he does not answer. Hark! how still everything is! Yet I saw him leap upward before the blackness engulfed him. Still, still you may be right. What if he has only fainted? I will alarm the guard. With their flambeaux they will find him."

She turned and began to run toward the palace. Luke seized her by the garments.

"Stop!" he commanded her sharply.

"Stop! No. If he is only wounded. One moment may be life or death! Why should I stop? Take off your hands!"

"Stop, I say again!"

"Stop! How dare you—miserable? Ha! I remember, you are his brother; unnatural! Let me go for help."

"His brother—I *his* brother!"

"She told me so, Katharine Fraser told me that you were Dougal's Carr's brother. I did not admit it—I don't believe it now!"

"Dougal Carr! I——"

The hunchback seemed to shrink up; the teeth began to chatter behind his white lips.

"Dougal Carr, what of him?"

"What of him? He is in there, murdered, I tell you!" she cried, pointing toward the black shrubbery with her finger. "I saw the arrow pierce him!"

A gurgling sound, something between a cry and a groan, broke from the hunchback. He relaxed his hold on her dress; but his hand was still extended, the fingers working wildly, as if they struggled to grapple some terrible truth.

"Dougal, my brother!"

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The words came forth in a low wail. He fell upon the wet grass, clenching it to his face with both hands.

Flora turned to run for help, but he sprang up and hunted her down.

"Not a word—not a sign, on your life!"

"I must, I will. Help! ho!"

The words were crushed back to her mouth by the hunchback. His hand pressed her lips so fiercely that she began to struggle for breath.

"Be still! Dougal is my brother. I have a right to save him my own way. Stop screaming and help me!"

She remembered the agony of his first cry, and obeyed.

Luke plunged among the thickets, parting them with fierce strength that his companion might follow, which she did fearlessly. They passed through the first thicket, across an opening, and into a denser mass of shrubbery, which had once been rare, but was now falling back into wild nature, forgetting how to blossom. Here, in the intense darkness, Luke groped his way, and, lifting some burden in his long, powerful arms, dragged it forward, allowing the branches to sweep back into Flora's face. She heeded it not, but followed close, grasping at the folds of some garment that fell from the body which Luke was carrying forward with the power of a giant.

Some gleams of spirit light now reached them from the palace. They were at the foot of an old oak, and for a little distance the earth was clear and covered over with short mossy grass. Upon this Luke laid his burden with the face upward. Then with both hands he tore away the tartan, leaving the neck and chest bare. He pressed his hand down upon the heart—he bent his lips to the lifeless mouth, searching for one sign of breath. Flora fell upon her knees, and, pushing away the dwarf, laid her cheek against the glowing chest, and her own heart stopped beating as she listened for his.

Luke submitted to be put aside. He was meek as a child now.

Flora lifted her face and whispered,

"Try again. It may be the stir of my own breath."

Luke fell down by his brother, lay breathless a moment, and then leaped to his feet.

"Hold his head up so. There, there, steady."

He stooped down, swept up moisture from the grass and dashed it over that pale face. A faint moan followed, then a gush of weeping, and Flora's warm tears mingled with the cooling dew that had brought Dougal Carr back to life and pain.

"Oh! if I had but light to remove the arrow!" said Luke.

"I will go—hold his head. I can get a light from one of the soldiers," cried Flora.

A faint voice answered them.

"It is needless. I fainted in tearing the arrow from my shoulder."

"And are you badly hurt, Dougal?"

"Not so badly that I would not have caught the assassin, but for the arrow-head grinding against the bone. I stooped to tear it out and he escaped me."

This was said in a very faint voice, broken with shuddering gasps for breath.

Luke was on his knees feeling for the wound. "If I had only something with which to staunch the blood," he said.

Flora tore the rich yellow lace from her bosom and arms in handfuls, which Luke received and applied in eager haste, blessing her deep in his heart of hearts.

"Now if we could but carry him to some safe place," he said, "all might be well. I have leech-craft enough to dress his wound and keep down the fever, thanks to the old books in our chief's library; but the palace is no place for a wounded man."

"Take him to my aunt's house," said Flora, eagerly. "I will go for help."

"Not so," whispered the wounded man. "Dear lady, you forget the charge of secrecy given us in the chapel. Until the Prince decides otherwise, my hurt must be kept secret."

"But the assassin——" Flora broke off short, the hard breathing of the hunchback frightened her. But she recovered herself directly.

"My aunt's carriage is outside the walls; if we could only find some way out and thus evade the guards," she said.

"There is a breach in the wall not far from here, I saw it this morning," whispered the wounded man.

"You could not carry him, I fear," said Flora, addressing the hunchback.

"Yes, if he were twice the weight," was the prompt reply. "Give him into my arms; go before us and keep the branches from striking him. Yonder is the break he tells of."

Flora resigned her charge with a smothered sigh, and arose to search out the way. Luke lifted his brother with more thoughtful tenderness than had marked his first impetuous movements; and, with a few clear directions, guided the young girl as she searched out a path for them.

At last they reached a broken place in the wall, and Flora clambered over, trying the

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stones with her daintily clad feet, and trailing her rich garments over them with a sort of pleasure. Could she have swept the wounded man's path with the tresses of her glorious hair, Flora Macdonald would have rejoiced in it.

Lady Clanranald's carriage stood near the broken wall, just withdrawn from the lights which illuminated the grand entrance to the palace. The heavy coachman sat on his ponderous charge sound asleep; for ale and wine had flowed freely in every Jacobite house in Edinburgh that night, and the servants were not backward in proving their loyalty.

"It is fortunate; let him sleep," whispered Luke. "Is your hand strong enough to lift the leathern curtain? Try."

Flora mounted the massive step and rolled up the curtain, leaving a free passage, which Luke cleared at once and laid his burden on one of the broad seats. Then Flora went up to the drowsy coachman and called him sharply by name. He started upright, looked defiantly at the open space before him, and demanded if her ladyship was coming.

"No, you are to drive me and some friends home first, and then return here to wait for my aunt. Drive very carefully, Davie, remember," she added; "for I am aweary beyond anything, and, if an accident should happen, my lady might fancy it was from sleepiness after too much ale."

This adroit hint had its effect, and the heavy carriage performed its short journey with less pain to the wounded man than might have been expected from its springless state and ark-like proportions. When it once reached the house, the coachman had fallen back into a semi-dreamful state; and, as the streets of Edinburgh were sparsely lighted in those days, the wounded man was carried into the house, and up stairs to a pleasant chamber in the old mansion, without any person being the wiser; for the household servants were still more confused than the coachman, having gained the advantage of extra libations from the time which he had dozed away on his box.

The wounded man was laid on the great high-posted bedstead, sensible, but in evident pain. Flora would gladly have remained by his side to help and give what comfort lay in her power; but Luke, who had now gained his entire self-possession, quietly decided that she should arrange her dress and go back with the carriage, while he remained by his brother. His cool decision had its effect on the young girl, especially after Dougal had enforced it by a few whispered words.

She ran to her chamber, changed the rose-colored robe for one of a kindred tint, replaced the torn lace, and, in a few minutes, came down stairs again, looking fresh and lovely as ever, save that her cheeks were pale, and her eyes heavy with the lassitude of exhausted feeling. As Flora drove up to the palace a second time, undecided how to act, and doubtful if she could reach Lady Clanranald without difficulty, she saw her cousin standing near the entrance, looking anxiously toward the spot where he had doubtless expected to find his mother's carriage. Flora leaned out of the window.

"Clanranald!"

The young man's face brightened, and he stepped forward.

"Why, Flora, you have given your aunt such a fright—and the Prince too! He has twice inquired for you!"

Flora motioned her cousin to draw closer; then, leaning toward him, she whispered,

"They have attempted his life again. As we stood together at the window, I saw some one aim an arrow at him from the grounds. I pushed him away out of danger; afterward the assassin mistook Dougal Carr for the Prince, I am sure of it. He is badly wounded. I saw it all. We have just carried him to your house. Now take me up to the state-chamber; they must not guess that I have been away."

Clanranald stood lost in amazement; he could hardly believe his senses. But Flora's pale face and excited manner convinced him, and he instantly saw the prudence of her movement. Just at this time, when it was so necessary to convince the world of the popularity Charles Edward possessed in Scotland, publicity to these attempts upon his life would be a grave political error, the importance of which he fully understood.

"And this attempt is unknown, you say, Flora?"

"Entirely, except to the hunchback—you remember him—Luke Carr, Dougal's brother. Not even the coachman there, thanks to my aunt's strong ale, knows anything about it. See how I tremble, cousin! If I could only go to bed and cry now, in place of all that rush and music, it would be heaven!"

"No, Flora, you must be a heroine to the last! Poor child! how your hands shake! There—lean heavily as you like. They will only think you weary from dancing. Say nothing of this to my mother till we get home. Poor young man! Is he much hurt?"

Had Clanranald looked down then, he would have seen tears start into his cousin's eyes and

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a pressure of the lips; but after a moment she answered him calmly enough, and, thus leaning on his arm, seemed to be chatting pleasantly as they walked through the guards up to the state-chamber.

Lady Clanranald stood near the temporary throne, looking weary and anxious. She had missed Flora from the room, and when the Prince came up, inquiring for her, the mystery of her disappearance became painful. There was no slight commotion among this party when Flora entered the state-chamber again. Leaning quietly on the arm of her cousin, Lady Clanranald stepped forward, eager and anxious.

"Why, Flora, where have you been?"

"The room was close, and my cousin found the dance too much for her; so we took a turn in the grounds," said Clanranald, smiling.

"Nay, is it only that? Fortunately you are her cousin, or this might create scandal!" answered the mother, with a tone of displeasure in her voice.

"Nothing so cruel can reach this fair maiden in our poor court, while Charles Edward is its center," said the Prince, in a low voice, drawing close to Lady Clanranald.

Flora turned a grateful glance upon him. Lady Clanranald looked at them both with proud scrutiny. She felt that something was kept from her. Katharine Fraser, too, wore a pained and almost haughty look. The Prince observed it, and a gleam of intelligence lighted his face.

"By your leave, Clanranald, I will release you from attendance on Mistress Flora, and find her a seat near yon open window."

Charles Edward, assuming the privileges of his position, awaited no answer, but, taking Flora's hand from her cousin's arm, led her away, forcing a smile upon his anxious face.

"What is this?" whispered Lady Clanranald, turning imperiously upon her son.

"Hush! mother, his life has been assailed a second time. A man has been hurt; but it is important that all is kept secret. See, the dance lags; they are watching us."

Lady Clanranald's face cleared. She understood everything, and instantly assumed an air of composure.

"Join the dance with our guest," she said, smiling upon Katharine. "Flora is a brave creature. No wonder kings are ready to render her homage!"

She drew near the window where Charles and his companion were standing.

"Not here; a little on one side," Flora had pleaded, as the Prince paused before an open sash. "The assassin may be prowling round the palace even yet."

"And was it, in good sooth, an attempt to kill me?" questioned the Prince.

"A man was wounded in your stead, my Prince—a young soldier, who saw the danger and went out to punish the murderer."

"Indeed!"

"The assassin mistook him for a more exalted person. He is young and tall, with the air of a monarch!" she said, with enthusiasm.

"Nay, sweet one, whom do these praises reach first: this brave gallant, or the poor Prince whose life he has helped to save?"

Flora blushed crimson, and a grave look settled on the handsome face bent over her.

"Who was the man?" asked Charles Edward, in a changed voice.

"One of those who came to our aid in the chapel, my liege. A young man who rides with the Master of Lovat; his name is Dougal Carr."

"And is he badly hurt?"

"Wounded in the shoulder by an arrow. He had fainted in the grounds, and but for a poor, hunchbacked creature, who came to help me, must have died."

"And it was to save him you left me so suddenly? I could not believe my senses. It seemed as if the crowd had swept you off like a whirlpool. I sought for you everywhere. But how is the young man bestowed? He must not be left to die."

"He is in my aunt's house, and will be well cared for till we get home. After that, Clanranald will seek out a leach, if one is needed," answered Flora; and the rich fullness of her voice betrayed the happiness which the thought of having him in her own house gave.

The Prince looked down gravely. He remembered the youth, his splendid beauty, and the gallant bearing which distinguished him. The thought that this person was to be under the same roof with the young creature at his side disturbed Charles Edward more than he would have liked to confess. Flora cast a wistful glance at his face.

"Are you offended at anything, my Prince?"

"Offended? No, only grateful, and sad that Lady Clanranald should be incommoded in our behalf. There is a skillful leach in our suit; the young man shall be brought here, privately, and placed under his care."

"Nay, it would be dangerous to move him," Flora interposed, in breathless haste. "Besides, the palace is so full of rude noises!"

The Prince frowned.

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"Still, we must not allow the Macdonalds to assume all our debts of gratitude," he said.

That moment Lady Clanranald came up, forgetting all forms of etiquette in her excitement.

"My Prince, what can this mean? Can the Hanoverian have found assassins to commence work at this early day? My poor niece! no wonder you look so weary! Let us go home. I shall have no rest till assured that this poor youth's hurt is not mortal!"

"Yes, yes; let us go!" said Flora, brightening up.

The Prince made no opposition, but his brow darkened.

"If I could but go with you and thank this brave lad!" he said. "But it cannot be. To-morrow, by your leave, fair dame, I will find a moment and visit him."

There was something which betrayed dissatisfaction in Charles Edward's voice; but Lady Clanranald was so excited by what she had heard, that it escaped her, and Flora was so anxious to return home that she heeded nothing else.

CHAPTER XIV.

Luke Carr sat upon his brother's bed, watching the changes of pain on that young face with a sharp anxiety that made him wince with every spasm that disturbed the wounded man. He had applied such simple remedies to the shoulder as his reading suggested; but the arrow had sunk too deep for simple handling. The flesh had been lacerated by the wrench which Dougal had given it in tearing out the weapon, and something even worse than this seemed to inflame his shoulder and increase its anguish. But the young man bore up bravely, and stifled the moans that pain would have wrung from a less heroic soul. Now and then his firm white teeth were ground together, and tears sprang to his eyes; but he made no complaint, only muttering once or twice, "Better me than him! Better me than him!"

At last Luke called out,

"Dougal! Dougal, is the pain so sharp?"

"It is nothing," whispered the wounded youth, through his clenched teeth.

"Does it burn? Is the wound hot?" cried the hunchback, with a degree of anxiety that became almost ferocious.

"Yes, Luke, hot and burning!"

A curse came grinding its way out through Luke's clenched teeth, crushing words together that might have explained something, had they been permitted to escape in language.

"I wish they would come! I wish some one would come and sit with him, while I run home and get at the truth. There is a remedy for everything in science; I will find it out."

Just then the heavy, lumbering roll of carriage wheels shook the pavement, and stopped, with a clang, at Lady Clanranald's door. The eyes of the sick man grew wistful, his nerves relaxed in the strife against pain, and he listened.

"It is her step! It is her step!" he whispered.

Luke sprang off the bed and stole into the hall, breathing short and heavily.

Flora Macdonald and Kate Fraser were coming up the oaken stairs, their rich dresses gleaming in the light which fell from silver sconces in the hall, their faces pale with exhaustion; the silken clad feet that had touched them so lightly in going down, now paused on every step. They had gone forth like crimson colored roses with the dew on them, and came back like the same flowers after the overbloom of a hot sun.

Luke met them on the stairs, for excitement had made him audacious. He addressed Katharine Fraser with scant ceremony, as if she had been his own sister.

"Kate, Mistress Kate, step in and stay with him. I must go home; there is a remedy I must find out, but cannot leave him alone; and none of the servants should be trusted, he says."

Kate paused. Her heart yearned toward the poor youth, but she remembered the words he had used, and the look he had given her in the room below; then thought of Clanranald, and drew back, hardening that gentle heart from terror of doing a wrong to the man she loved.

"No, Luke, it is not meet. I am but a guest here. Stay with Dougal yourself. Is he much hurt?"

"Pass on," said the hunchback, fiercely. "Woman without a heart, pass on; here is one who will not falter. Lady, come with me—you are no coward!"

"Is he worse? Is he dead?" cried Flora, turning her white face upon the hunchback, pushing past Kate Fraser, and passing through the door of the sick man's room. "Oh, my God! he is dead!"

She entered the vast chamber lighted only at one end, leaving shadows all along the walls, broken into deeper blackness by masses of ponderous furniture grouped at a distance from the great high bed, like grotesque monsters that had gone to sleep guarding it.

Pale gleams of light fell across the bed, and were drank up by the heavy crimson curtains,

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till they seemed scarcely more than wine stains dashed among the folds; underneath these curtains lay the wounded man, pale as death, and listening with all his soul. Flora came forward, and the light fell upon her court dress, filling the spot where she stood with a rosy glow, in abrupt contrast with the darkness around. A pair of glittering eyes were watching for her from the bed; the lids fell over them, and a groan of cruel disappointment broke through the white lips just parted with expectation.

The groan was music to Flora's ears. She sprang toward the bed, fell upon her knees and burst into a passion of tears, stifled back by the velvet counterpane which she held to her mouth.

The noise of her stifled passion aroused the young man.

"Do not weep, lady," he murmured.

Flora hushed herself.

"Is there only one here?" he asked.

"Only one, Flora Macdonald," she answered. "I have come to sit by you—to help you—pray for you, anything that will appease your pain!"

The youth moaned. Flora rose from her knees and bent over him; her soft, unequal breath fanned his face; the drooping waves of her hair brushed his face. She would have given the world to touch his forehead with her lips, but pure love made her timid—she who had received kingly homage without a flutter of the heart.

She lingered fondly over him, putting back the moist hair from his forehead with fingers that touched him like rose-leaves. Some sweet throe of her heart went out from her bosom in this gentle ministration, and the youth felt it above and beyond his pain. He drew a deep breath, and his eyelids fluttered downward. She changed his pillow a little, cooling it with her hands; then she bent down her face and whispered,

"Have I done you good? Do you love to have me here?"

"Yes," he whispered, "I love—I love——"

The sentence was not ended. He fell asleep with the sweet word, "love," upon his lips.

Lady Clanranald came to the door. Flora stole out, her eyes bright, her face all aglow with the perfume that one word had sent up from her heart.

"He sleeps, dear aunt," she said, pressing two clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to hide something there. "He sleeps, and you will but disturb him. Let me watch till his brother comes."

"But you are weary. Let me watch."

"Weary? Oh! no; on the contrary, I am rested and so wakeful. It seems as if I never should be tired again. Go to rest, aunt; kiss me, dear, dear aunt, and go to rest!"

Lady Clanranald was very tired, and yielded to this sweet persuasion, giving the kiss her niece craved before she went to her own chamber.

Again Flora was alone, close by the bed, watching the young man as he slept. If he moaned, a spasm of pain contracted her white forehead—if he sighed, her sweet mouth was all in a tremble, like that of a little child when it is half-frightened, half-grieved. Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than her pure face, as the dim light revealed all these feelings passing over it in gleams and shadows.

She asked no questions of herself that night. The world and its conventionalities were thrust outside of her life. Flora thought not if this man was of high or low degree; all that she knew or cared, just then, was, that he had twice shared her danger, and that she loved him with her whole being. The only anxiety that beset her now was a fear that Luke would return and break up the heaven of that silent watch.

Dougal struggled in his sleep; hot flushes came and went on his cheek, at last burning there in a crimson fire. Flora felt that something more subtle than the tear of an arrowhead was aching in his wound. He muttered in his sleep; ordered troops to charge and rush onward; leaped horses over wild chasms and swam them across rivers, describing the fearful dangers of the progress in wild language that stirred the blood like a trumpet.

In the midst of all this, Dougal started up and would have sprang to the floor, but his watcher threw her arms around him and held him close, soothing him with a thousand endearing words, that she would not have uttered in his sensible state for the world. She found a fascination in this, a deep stolen pleasure that thrilled her with delight; for sometimes he answered back with thanks that seemed to her like assurances of affection, and then the proud blood in her veins swelled triumphantly. Yet this was a simple mountain boy, upon whom Kate Fraser looked down with lofty compassion. She thought of this, and rose above Kate Fraser in her soul. Had not she, Flora Macdonald, that very night, listened to the passionate adulation of a Stuart, and with a still heart? Yet her very being humbled itself before this stranger. Noble, of course he was noble; the king's patent might be wanting; but at one time even the lords of the Isle had started from his level.

But at last the fever became too strong for

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her. The young man raved, not of Kate Fraser, his secret lay too deep down in an honorable heart for that; and truths seldom come to the surface in fevers, all romancers to the contrary notwithstanding. He was taming a wild horse, and in the imaginary struggle hurt his shoulder, till a sharp cry of pain escaped him.

Flora, pale with affright, was struggling with him when the hunchback returned. He was pale with anxiety, and great drops stood on his forehead.

"I cannot find it," he said; "the book has been left behind at Dounie. I have no skill. See how the fever rages! He must die! He must die!"

The words froze Flora where she stood. "Die!" she whispered, in vague horror. "Did you say that?"

Dougal had raved himself quiet, and lay with his lips apart panting on the pillow.

Luke bent over him, pale and shuddering.

"Bring me a light."

Flora went to the table and brought a lamp between her cold hands. She held it firmly, the jet of flame scarcely quivered. The hunchback with one word had frozen her into stillness.

Luke unwound the bandages from Dougal's shoulder, and removed the costly lint from the wound. A low cry burst from him, and, covering his face with both hands, he shook violently from head to foot.

"It is so! It is so!" he moaned.

"What?" questioned the girl, in a low, sharp voice.

"The arrow was poisoned!"

"And he must die?"

"I had an antidote. It cannot be found. Yes, he must die!"

They stood looking at each other, these two wretched beings, struck with a horror so terrible that the pulses of life seemed to stop. The drops grew thick and large upon Luke's forehead, gleaming there like rain upon marble. Flora stood before him dumb and white. All at once a cry broke from her—a cry followed by a look so brilliantly wild that it struck the hunchback with dismay. She crowded between him and the bed, removed the linen garment from Dougal's shoulder, and, bending down, pressed her mouth upon the wound.

The instant Luke understood this movement, his limbs began to tremble under him, and the drops fell in a rain from his face. He clutched the massive bed-post with both hands, as if the strain on his muscles could help that noble girl forward in her perilous work.

Never did a human lip press kisses on beloved lips more gladly than Flora Macdonald drank the poison from that wounded shoulder. Sometimes the patient winced and muttered in his delirium; but she gave no heed, only pressing her mouth closer, searching eagerly for the poison, afraid to pause lest he should die.

At last, Luke, who had been watching the sick man's face, saw how peaceful it had become, and removed the young girl by gentle force.

"It is enough. You have saved him—saved more than you will ever know of," he cried; and great tears rolled heavily from his eyes. "Oh! lady, lady, I could perish to prove how grateful this has made me!"

Flora made no answer, but turned her pale, bewildered face on him, parted her lips as if a smile were struggling for expression, and fell to the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PICTURE IN MEMORY'S HALL.

BY LOUISE SMITH.

THERE'S a picture fair, with a gilding rare,
Hung in memory's sacred hall;
Where the shadow creeps, and the sunlight peeps
O'er the white and sculptured wall.

There's a sunny slope, and a babbling brook,
And a voice with its music clear;
There's a wreath of flowers, culled in sunlit hours,
With a childhood's crystal tear;

And a mystic dream, robed in dazzling sheen,
When the heart, like a verdant plain,
Was unsoiled by blight, or by sorrow's night,
Nor tinged with a sombre stain.

There's a new-made grave, where the willows wave,
And a pall of a sable hue—
Where the wild flowers bow, ov'r a mother's brow,
And the starlight gems the dew.

And along that wall, where the shadows fall,
Is a deepening storm-cloud drear—
Where the zigzag light pencils pathways bright,
And the loud, loud tempests roar.

But a ray serene, 'mid the gloomy scene,
Beams bright on the spirit's eye.
As the clouds are riven, by the light of Heaven,
And disperse from the mental sky.

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A PLAIN STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was done at last. Jane Holbrooke folded up the manuscript and leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief, such as only one can feel who has just ended a day of severe mental exertion.

I am afraid she looked neither poetical nor romantic as she sat there; and, authoress though she was, her thoughts, if she was not too weary to have any, were of so commonplace a character, that they would possibly have astonished any of her young and enthusiastic admirers. Her eyes ached, and she felt so decidedly irritable, that it was just as well of her to sit there alone until a little rest enabled her to change her mood in some slight degree.

Do not let me deceive anybody in the outset. Jane was not a young girl who wrote poetry because she could not help it, or strung fancied sorrows into improbable romances. In fact, she had been ten years before the public, and had established for herself a reputation beyond what she could have hoped for, if that had been her object in taking up authorship as a profession.

She was thirty years old—a little beyond that even, I think. I do not fancy her pretty; a slender, pale woman, with deep gray eyes, that sometimes astonished you with their wistful, earnest expression; irregular features, which in repose were not at all extraordinary, though, sometimes, when animated or excited, she surprised you into the confession that she was, after all, almost a handsome woman. I am sorry to say that between her eyes were visible those two invariable little wrinkles, that no mortal ever escaped who has passed ten years at literary drudgery; and very often, when she was tired or troubled, they gave her whole face an almost stern expression.

She was quiet, almost timid with strangers, unless she had some object to accomplish, or became interested in a conversation that made her forget herself. With those she knew she had a fund of quaint humor that was irresistible, and from long habit a self-control which made her a pleasant and dependable companion.

But never mind; these tiresome descriptions will give you no idea of her whatever, nor can I by any means imagine that, in this little sketch, I shall succeed in placing her at all closely before you, as she appeared to me and those who usually knew her.

The twilight deepened, and Jane was startled from a half-doze by the ringing of a tea-bell. She rose immediately, bathed her eyes, arranged her hair as nicely as if there had been full light in the room—her mother and sisters always declared she had eyes like a cat and could see in the dark—and turned to the window to enjoy one moment more of solitude before joining the group down stairs.

But there came a knock at the door, and a child's voice called impatiently,

"Sister Jane! Sister Jane!"

She went to the door and opened it.

"Do come to tea, please," said the little girl, not disrespectfully, but in a querulous tone, which small and great people will employ when things have gone a little wrong with them.

"What is the matter, Marian?" Jane asked, perfectly understanding what the tone meant.

Of course the child began to sob immediately—there was enough of sympathy in her sister's voice to make her give way.

"Stevy got my doll away from me and wouldn't give it back, and I run into Lucy and I upset an inkstand she had in her hand, and then she pushed me, and Lawrence laughed at me, and I hurt my head; and I hate 'em all, so I do."

She stopped, too much out of breath even to sob, and hid her head in Jane's dress. In the darkness Jane smiled a little to think how nearly the child's humor corresponded to her own; but she led her into the chamber, sat patiently down, and, taking the little girl on her knee, waited for her to get rid of her first burst of excitement. She quieted her very soon, and by the time the swollen eyes had been bathed, Marian was laughing heartily over some amusing story that Jane told.

The tea-bell rang again, pretty sharply too.

"That's Lucy," said Marian; "now doesn't she ring that just out of spite, Jane?"

"I suppose the tea is getting cold; we must not keep them waiting," was all Jane said; as, luckily for her control over the children, she did not think it necessary pointedly to reprove them

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for every little failing of temper. Marian understood the implied disapproval of her words, however, and slid her hand into Jane's by way of a peace offering. They went down stairs into the sitting-room and found the little family group gathered about the table.

"You see we are waiting for you, Jane," said Lawrence, helping himself to a muffin as he spoke.

"The tea is almost cold," said Lucy, fretfully. "I am sure you must have had to stop writing an hour ago."

Jane made very little answer. She saw that the family elements were jarring slightly, and that was not a favorable topic to pursue.

"Please to give me a glass of milk, Lucy," Marian asked in quite a meek tone.

Lucy passed her the tumbler in an impatient way; and, quite as much by her own fault as that of the child, the milk was spilled over the cloth.

"There!" exclaimed Lucy. "You are the most careless child—you ought to be sent to bed at once!"

"You did it as much as me!" blubbered Marian.

"Butter fingers!" whispered Steve.

Marian set up a loud lamentation, and Lucy fretted.

"Pandemonium broke loose!" cried Lawrence; and, by way of adding to the confusion, commenced to whistle.

"Marian," said Jane, very quietly, "stop crying this instant."

The wail ceased as if by magic. Stephen tittered and pointed his fingers at her in triumph, but unfortunately Jane's quick eyes perceived the action. He was effectually put down by a single look, and remained so crest-fallen that he was really an object of pity, as in his mind to be considered ungentlemanly by sister Jane was the greatest misfortune that could befall him.

"Lucy," continued Jane, pleasantly, "if you will be good enough to ring for Susan, she can put a napkin over that small ocean, and everything will do very well."

"That child is so careless," she said, fretfully; but there was something in Jane's face which checked any farther ebullition of temper, and she complied with the request in silence.

"Now Lawrence," said Jane, when order was restored, "as that waltz you are whistling so diligently has not made the muffins dance in my reach, I hope you will pass them to me."

On the whole, the meal passed off sufficiently well, although it needed all the elder sister's tact and gentle authority to preserve the harmony usual in the household. It was a pleasant occupation after a day's hard labor; but Jane was accustomed to it, and I am not sure that she displayed any less genius from the fact that she did not give way to the irritability in which so many literary people appear to fancy themselves at liberty to indulge.

Perhaps, in many respects, Jane Holbrooke's life was not at all what she could have wished; but she had grown accustomed to it, and real honest work had kept her from the repinings in which she might otherwise have indulged.

She had written as a young girl; but when her father died, ten years before, she had taken up authorship as a profession to eke the income which had been left for the support of herself, and her brothers, and sisters. Besides all the other literary labors, she had published two or three novels, and found herself now in comfortable circumstances, and was greatly astonished to find herself famous.

The debts left by her father had been paid, and if she had been alone in the world, the income derived by her writings would have supported her; but Lawrence was a gay, thoughtless young man; Lucy willful and extravagant; and between them and their wants Jane's life of servitude went on.

They all loved and respected her; but they had been so accustomed to have her work for them that they never thought about the matter. The truth was, Lucy and her elder brother were both unconsciously selfish; Jane, with her clear-sightedness, must have seen it, but she shut her eyes to the fact, and had fallen so much into the way of making sacrifices, that she did it quite as a matter of course.

Lucy had been sent to schools, and Lawrence helped through college; how much labor, how much anxious thought it had cost Jane they never knew. Now Lucy was a pretty, interesting girl, but willful and capricious, and, like Lawrence, had imbibed expensive and extravagant tastes, which caused Jane much trouble.

She looked forward to more unalloyed pleasure with the younger children; for, although Marian was passionate, she was generous and yielding, and Stephen was only too deeply devoted to his studies.

She could, in a measure, put their future out of her thoughts for the present; and certainly between her labors and the anxiety the elder pair gave her, she had more occupation than enough for both head and heart.

Not long after tea, the old-fashioned knocker on the front door made a heavy clanging through

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the house, and Lucy brightened at once. The prospect of guests made her forget the real ill-humor which she had denied, and the fancied indisposition of which she had complained for the last hour.

Jane indulged in a sigh of weariness as she heard several gay voices. Her sister's young friends were not greatly to her taste, although she invariably treated them with the utmost hospitality, and by many of them was laughed at as an old maid for her pains.

She did not go into the front parlor immediately, being occupied in helping Stephen with some difficult task; and it was not until an exclamation from the boy made her look up, that she saw one of the guests had entered the room, and was standing before her with a rather quizzical smile at her absorption.

Jane colored a little, but held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"I thought you were a hundred miles away," she said. "When did you return, Mr. Bentley?"

"Only to-day. Have you been well?"

"Perfectly so. I always am, you know."

"You look miserably tired, at all events! What is that you were poring over so intently? I hope I haven't disturbed an inspiration."

"Only Stephen's Latin theme," she said, a little wearily.

He quietly drew a chair to the table, moved the paper from under her hand, and in a few moments the troublesome matter was out to rights.

"There, youngster," he said, tossing it over to the delighted boy, "be off with you—your sister has had Latin enough for one evening."

Jane did not catch the earnest, searching look he gave her after the boy went away—a look that showed he understood and sympathized with the weary discouragement which she had tried in vain to shake off; but he made no remark, and went on talking to her in a pleasant, friendly way.

They had a half-hour's conversation such as really did Jane good; but in the midst of it Lucy came into the room, looking so graceful and pretty, that it was difficult to believe she was ever anything but a ray of sunshine in the house.

"Oh, Jane!" she said, in her coaxing, childish way, "old Mrs. Brent and Martin have come in—you know nobody but you can entertain them!"

"I should think Martin ought to fall to your share, Miss Lucy," Mr. Bentley said.

"Thank you," she replied, shrugging her shoulders; "I don't like boys—I might turn him over to Marian."

"You should not speak so, Lucy," said Jane. "Martin is a fine, amiable young man——"

"Now do add that he is handsome, Jane—please do!" and Lucy twisted her face into a grimace that was so comically like the youth's expression that Mr. Bentley laughed, and Jane could not help a smile, although she disliked Lucy's propensity of ridiculing everybody who did not meet the approval of her fancy.

"Don't do that," she said.

"Please don't scold!" interrupted Lucy. "Oh, goodness, Jane! old Mrs. Brent is making for me and Martin after her. Save me if you have any mercy!"

She shrunk behind Mr. Bentley in affected terror, and Jane went away; it usually fell to her share to entertain any guests whom the young lady considered tiresome."

"Why do you look so grave?" Lucy asked of Mr. Bentley.

"Do I?" he said, rather absently.

"Oh! if you can't talk to me I shall go away," she returned, looking half-vexed and altogether coquettish.

"That would be very cruel after depriving me of your sister's society."

"But see those people in the other room——"

"Certainly—a group of fascinating young men—no wonder you do not wish to waste your time on an old bachelor."

"I told you I hated boys!" she said. "I have done something for you that you don't deserve."

"You have not a lofty opinion of my merits. But what is it?"

"Learned the song you brought me. Now am I not a pattern of punctuality?"

She led him away to the piano in triumph—kept him there while she sang several of his favorites; and between his admiration for her sweet voice, and his amusement at her piquant, childish conversation, managed to keep up what looked like a very respectable flirtation, and effectually annoyed two or three of her youthful admirers who were in the room.

The evening was almost over before he got near Jane again; then they had only a few moments of serious conversation.

"I am going now," he said. "Will you please to make me a promise?"

"Possibly. Perhaps it is not asking too much to inquire first what it may be?"

"To go to bed at once and worry your head no more over writing or Lawrence's affairs until morning."

"I promise that with pleasure."

She held out her hand to him. They were standing in the back parlor, unobserved, and,

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for the first time in his life, he touched his lips to the slender fingers. Jane felt the crimson rush over her face—she heard him murmur something that sounded like wishing for the right to make her rest. Then, before she could recover from her confusion, or know if she heard distinctly, some one entered the room, and he had dropped her hand and was gone.

Alone in her room that kiss tingled on Jane's fingers still. She lay in bed guarding that hand in the other as if some precious ornament had been placed upon it, and looking out into the starlight with a dreamy pleasure, very unlike the restlessness and anxiety which had been upon her all day.

It sounds preposterous, I know, but Jane Holbrooke had lived to be thirty years old without so much as ever having had a girlish fancy. During her girlhood constant attentions upon an invalid father had kept her out of society; and since, the labors of her profession, and the cares of her family, had kept her from indulging in fancies until she had reached an age when there would have been no possibility of her loving any but a man whom she could respect and reverence.

That very fact would make love to her solemn when it did come. Her nature was so deep and earnest, she was so clear-sighted and firm, that there would be no possibility of self-deception. If she loved, it must be forever, and that love must round into perfectness her incomplete life, or make it, what half our lives are, a weak and a miserable failure.

She had known Harvey Bentley almost a year. He had settled in the bustling little city where she lived, and had already made himself the most prominent lawyer in the place, having moved there at the solicitation of an old relative, who wished a partner to save him from the toil of business.

He was a few years older than Jane, a man of pleasant, winning manners and undoubted superiority. It was not surprising that an acquaintance formed between them, through her respect and love for the old judge, had ripened into a warm friendship.

For the first time in her life, Jane had found some one who could thoroughly enter into all her wishes and hopes, upon whose judgment she could firmly rely, and whose refined and poetic tastes took in the grasp of her intellect. I hate to say it was the first time any one ever really understood her; the phrase is so hackneied and lackadaisical, but it is the only one that will express what I mean.

That her brother and sister should appreciate was not a thing to be expected. They were proud of the reflected honor thus derived from her reputation; but in their hearts they thought her an eccentric old maid, and the idea of making the slightest sacrifice in return for all that she had done for them would never have entered their heads.

Not that they were more selfish than most young people, who have been indulged and kept from all trouble by the exertions of another. Lucy was sorry when she saw her overworked; but that would not have prevented her feeling exceedingly ill-used, if she had been kept at home to copy three pages of manuscript. Lawrence scolded her for trying her eyes by night-work; but he never remembered the demands he made upon her rendered such labor necessary.

No, they were like most people under similar circumstances. They were accustomed to having Jane slave for them, and until she dropped down in the harness, would never discover they had been turning their race-horse into the most ordinary beast of burthen.

You can understand what a change Bentley's coming made in her life. She had found a companion; before that there was only one thing to compare her life to—she was like a nightingale shut up with a score of chattering canaries.

Lucy filled the house with young girls, who were divided between admiration of Jane's stories and fear of her as a live author; Lawrence brought gay young men who only thought her a bore and a spinster. People of all sorts came to her with their cares and their troubles; lion hunters persecuted her with their attentions; and the set who considered themselves pre-eminently refined and literary invited her to stiff reunions, and were perfectly shocked because she neither talked tragedy nor comedy: and, in short, appeared just like other women, only rather more quiet.

Jane Holbrooke had accepted her life as she found it, and for that she deserved more admiration than I should have given even her real genius. She neither fretted nor was unhappy; I doubt if it often occurred to her how little she was appreciated and understood.

Life in her study and the commonplace existence outside were two distinct things. Alone with her books and her dreams Jane forgot the monotony, the care that awaited her without; and there was no twist or morbid tendency in her mind even to give a tinge to her writings.

You will think that I offer you but a faint outline of a character, such as you are in the habit of ascribing to a woman of genius; but, after all, the fault is as much in you as in

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myself. You, who read, and I, who write, might have lived years in the society of that woman, and, perhaps, have known her little better than we shall do from this weak sketch.

Nor is it her genius that I wish to make prominent to you: it is the patience—the far-sighted charity—the acute perception of others' sufferings—the pity for the erring—the scorn for meanness and the world's great wrongs; it is this portion of her character that I should most like to dwell upon. And yet, after all, these very qualities sprang out of her genius, and were clearer, nobler than they are in other people, owing to the fact that they caught their breadth and coloring from it.

It was only within a short time that Jane had taken any thought of the feeling which drew her toward Bentley. She had given up the idea of love, as connected with herself, and used to wonder, half in jest, and half in sadness, how it was that she, who could portray the sentiment so successfully in her imaginary characters, could have no perception of it in her own heart.

That night, as she lay watching the starbeams, and felt that one kiss still warm upon her hand, there came a revelation to Jane Holbrooke from which there was no escape. Faint premonitions there had been before: her restlessness during Bentley's absence—the want it made in her life; but now her heart whispered clearly, and she could not shut her ears to the sound.

The next day, while Lucy was standing on the verandah, and looking idly down the yard, which their residence on the outskirts of the town enabled them to have, she saw Mr. Bentley driving up to the gate, and stood watching him as he got out of the carriage and walked toward her.

"Who is there here would like a drive?" he asked.

"I don't think you will have to go farther than the young lady before you," she answered.

"I thought it would do your sister good," he continued. "She looked so miserably tired last night."

Lucy's brow grew overcast at once.

"Jane won't go," she answered, promptly. "She is very busy, and won't see anybody. I hate to disturb her."

He looked disappointed, but she received the desired invitation. Away ran Lucy and burst into Jane's room, quite forgetful of the fear she had of disturbing her.

"Jane," she said, hurriedly, "Mr. Bentley wants me to go out driving. He spoke of your going; but I refused for you. I knew you were so busy; and I do want to go; and we can't both!"

"Go," Jane said, quietly; and Lucy hastened away.

Jane laid down her pen and watched them drive away. Lucy was in her gayest spirits, and Mr. Bentley's laugh came up through the open window—it was not pleasant, after the recollections of the previous night.

It chanced, that evening, that they were all invited out. Lucy went early, with a party of friends, and Lawrence waited to accompany Jane, who was unable to leave the house until quite late.

When they entered the rooms, Lucy was singing, and Mr. Bentley was turning over the music. Several gentlemen were grouped about the piano, and Jane looked on with a good deal of displeasure; for Lucy's tendency to coquetry had caused her much uneasiness.

Mr. Bentley soon joined Jane, and she forgot the vague uneasiness which had troubled her in the morning. It was not long before Lucy came hovering about them, and she managed, by a hundred petty arts which would never have suggested themselves to Jane, to engross the greater share of Bentley's attention.

Lucy had taken it into her foolish little head that she was in love with him, and her vanity had really convinced her that he was quite desperate in regard to her. The idea that any one could be in love with Jane never suggested itself to her butterfly mind. Lucy had decided that she was to live and die an old maid, and nothing could have surprised her more than to find any one inclined to interfere with that melancholy catastrophe.

During the weeks that followed, Jane Holbrooke's life lost much of the serenity which had made it so pleasant during the past months; but she had too long schooled her feelings to allow herself to give way to depression, as most women would have done.

It came out at last. Jane's short dream was shattered by the one to whom she had shown the most kindness and consideration.

Lucy came into her room one night, on her return from a party to which Jane had not gone, and seated herself by the bed for a half-hour's talk, according to a habit she had when she had any special confidence to make her sister.

"I never spent so pleasant an evening!" she exclaimed, looking excited still. "I danced more than any girl there. Oh! Jane, some of them were furious!"

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"I do not see how that could have added to your enjoyment."

"Oh! but it did! You have such queer ideas, Jane! But now, don't preach; for I want to tell you something."

Jane waited patiently for the promised communication, supposing it to be like the hundred other trivial affairs she had listened to within the last week. Lucy was silent so long that she turned toward her in surprise: even in the moonlight she could see the flush on the girl's cheek.

"What is it, Lucy?" she asked, gently.

"Now, you will call me foolish," she said. "You think I am always fancying such things."

"What things, my dear?"

"Why, that people care for me, and——"

"Who is the victim now?" Jane inquired, when she broke down.

"I don't know that he is a victim," returned Lucy, petulantly.

"Then you like him? Who is it, Lucy?"

"Mr. Bentley!" she whispered, after a short pause.

Jane felt as if a sharp blow had struck her full upon the heart. She stared at the girl in mingled incredulity and pain.

"You care for him?" she exclaimed. "You do not mean it!"

"Oh! I do, Jane! I am in earnest this time; indeed I am!"

"How do you know that he cares for you?"

"It has been plain enough to see," she replied; "only you never notice such things!"

"What has he said? Has he offered himself to you?" demanded Jane, almost sternly.

"Everything but that; he——"

"Lucy, I believe you are deceiving yourself."

"Do you think I am a fool?" she said, angrily. "You always treat me as if I were a child! I won't stand it!"

"Tell me what he has said, then—word for word."

Jane drew away from the hand her sister had placed on her shoulder, and kept her face in the shadow.

"All sorts of things. To-night he said he hoped, one day, to have the right of advising me; he told me that I ought to understand the reason why he was so much interested in all I did——"

Lucy broke off again; and this time Jane did not bid her go on—she was stunned by the suddenness of the shock, and as yet could hardly comprehend it. Then Lucy told her other things, and to Jane they appeared convincing proofs.

After a time the girl went away, and Jane was alone. Her first impulse was to rise. She wanted to walk about—to shake off the cold weight that lay upon her; but she forced herself to remain still. All through the night she lay there, staring blindly before her, only conscious that she had lost the one hope which had made life endurable.

The morning came, and with it the old round of duties and cares. Jane did not even give herself one day of solitude. She knew that it was best for her to pursue her unvarying course, and she had fortitude enough to do it.

It was all clear enough to her now. She did not even accuse Bentley of trifling; it was only that she had misunderstood his meaning: that which she had deemed sentiment for herself, had only been the result of his feeling for Lucy. It did seem hard that the girl should have come between her and the one object upon which her heart had fixed itself; but even that must be borne.

It was a hard day, very hard. The children were troublesome—she had work to do—and, worse than all, Lucy must needs come to her for counsel. That matter she set at rest completely: the subject had better not be discussed until Mr. Bentley had openly declared himself. The indelicacy of her own conduct seemed at last to strike Lucy; for she acquiesced without a murmur.

During the next week Jane was much occupied, and did not go out at all. Lucy told her of meeting Mr. Bentley every evening. Once he took her out to drive. Jane only saw him for a few moments, one afternoon; then several persons were in the room. She saw Lucy looking radiant and happy, so that she knew all was going well with her; for at the slightest approach of trouble the girl's weak nature gave way at once, and she was limp as a butterfly in a rain-storm.

One evening Lawrence came home in a furious temper. He had been for some time reading law in Mr. Bentley's office, and the latter had found it necessary to reprove him sharply for wasting his time.

"He had better attend to his own conduct," he said, in answer to Jane's indignant remonstrance; "he isn't immaculate by any means!"

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Really, Lawrence, when you are in a passion you are perfectly reckless!"

"It's true," retorted he; and he told a story which by no means reflected credit upon Mr. Bentley, and which, to a woman like Jane, was especially prejudicial. She did not believe it

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at first; but he gave proof which seemed positive.

She was very angry then, and it added to all the pain she had suffered to feel that he was unworthy of her regard. She could but feel that he had trifled both with herself and Lucy. Her chief fear was that the girl's peace might suffer, as her own had done.

Fortunately a few days after, Lucy received an invitation to pass the winter with some friends in a Southern city, and her fancy gave way before the prospect of so much pleasure and gayety. It was decided that she should go; and, in the hurry of preparation, Jane found little leisure for thought.

Lucy was gone at last, and then Jane settled down to her old life, and prepared herself to look calmly at it and see what her fate must be.

For several weeks Mr. Bentley was absent from the city, and Jane was glad of that—she was at least spared the pain of meeting him. She heard of his return through Lawrence; then he called at the house, but she was out. He came again, and she only sent down word that she could receive no one.

She did meet him unexpectedly at length, one afternoon, when she had taken advantage of the mild weather to give the children a long walk.

She heard Marian say,

"Here is Mr. Bentley, Jane;" and he held out his hand to her at the moment, while the children ran on.

"You do not look glad to see me," he said, in a tone of surprise.

She did not answer.

"You would not see me when I called the other day," he went on, a look of indignation usurping the astonishment which had been upon his face at first. "Do you prefer not to see me, Miss Holbrooke?"

"I would rather not," she replied, coldly.

He started as if she had struck him; opened his lips—closed them—touched his hat courteously and passed on, darting one flashing glance upon her.

Jane pursued her walk as if nothing had happened. She could not believe her sister and brother liars, nor could she think that the vanity of the one, or the passion and uncharitableness of the other, could have led them to make statements which had no foundation in reality.

"Oh! Jane, how pale you are!" Marian exclaimed, when they reached home.

Jane went on up to her room. When she saw her face in the glass, she did not wonder that it had attracted the child's attention—she hardly knew it for her own.

After that day Jane kept herself closely at home, refusing invitations which could have brought her into contact with Bentley.

The last autumn days passed; winter came on and dragged itself along almost to spring.

They were hard months to Jane; but nobody knew of her trouble. Her friends saw her looking pale and thin, but they only thought she worked too hard; and Lawrence thought she grew old maidish every day, and so he wrote to Lucy, congratulating her upon her escape from home.

That damsel was enjoying herself to the extent of her capacity. Her letters had long since removed from Jane's mind any fear that she might have suffered; and at last she spoke of the thing herself—Lucy never was troubled with any feeling too holy or deep to be revealed.

"Don't you remember my fancying that Bentley cared for me and really believing that I liked him? Such nonsense! But I am not going to tell you about myself—you shall not scold me again for taking fancies."

More in the same light-hearted strain, and Jane laid down the letter, too much relieved to feel inclined to blame her for her frivolity and caprice.

Before spring came Lucy's destiny was fixed. She had formed an engagement with a young man whom Jane had long known and cordially liked. She felt as if one great weight was taken off her mind, and was glad to see that Lucy had really found some deep feeling at last, for her letters evinced that.

Jane gave the letter to Lawrence, when he came in, having chosen to give himself a holiday that afternoon.

"Upon my word it's quite a joke!" said he; "but I am very glad of it."

"So am I, Lawrence; very, very glad."

"She actually thought she liked Bentley," pursued he. "Such a girl for fancies!"

"Did she tell you so?" Jane asked, in surprise.

"There was no need; water isn't much more transparent than sis, although she fancies herself as deep as a well!"

"After what you told me it is very fortunate," she answered, in a low tone.

Lawrence sprang off the sofa, coloring violently.

"Look here, Jane!" he cried, "I was wrong about that business—I meant to have told you so. I got mad with Bentley and threw it at him, and he explained it all. He is a trump, really now he is!"

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Jane started up and confronted him.

"What's the row?" he asked. "I vow you look as if you could eat me!"

"And you have allowed me to think harshly of an honorable man all this time and never explained—Lawrence, I am ashamed of you."

"Why, nobody but you would have thought it anything very terrible, anyway—I looked at it as a kind of joke."

"A joke!" she repeated. "Let this be the last time you assert a thing to me of which you are not certain. I would rather die than feel I could not trust your word, Lawrence."

He set her right there—he explained and excused himself—but all the while he could not understand why she was so agitated: but Jane was always odd.

"Go down to Mr. Bentley's office and request him to come here," she said.

"What's the use just now?"

"That I may beg his pardon for my injustice."

"Why, you don't mean to say you have been cool to him, do you?"

"Please do as I wish."

Lawrence saw that she was terribly in earnest, and obeyed at once. Jane walked up and down the room torn by conflicting emotions. She was glad to feel that she could respect him again; but the mastered love came up strong and fervent; and, besides that, she was to have the pain of telling him of Lucy's engagement—she knew from experience what he would suffer.

She saw him come up the yard—heard his step in the hall for the first time in months. Her breath came so fast that she could hardly stand; but as he opened the door she went forward to meet him.

Mr. Bentley entered, looking grave and somewhat surprised.

"Your brother said you wished to see me," he said, courteously: "and I came at once."

"I want to beg your pardon, Mr. Bentley," she said, holding out her hand and speaking rapidly. "I did you wrong, and I am sorry for it. Lawrence has told you what he thought, but I ought to have known you better."

He took her hand cordially, looking pleased and happy.

"You were right," he said; "quite right. Let us put the subject aside—I am so glad to be friends again."

After a few moments he asked after Lucy.

"I am sorry," faltered Jane, crimsoning; "I am afraid I shall give you pain. I——"

"Has anything happened to her?" he asked quickly.

"She is going to be married!" Jane said, abruptly.

"I am very glad of it," he replied, heartily. "Lucy will make a sweet little wife, and forget her little coquettish ways."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"How strangely you look!" he said. "One would suppose I was a disappointed lover of hers."

"I thought you did like her," she replied, honestly.

He started up, red and confused.

"And did you never guess why? Jane, I have loved you from the first—I felt as if Lucy was a sister—I am sure she understood."

He had taken her hand and went on rapidly, speaking words that bewildered Jane with their sweet meaning.

The world seemed passing away! She could realize nothing, only that he was standing beside her, and that his coming had brought, what she believed her life had lost forever, peace and happiness.

Jane Holbrooke's life received its crown of completeness that day; and henceforward all the honors that the world could give, would only be regarded by her as they brought new pleasure from the joy they gave to him.

OFF TO THE WAR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Bessy opened her letter,
  Turned as white as the snow—
"Mother," she wailed, as I met her,
  "Richard says he must go."

Tears for my poor, pale blossom
  Fell on her golden hair,
As, her face hid in my bosom,
  I breathed a silent prayer!

'Tis not for grief at parting—
  They will not meet before;
Even to-day he is starting
  Eagerly off to the war.

Bessy is brave—but to-morrow
  She would have been a wife;
Now in the stead comes sorrow,
  It may be a widowed life.

Well, there are many weeping
  Over this wide-spread woe:
Mercy! Thou ever watch keeping
  On all brave hearts that go!

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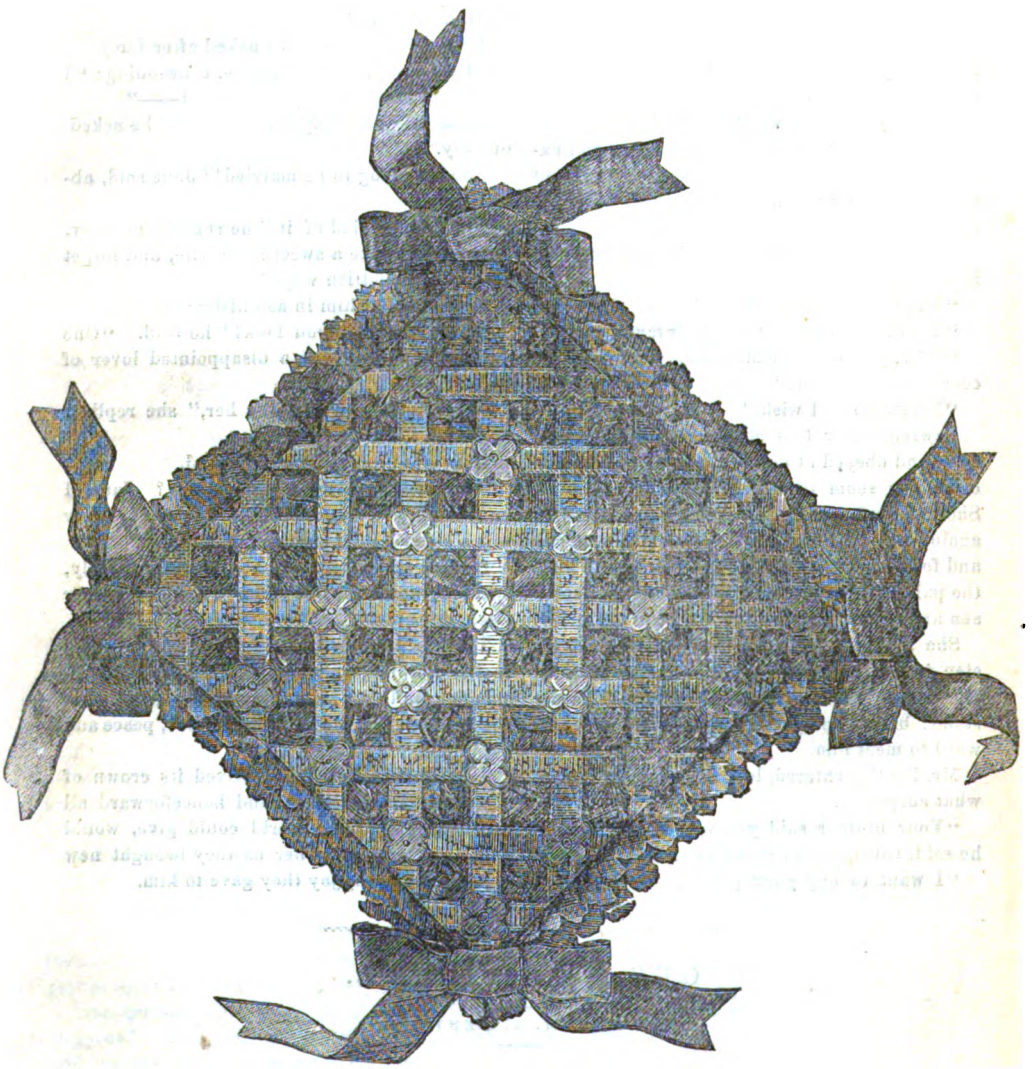
SOFA-PILLOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—5 yards worsted braid; 5½ yards lilac silk; ½ yard white silk; 4 yards lilac ribbon, 2½ inches wide; some white cambric.

Cut the pillow half yard square; stuff with feathers or wool; cover with the white cambric. Then cover the under side with the white silk; the upper side cover with the lilac silk, which must be cut one-third longer than the size of the cushion (that is one way). Cut a piece of stiff paper the size of the pillow, on it baste the worsted braid (which must be the width given in design No. 2); first, one row directly from point to point, then cross that from point to point, as seen in the design; then one row on

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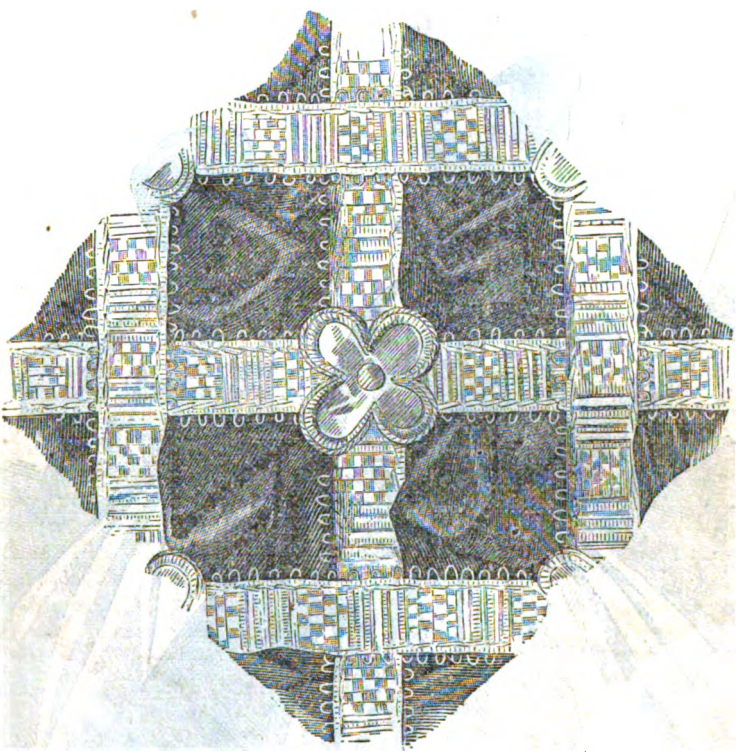
either side at equal distances; cross these last two rows. Continue in this way until you have the square covered, always observing to cross the braid in the order seen in the design. Cut out the squares, leaving the paper under the braid; then place it upon the cushion over the lilac silk, drawing the silk up a little through the square, giving it the puffed look seen in the design. The rosettes are cut out of the lilac silk and worked around the edge with white embroidery silk in button-hole stitch, placing a steel or jet bead in the center. The remainder of the lilac silk cut in strips four inches wide, have it pinked, gather in the center; use the ribbon for bows at each corner, and the pillow is complete. The silk under the braid may be put on plain, if preferred, and still the pillow will be very beautiful. It may also be desirable to vary the colors, especially if the pillow be required for service; black silk with red braid, or red silk with black velvet crossings, would be very pretty.



KNITTING-BAG, OR BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A common straw knitting-basket; some velvet or plush, dark green; 4 or 5 bunches crystal beads; 1 bunch small silver beads; some strong cotton; 1¼ yards of green and white worsted cord; some perforated cardboard. For illustration see front of number.

Cover the basket with the velvet. Cut the cardboard into strips, on it work the beads; first thread 4 crystal ones, sew them down diagonally, then 1 silver, sew it down, 4 crystal; repeat until you have 19 beads in the line; place every line as close as possible without crowding the beads. Make each strip long enough to reach round the basket in the place

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designed, sew these strips upon the basket, attach the cord, looping it at the top. The rosette is a piece of cardboard first covered with velvet and the beads sewed on; tassels of beads in the several places designated complete the bag.

CARACO ESPAGNOL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our full-sized pattern this month is that of the *Caraco Espagnol*, of which we give above a back and front view. The side-piece is cut with the front, to avoid a seam under the arm; the pattern, therefore, consists of three pieces only, the front, back, and sleeve. The hole, cut near the edge of front, shows the place where a small tab may be stitched on underneath, by which the jacket may be pinned to the dress, to hold it in its position, if required. The sleeve is slightly shaped at the elbow, the small notch cut in the back of the sleeve showing how far it is to be left open. This style of *Caraco* will be much worn for morning and promenade dresses. Some ladies may prefer the tight-fitting dress body, trimmed to represent the *Caraco*, in which case this pattern may be placed on the body, and the form marked by a tacking thread. This *Caraco* may be depended on as a correct and graceful pattern, and one suited to any material.

No. 1. The Front.
No. 2. The Back.
No. 3. The Sleeve.

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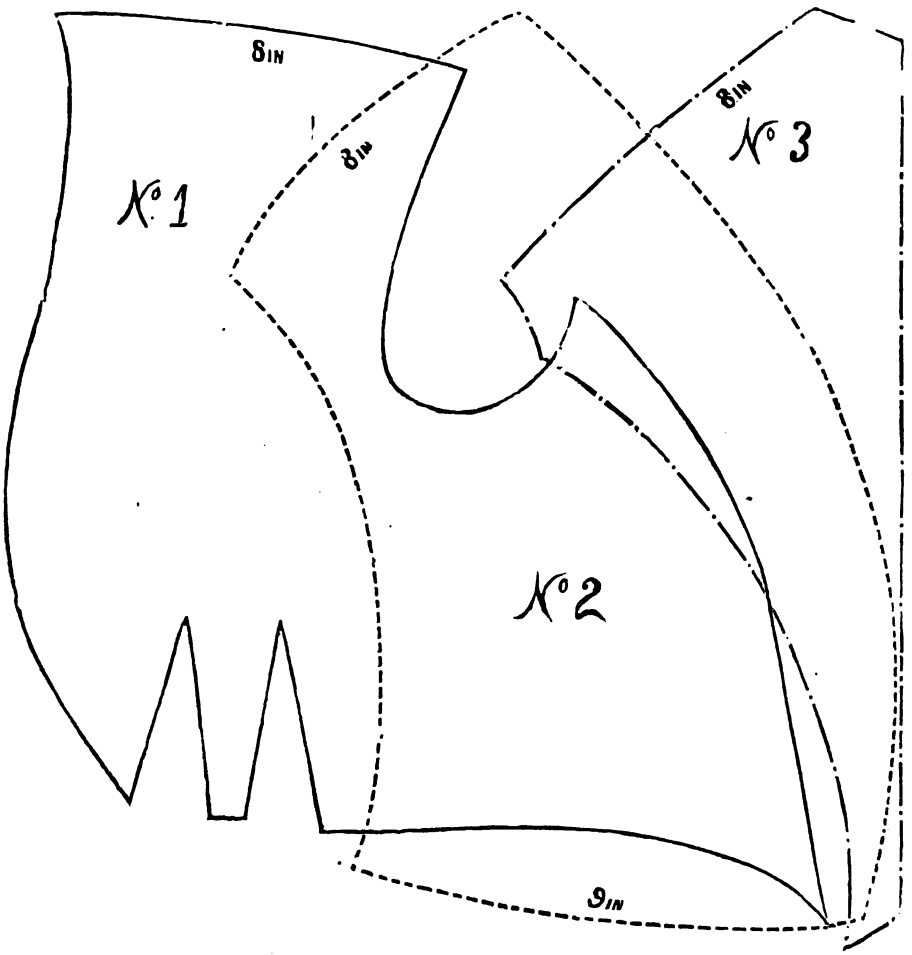

DIAGRAM OF CARACO ESPAGNOL.

NETTED ESCALLOP BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MANY of the various articles now produced by means of the netting needle require borders to complete them, and we have therefore given a choice of two arranged for this purpose. The best way of attaching these is to add a preparatory row to the article, in which, having measured the distances which the escallop will occupy, a loop must be introduced with the thread twice round the mesh, to allow of the first long loops to be netted upon it. These rows which appear thick, and show a sort of pattern in the netting, are done by passing the thread three times round the fingers, netting the three as one loop. These escallops may be made either large or small, to suit the article for which they are intended, by simply regulating the size of the meshes, and selecting a cotton which will suit either as coarse or fine.

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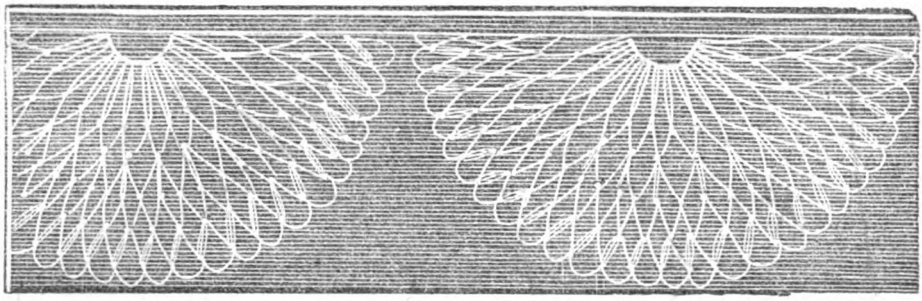
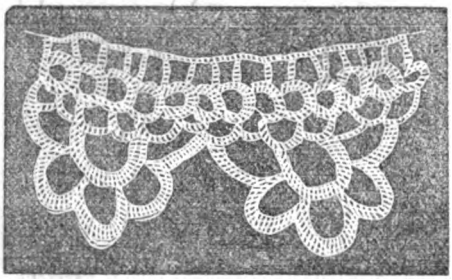


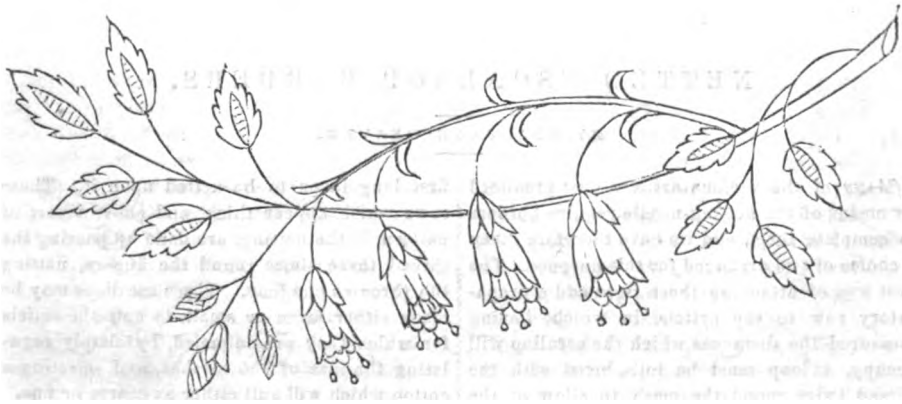
CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE 10 ch, 2 tc into 6th stitch, 2 ch, 2 tc into same loop, 1 ch, 1 tc into last ch, *, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last space, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last space, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, 8 ch, 1 dc into same space, turn, 12 dc under, 8 ch, 1 dc into first space, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch. 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, 5 ch, 1 tc into 3rd dc stitch, 5 ch, 1 tc into 5th, 5 ch, 1 tc into 7th, 5 ch, 1 tc into 10th, 5 ch, 1 dc into 1st loop of head, turn, work 6 dc, under each loop of 5 ch, 1 dc into space, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, repeat from *.

PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



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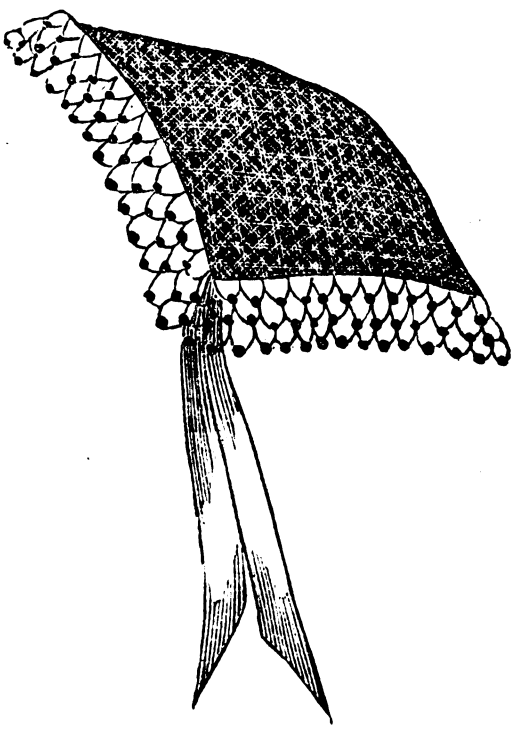
OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

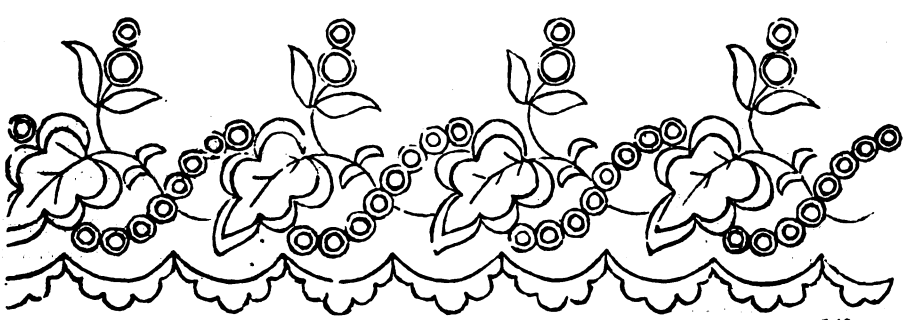


MATERIALS.—2 oz. scarlet zephyr; several strings of white wax beads, large enough to thread on the wool; fine bone knitting-needles; mesh half inch wide; bone netting needle.

FOR THE HEAD-PIECE.—Cast on one stitch, knit plain, widening every row (in the usual way at the beginning of the row), until you have fifty stitches upon the needle, then decrease to one stitch, making a square.

FOR THE BORDER.—Thread the beads, as many as you think you will need for as much wool as the netting-needle will hold, then net on the border; the fullness must be determined by the judgment of the person netting. One bead to every loop, three rows will be sufficient. Finish with ribbon strings. The effect of this hood is charming, the wax beads upon the scarlet wool making a beautiful combination of color, and the shape is the becoming *Marie Stuart.*

PATTERN FOR EDGING.



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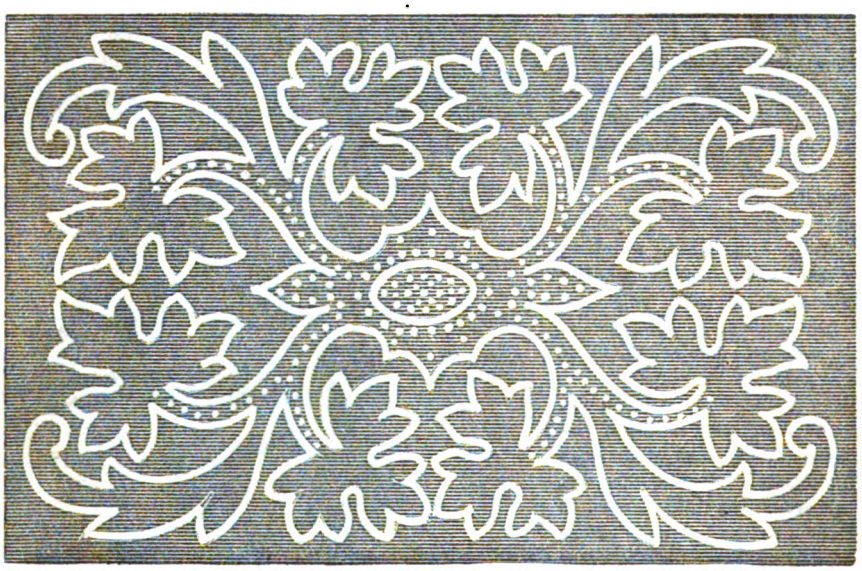
CARD-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The work in which this Card-Case is to be executed is both fashionable and effective, giving it a great resemblance to chased metal. The ground is bronze-colored kid; the outline is in a gold thread; the interior, marked with the dots, is filled up as closely as possible with the smallest size of gold beads. To make the design as handsome as possible, all the surrounding parts, including the whole of the foliage and scroll work, should be filled in with the same size of steel beads. This combination produces excellent results, being quite unlike any other production of the needle.

NETTED TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A subscriber asks for a description how to work a netted tidy. Accordingly we give one.

Materials.—Two reels of No. 10 cotton, and two reels of No. 16. No. 6 round wooden mesh; a broad mesh two inches wide. No. 16 netting needle.

With No. 6 mesh, and No. 10 cotton, net a piece of netting eighty-seven diamonds every way; then, with No. 16 cotton, darn a row of diamonds.

Then commence darning the pattern, beginning at each corner. Great care must be taken to run in the ends securely, or, when washed, they will all come out.

For the Fringe.—Take No. 20 knitting cotton, four-thread, and, with the broad mesh, net four stitches into every diamond; then, after it is washed, cut the fringe.

This should be very slightly stiffened, and afterward undergo the same process as directed for crochet work.

It is a very pretty tidy.

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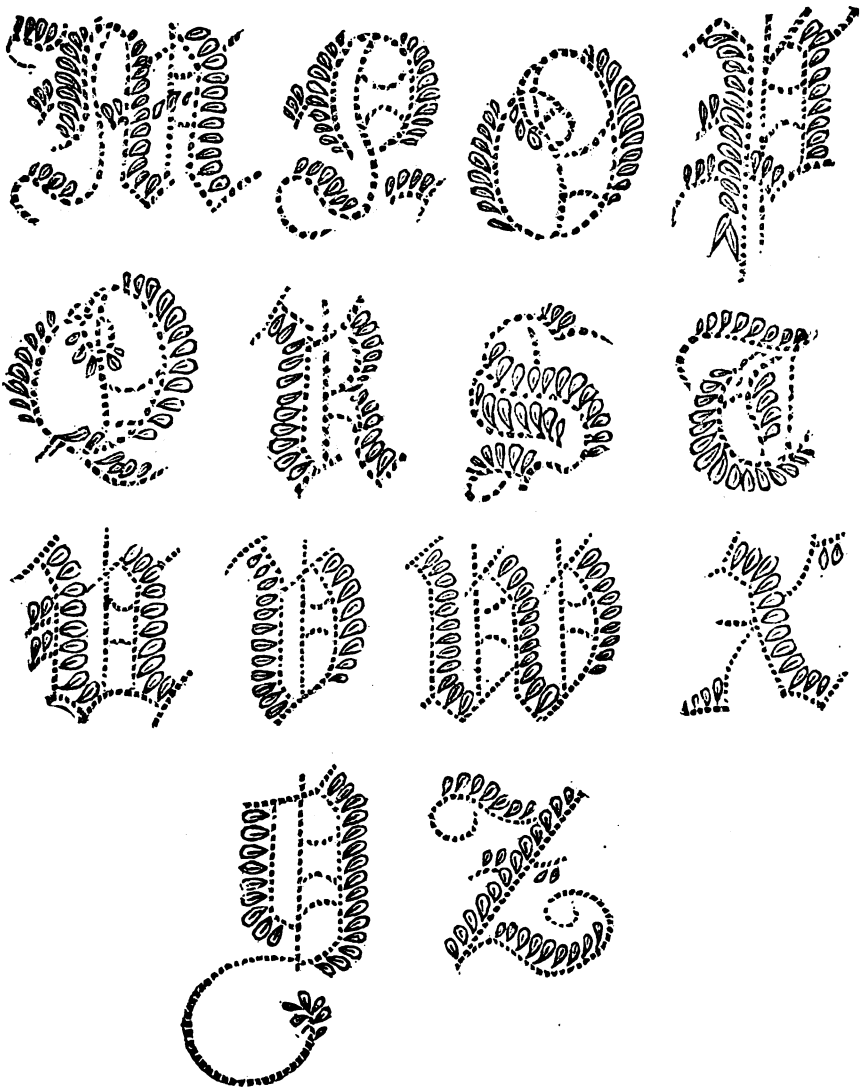
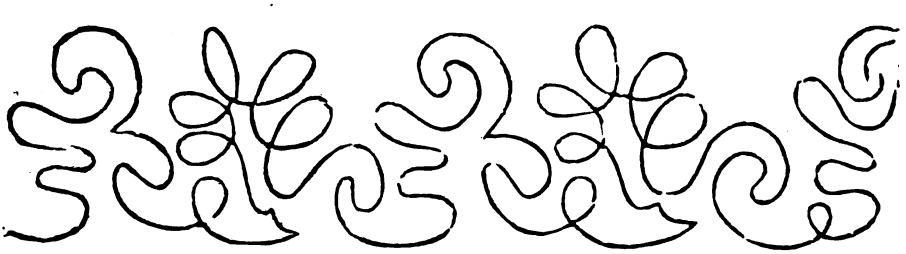
ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

(CONCLUDED FROM JULY NUMBER.)



BRAIDING PATTERN.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Culture of Window Plants.—Under our Horticultural Head, this month, we give some designs for Rustic Vases for Cottage Windows and Gardens, accompanied with descriptive remarks. The culture of window plants is, just now, attracting considerable attention. At a late meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, two different essays were read on the subject. Dr. Jack read one, setting forth his method, which has been quite successful. He said that the subject was one of interest to all who have a love for plants, and especially to those who have not the convenience for greater indulgence.

The conditions most desired, and the attainment of which has proved the most difficult, are the application of an even heat, and the maintenance of a constant moisture. In order to protect his window plants from an atmosphere too dry, he has pursued the plan of enclosing a space inside of the windows, projecting a case into the room, and giving it the form of a bay window. This is indeed but a Wardian case, one side of which is composed of entire sash. The dimensions are, height, five feet eight inches; width, three feet seven inches (this being the size of the window frame), and depth two feet eight inches.

The accommodation of the plants is effected by a circular stage of thirty-one inches in diameter, revolving on a central stud. This form of stage permits a variety of arrangement, and allows access to all parts for the purpose of watering, etc. While this form of case retains the moisture constantly rising from the soil, equally as well as the ordinary Wardian case, it is better supplied with light, and affords an opportunity for a much more tasteful display of plants. It is liable to great diminution of temperature, in consequence of its exposure to the external air, by which means, in cold weather, the plants suffer for heat.

To secure a uniform and sufficient temperature, an opening is made in the top of the case for the entrance of warm air, and another in the bottom, for the exit of the cool, which falls in consequence of its greater specific gravity. By this means, the plants are perfectly protected from contact with cold air. The current of warm air entering the top would, however, naturally dissipate the necessary moisture. To avoid this, a net-work of loose cotton thread is placed over the opening, one end being immersed in water. Capillary attraction causes the whole to be moistened, and the air, in passing over it, becomes saturated with water.

The effect of this method is shown in the better appearance of the plants, a greater evenness of temperature, and the constant and marked presence of humidity. All this is accomplished without complication, and requires but little attention. The process is almost self-regulating, much like that in the Aquarium, which renders the latter of such interest. To secure the condition of heat, the plants should be exposed not too directly to the rays of the sun. If possible, the case should be so placed as to have the light of an adjoining window thrown in its rear.

A communication from Mr. Walter Elder was read, in which the writer traced the history of window gardening, and presented some thoughts on the moral and pleasing nature of the practice. It was the simplest branch of gardening, and the first to interest the mind with a love of flowering plants; it is the parent of exotic floriculture. Working people in large cities, who had not a foot of ground, made gardens upon the house-tops, and now Paris and other European cities are noted for them.

The French excel in balcony gardens. Simple window gardening is, perhaps, more universal among the working classes in Scotland than in any other country. It is in every house. The pious, peaceful, and moral nature of the people attaches them to home, and creates in them a desire to beautify it. The writer thought that the people of Philadelphia showed, several years ago, more taste for this branch of floriculture than now. The communication closed with an allusion to the soothing influence of the culture of flowers on the mind. There was never a more propitious time for the culture of window plants than now, when the number of flowers subject to such treatment is greatly increased.

To Arrange a Bouquet.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or the contrast of colors. Red harmonizes to orange, orange to yellow, violet to red, indigo to violet, blue to indigo, and green to blue. Green is the contrast to red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece from one of its petals, and place it upon white paper; look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without allowing the eyelid to close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This circle is called the spectrum, and is the true complementary color or contrast required. There is no doubt that arranging flowers according to their contrast, or complementary colors, is more pleasing to the eye than placing them according to their harmonics. Consequently, a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plants with abundant foliage near them. "White," says Dr. Lindley, "suits blues and oranges, and better still, reds and roses; but it tarnishes yellows and violets. In all cases, however, when colors do not agree, placing white between them restores the effect."

How to be Handsome.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be beautiful. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or training, or in both. We would, therefore, respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There girls do not jump from infancy to young-ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle direct to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, abundant sunshine, and good moral culture during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

Optical Experiments.—If two pieces of transparent white paper be attached to a window and examined through a prism, fringes of blue, red, and yellow, will be produced. Should the light of the sun be very vivid there, a powerful artificial rainbow will result; but, if the paper be increased in thickness, the blue color will preponderate.

To Copy Ferns.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

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CREEPERS.—These should never be allowed to get entangled before they are trained; but, on the contrary, all advancing flower-stems should be neatly nailed to the wall, or tied to the trellis; as, if this business is delayed too long, no amount of after care will compensate for, or remedy the evil. "Train up a child in the way it should go, etc.," says the proverb; to which we reply, train up a plant in the proper manner, and at the right season, if you wish to see it thrive hereafter.

YOUR FRUIT TREES.—The following plan of treating fruit trees is now practiced with much success. Place a pail of water close to the tree, and twist a piece of soft rope or hemp two or three times round the stem, letting the two ends remain in the pail, which ought to be filled regularly every morning. This supplies a gentle and continued moisture to the tree, which is of great advantage to it, and renders any other attention unnecessary.

TO CURE DIPTHERIA.—The following remedy for diptheria, has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief:—Take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth and discharge it through the nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Les Miserables. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—The author of this work is well known, not only as, perhaps, the first living literary genius of France, but also as an uncompromising republican, who prefers to live in exile rather than acknowledge Louis Napoleon. To "Les Miserables," which he considers his master-piece, Victor Hugo has devoted the last twenty-five years of his life. The work, though in the form of fiction, is a powerful plea for all who suffer from the injustice of society. It is divided into five different novels, the first of which is the volume before us. To some extent, the same characters figure in all the stories; but not sufficiently so to prevent each tale being distinct in itself. While "Les Miserables" is the proper title for the entire series, "Fantine" would be the more correct one for the book now under review. A work of such scope, not to say power, cannot be fairly dissected in the limited space we have to spare. Only the pages of a Quarterly Review are competent to discuss "Les Miserables." We may say, however, that a truly humanitarian, if not a Christian, spirit characterizes the work. Or, to describe it in other language, it is a sort of "Alton Locke," exhibiting, however, deeper thinking and a broader scope than that somewhat undigested work. American readers will find much to startle them in its pages, gleams that remind them of "The Mysteries of Paris" even; but they should charitably allow for the vices of French society, as well as for a Frenchman's mode of thinking, which is, indeed, chiefly a product of that society. For instance, Victor Hugo is a Christian, and a sincere one in his way, though it is hardly the Christianity of orthodox New England, or even of the Anglican Church. Nothing, on the one hand, could be more according to the gospel standards than his character of the self-denying Bishop of D——; while nothing will more shock American readers, and justly shock them, than his classing together Lucretius, Menou, Moses, Mahomet, and He "who spake as never man spake." Again, books with an earnest purpose like this, must necessarily tell truths that even philanthropy, if of "the rose-colored" school, shrinks from: and hence many persons object, and often wisely, to the indiscriminate perusal of such works. Gray-hairs may read with profit what is frequently an enigma, if not worse, to youth. We are not prepared to say who will, or will not, be benefited by "Les Miserables;" but we are certain that it is not a book to be put into the hands of every one. The large-minded and liberal, whose faith is firm and clear, and who can do justice to the sincere purpose of the author, will rise from the perusal of the volume with more pitying charity for the criminal, with greater faith in the brotherhood of man, with new revelations of the divine teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. But others will see in the story of "Fantine" only a fiction of the school of Eugene Sue, modified indeed, but still, if not absolutely infidel, at least a dangerous Philippic against "law and order." Still others, even when admitting the general truth of many of Victor Hugo's incidents, will ask "*cui bono?*" As we said before, we have not space to discuss the question; nor, perhaps, even if we had, would this be a fitting place for it. We leave the work, with the closing remark, that it is one of extraordinary power, and that, for good and ill, it will exercise great influence. This first volume is printed in double-column octavo. Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, $1.00.

A Life's Secret. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is reprinted, partly from the advance sheets, and partly from the original manuscript, and has not, we believe, as yet appeared in London. It establishes, on still firmer grounds, the astonishing versatility of the author. Here are three novels, "The Earl's Heirs," "The Channings," and "A Life's Secret," all written by Mrs. Wood, yet each varying so much from the others, that, except for the ability displayed, they might have been the work of different persons. "A Life's Secret," in some respects, is the best of all. The story turns, more or less, on a "strike" among some London workmen, the employees of a principal character in the work. Both the hero and heroine are unusually interesting persons. The doctor, too, is an excellent delineation. The same skill, in the management and plot, which distinguished Mrs. Wood's former novels, marks this one also. The volume is printed in double-column octavo. Price 75 cents.

The Master. By Mrs. M. A. Denison. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Williams, Wise & Co.*—This is decidedly the best story which Mrs. Denison has ever written. The novel may be called a musical one, since all the principal characters are musicians. Loporta, the Master, is a particularly fine character, nobly conceived and spiritedly delineated; Madeline, the heroine, is a charming idealization; while Minot, Lucille, Roget, Marmot, and the Madame, are all forcibly and truthfully drawn. Some of the descriptions of musical performances are full of enthusiasm, and quite stir the blood, as in the quintette when Madeline first plays for the Master, and in the *Jubilate Deo* where the Madame recovers her lost voice. The description of "the den," or music-room of the Master; of the great organ; and of Roget's visit to the cathedral, are also, in different ways, powerful bits of writing. The plot of the story, we should not forget to say, is managed with unusual skill. The volume is handsomely printed.

Artemus Ward, His Book. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This is a collection of humorous pieces, which originally appeared in "Vanity Fair," and which are as laughter-moving from their odd spelling as from their burlesque ideas. Artemus Ward professes to be a show-man, who goes about the country, *a la* Barnum, exhibiting a Kangaroo, and other natural curiosities, and diversifying this highly intellectual pursuit with the cognate one of lecturing. Some of his remarks are very funny. Altogether, it is a book eminently fitted to raise a laugh, which, according to physicians, is a very necessary relaxation to those who would be healthy.

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Open Air Grape Culture. By John Phin. 1 *vol*, 12 *mo. New York: C. M. Saxton.*—This is not only a treatise on the garden and vineyard culture of the vine, but a description also of the best method of manufacturing wine. The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings. We consider it the best work of its kind which has yet appeared in the United States. Every family which is the fortunate possessor of even one grape-vine, would find an advantage in possessing this book; for the proper manner to be used, and the entire processes for making the vines bear plentifully, are described lucidly and at length. Mr. Phin considers the best grapes for open air culture to be the Catawba, Concord, Delaware, Diana, and Isabella, ranking the last superior to all. We think he underrates the flavor of the Diana, and exalts that of the Isabella; but different localities, doubtless, affect the character of the fruit.

Ravenshoe. By the author of "Geoffrey Hamlin." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The writer of this novel is a brother of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," etc., etc. Though less of a genius than his celebrated brother, he is more of a novelist. "Geoffrey Hamlin" won quite a reputation for him; and "Ravenshoe" will add to that reputation. There is a freshness about the book that reminds one of the breezy shores of Mr. Kingsley's native country in England. The scene lies mostly in Devonshire, and afterward changes to the Crimea: the principal characters are the heirs of Ravenshoe, an Irish priest, a Lord Saltire, a Lady Ascot, and the two heroines. Most of these are drawn with vigor and skill. It is a book that will attain a very great popularity.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones & Robinson. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The least successful novel yet written by Mr. Trollope. Brown, Jones & Robinson are London shop-keepers, cockneys of the deepest dye, and, though doubtless correctly described, are not such characters as will please the general reader. Price 25 cents.

The Stolen Mask. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the shorter fictions of the author of "The Woman in White." The story exhibits, like its predecessors, Wilkie Collins' strange power. Price 25 cents.

The Two Prima Donnas. By George Augustus Sala. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A spirited novel of real life, just the thing for summer reading. It is published in very cheap style. Price 25 cents.

Love's Labor Won. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Originally written for this Magazine. A very thrilling story.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

MORAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—Important as are the responsibilities of a mother in regard to the physical training and care of her offspring, what is expected from her in their moral management is tenfold more so. On the earliest dawn of intelligence, on the first glimpse of something beyond mere instinct, this training should commence.

"To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing heart"—

both mothers and fathers should study diligently to accomplish, that children who should be our blessings become not torments to society.

The moral care of children is the most sacred duty that can devolve on woman—one of the highest trusts committed to her care.

On this subject we submit a few valuable hints. According as they are more or less followed, so will she find the value of them in the present and future welfare of her little ones. To quote the nursery motto, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Never allow an evil habit or action in children to be passed over uncorrected; if so it will be repeated, under the mistaken impression that it is pleasing.

In judicious correction, courage and perseverance are alike requisite. The child should never be allowed in this contention to gain a victory. Crying is the defensive weapon of a child, and if this resistance is successful, by the yielding of the nurse or mother, she will often find difficulty in regaining her lost dominion.

Irritation and anger should be corrected in the bud; they are the modes by which the accumulated excitement of children is relieved.

Undue severity toward children is highly injudicious: they should be ruled by love and not by fear. If harshness and severity be adopted, the child will become reserved and deceptive. Nor should the opposite error of over-indulgence be cultivated. To this mistake may be traced much of the accumulated misery of after life.

Children are readily perceptible of feelings of *jealousy*. Therefore allow no marked preference to be shown. Such error is the common source of envy and hatred in a family.

In the regulation of study, the peculiarity of character and disposition, and the extent of capacity, must be studied. Generally speaking, children should first be taught to exercise their bodily senses by observing objects, by listening to sounds, by noticing the smell of flowers.

Those who teach young children should speak to them properly, not lisping or using silly words, for they can understand sense better than nonsense.

Children should be uniformly taught to practice obedience, truthfulness, justice, and kindness; and good examples should be constantly set before them.

The practice of frightening little children, in order to make them quiet, has, in some cases, resulted in convulsions and death. Relating ghost stories and other frightful tales to them has frequently exercised an injurious influence for life. At the same time remember that children love stories, and delight to have them told again and again. Always give them a moral turn of character.

Set before your children examples of cleanliness, order, punctuality, delicacy, and politeness, and proper care of manner.

Inculcate in your children a love of gardening, natural history, and wholesome pastime. Teach them to observe forms, sizes, weights, colors, and number.

Accustom children to find their own amusement. It is the most unprofitable slavery to be constantly finding amusement for them. Encourage construction, and furnish the materials, leaving ingenuity to work.

It is most important that, as soon as they can read, their books should be judiciously chosen for them; for it should be borne in mind, that bad books are more plentiful than good ones. We cannot be too emphatic in warning parents to watch well the books that come into their children's hands. It is a high duty to stimulate and encourage in the young a love of good reading. It should not be too exclusive in its subjects—but all subjects should be made subservient to the moral culture of the young student.

But, ABOVE ALL THINGS—teach the children to love and reverence their Creator, and obey His laws. Their morning and evening prayers—their daily grace—their worship in His tabernacles—their keeping holy His Sabbath—let none of these things be neglected. Then, whether at home or abroad—in the school-room, in the workshop, or engaged in their sports upon some village green—you will find them grow up blessings to yourselves and honored members of society.

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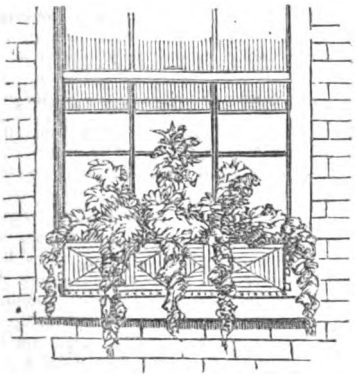
HORTICULTURAL.

Rustic Boxes, Baskets, and Vases, for Cottage Windows and Gardens.—We can imagine nothing so effective, yet so pretty and simple, and that would tend to alter the appearance of a cottage front, as a rustic vase for the center



of the garden, or boxes and hanging baskets of a like description for the windows; and such being our idea upon the subject, we have taken the liberty of giving three designs, which of course may be altered to suit the taste of our readers. These, when properly filled with fuchsias, geraniums, calceolarias, etc., in the center, and plants of a drooping kind round the sides, give an appearance that only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated. These

several ornaments, as the illustrations will show, are of easy construction, being composed or fashioned entirely of rough pieces of wood, or, more correctly speaking, of branches with the bark on; such being the case, it only requires a little ingenuity, a little patience, and a little forethought, to build them, if we may so term it. As we

have said before, if the shapes which we have given to explain our notions be not approved of, any other may be substituted to meet the fancy of the designer. The shape fixed upon should be first of all formed of deal planking, and afterward covered with the rough branches, which, being first cut in half, will present a flat side, which flat side may be tacked upon the shape just alluded to. Having accomplished your task, let the boxes, baskets, or vases be filled with a compost of three parts of good turfy loam, and one of thoroughly rotted manure, well mixed together, and then fill them with any of the following plants, namely: *for the center*—Fuchsias, calceolarias, geraniums, cinerarias. China roses, petunias, or, indeed, any others of erect growth; while *for the sides*, mignionette, petunias, verbenas, Mimulus Moschatus, Lophospurmum Scandens, Lophospurmum Jacksonii, nasturtiums, Tropeolum, Canariensis, Nemophila Insignis, Murianda Barclayana, etc., are subjects well adapted to the purpose.

PRESERVES, ETC., ETC.

Observations on Preserving.—Attention, with practice, will enable a person to make any of the following sorts of preserves, etc., and they are as much as is wanted in a private family. The higher articles of preserved fruits may be bought at less expense than they can be made.

Preserves should be kept carefully from the air, and in a very dry place. Unless they have a very small proportion of sugar, a warm one does not hurt; but when not properly boiled (that is, long enough, but not quickly), heat makes them ferment, and damp causes them to grow mouldy. They should be looked at two or three times in the first two months, that they may be gently boiled again if not likely to keep. Paste the edge of the outer paper, as it keeps out the air better than a string, or rub the outer paper over with the white of eggs and cover the preserve whilst hot. This plan is adopted by most of the French confectioners. Put plain writing-paper over the fruit; brandy will give them a tendency to ferment.

Dried sweetmeats, cakes, etc., should be kept in tin boxes, between layers of white paper, in a very dry but not hot room.

When any sweetmeats are directed to be dried in the sun or in a stove, it will be best, in private families, where there is not a regular stove for the purpose, to put them in the sun on flag-stones, which reflect the heat, and place a garden glass over them to keep insects off; or, if put into an oven, take care not to let it be too warm, and watch that they do properly and slowly.

All fruits for preserving should be gathered in dry weather; but as this is not always practicable, much inconvenience may be obviated by boiling the fruit for jellies and jams long before the sugar is added. By so doing, the watery particles will evaporate, and the preserve will be better flavored, by the sugar not being too long on the fire.

Pans of copper or bell-metal are the proper utensils for preserved fruit: when used, they must be scoured bright with sand. Tinned pans turn and destroy the color of the fruit that is put into them. There is a new sort of stewpan to be got at most of the large ironmongers': it is of iron, coated with earthenware. Omelette-pans should be of the same material. Sieves and horn spoons should be kept for sweet things only.

To Preserve Pears.—Pare them very thin, and simmer in a thin syrup; let them lie a day or two. Make the syrup richer, and simmer again, and repeat this till they are clear; then drain and dry them in the sun or a cool oven a very little time. They may be kept in syrup, and dried as wanted, which makes them more moist and rich. Jargonelles are the best for this purpose.

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To Preserve ripe Peaches.—Put them into a preserving-pan full of cold water, with a slice or two of lemon; set them on a slow fire; have ready a sieve and a napkin; be careful not to do them too much: some will be ready sooner than others. When they begin to be soft they are done enough; drain them on the sieve, and let them stand until cold; then put them into glasses; pound sugarcandy very fine in a mortar, dissolve it in brandy, and fill up the glasses with it. *Or:*—Wipe, weigh, and pick the fruit, and have ready a quarter of the weight of fine sugar in fine powder. Put the fruit into an icepot that shuts very close; throw the sugar over it, and then cover the fruit with brandy. Between the top and cover of the pot put a piece of double whity-brown paper. Set the pot in a saucepan of water till the brandy be as hot as you can bear to put your finger into, but it must not boil. Put the fruit into a jar, and pour the brandy upon it. When cold put a bladder over it, and tie it down tight.

To Preserve whole or half Quinces.—Into two quarts of boiling water put a quantity of the fairest golden pippins, in slices not very thin, and not pared, but wiped clean. Boil them very quickly, close covered, till the water becomes a thick jelly; then scald the quinces. To every pint of pippin-jelly put one pound of the finest sugar; boil it, and skim it clear. Put those quinces that are to be done whole into the syrup at once, and let it boil very fast; and those that are to be in halves by themselves; skim it, and when the fruit is clear put some of the syrup into a glass to try whether it jellies before taking it off the fire. The quantity of quinces is to be one pound to one pound of sugar, and one pound of jelly already boiled with the sugar.

To Clarify Sugar.—Take the quantity of fine white loaf sugar you intend to clarify, add to it of very clean warm water, half a pint for every pound; when dissolved, add to it the white of one or two eggs—as the quantity may require—well whipped, put it on the fire, and when it comes to a boil, pour into it an ordinary teacupful of cold water; on its rising again to a boil, remove it, and let it settle for twenty minutes; skim the scum from the top, pour off the syrup into a clean vessel with sufficient thickness to leave all the sediment at the bottom, and such steadiness as to prevent any of the latter rising and mixing with it.

To Green Fruits for Preserving and Pickling.—Take pippins, apricots, pears, plums, peaches, while green, for the first, or radish-pods, French beans for the latter, and cucumbers for both processes, and put them, with vine-leaves under and over, into a preserving-pan with spring-water to cover them, and close the pan to exclude all air. Set it on the side of a fire, and when they begin to simmer take them off; take them out carefully with a slice; the next day put them again on the fire. They are to be peeled, and then done according to the receipts for the several modes.

To Candy any sort of Fruit.—When finished in the syrup, put a layer into a new sieve, and dip it suddenly into hot water, to take off the syrup that hangs about it; put it on a napkin before the fire to drain, and then do some more in the sieve. Have ready sifted double-refined sugar, which sift over the fruit on all sides till quite white; set it on the shallow end of sieves in a lightly warm oven, and turn it two or three times. It must not be cold till dry. Watch it carefully, and it will be beautiful.

Green-Gages.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

Apple Jelly to use for other Fruit.—Pour into a stewpan a quart of cold water; throw into it, as quickly as they can be peeled, cored, and weighed, four pounds of good boiling apples of fine flavor—codlings are the best; stew them till the fruit is well broken; strain through a jelly-bag; to every quart of this juice allow one pound and a half of sugar. This makes a beautiful jelly to preserve other fruits in.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Manage Honey.—To judge of the best honey, it should be of a bright pale color, thick, and a little aromatic. To obtain it from the combs in its pure state, it must be left to run from them without pressing. The color shows whether it is fine or inferior. If wanted to preserve some in the comb, choose the fairest, and such as have not been broken; wrap each comb in white paper, such as lines the blue cover of loaf-sugar. Set it edgeways, as it stood in the hive, and it may be preserved many months. The combs meant to be drained must be cut in slices. Lay them on a hair-search, supported by a rack over the jar, in which the honey is to remain; for the less it is stirred, after draining, the better it keeps. Fill the jar to the brim, as a little scum must be taken off when it has settled. A bladder, well washed in luke-warm water, ought to be laid over the double fold of white paper with which it is covered.

To obtain Skeleton Leaves, Flowers, etc.—The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water, and laid upon a marble slab or flat surface. Clear water (some recommend it to be boiling) is then gently poured, in a small stream, over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun, and, when dry, may be fixed, with glue or gum, on a back ground of black velvet, and placed in a glazed frame, or glass case, as taste may direct. A beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with the more delicate.

A sure Bottle Cement.—Put a little isinglass in a cup, and brandy or whiskey sufficient to cover it. Let it dissolve near the fire. It must be used warm. *Or:*—Take one pound of resin and one ounce of bees'-wax, and melt them in a pipkin over a slow fire. While in a fluid state, it may be colored red by means of Venetian red, or green with Brunswick or Scheele's green. *Or:*—The juice of garlic, stamped in a stone mortar, and carefully applied to the broken parts of glass, etc., will cement them closely and permanently.

Economy in Candles.—In such candlesticks as are not made to slide, the candles are frequently permitted to burn in the socket to great waste, and to the injury of the candlestick. This may be prevented by taking out early the short piece of candle, placing it between three common pins stuck in an old cork, and putting the cork in the candlestick.

Lemon Water.—The peel of the lemon, the part used in making this water, is a very grateful bitter aromatic, and, on that account, very serviceable in repairing and strengthening the stomach. Take of dried lemon-peel, four pounds; proof spirit, ten gallons and a half; one gallon of water. Draw off ten gallons by a gentle fire.

An excellent Cement for mending china articles, when broken, can be made by mixing flour with white of egg to the consistence of a paste. Hot water does not injure, but rather hardens this simple cement.

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TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Dress Tomatoes—To Stew.—Slice the tomatoes into a well-tinned stewpan, seasoning them with pepper and salt; place bits of butter over the top. Put on the lid close, and stew gently for about twenty minutes. After this stir them frequently, letting them stew until they are well done. A spoonful or two of vinegar will be considered an improvement by many. Excellent with roast beef or mutton. *Or:*—Put in only sufficient tomatoes to cover the bottom of the saucepan, add gravy or broth to nearly cover them, let them stew very gently until well done; then strain off the gravy, thicken it with butter mixed with flour, put the tomatoes on a dish, and pour the gravy over.

To Stuff.—Cut them in halves and hollow out the center; take whatever cold meat may be at hand, either chicken, partridge, with ham, etc., onions, fine herbs, crumbs of bread, and form a forcemeat-ball with beaten eggs; fill up the centers of the tomatoes, and let them stew gently in any gravy; before serving up, pass them over with a salamander or hot iron.

To Bake.—Slice them into a baking-dish; season, put butter over in bits, and strew bread-crumbs on the top. Bake them for about three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

A favorite mode of dressing them in Portugal, where they are largely grown, is, to stew them along with rice and onions in strong brown gravy; the rice forming the greater portion of the dish. There are also various other ways employed throughout the Continent, but garlic should never be added, as it destroys the delicacy of the tomato.

Leek or Onion Soup.—The liquor in which a leg of mutton has been boiled will do very well for this broth. Mix a spoonful or two of oatmeal, according to the quantity of broth, in cold water, very smooth, the same as if for gruel, add a little of the broth, by degrees, until the whole is incorporated; then boil the liquor with any quantity of leeks or onions—both or either—until it becomes of the consistency of cream. Or, omit the oatmeal, and substitute flour, stirring the soup very hard for five minutes; and when you are about taking it from the fire, stir in the yolks of two raw eggs beat up with a little more broth, and serve it immediately.

Cecils.—Mince any kind of meat, crumbs of bread, a good deal of onion, lemon-peel, salt, nutmeg, chopped parsley, pepper, and a bit of butter warm, and mix them over the fire for a few minutes; when cool enough, make it up into balls of the size and shape of a turkey's egg; dip them in egg, and sprinkle with fine crumbs, then fry them of a yellow brown; and serve with gravy.

DESSERTS.

Orange Custards.—Having boiled the rind of a Seville orange very tender, beat it in a mortar to a fine paste. Put to it the juice of a Seville orange, a tablespoonful of the best brandy, four ounces of loaf-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat them all well together for ten minutes. Then pour in, by degrees, a pint of boiling cream, and keep beating the whole up until it is cold. Put it into custard glasses; place the glasses in an earthen dish of hot water, let them stand till they are set, and then stick preserved orange, or orange chips, on the top.

Orange Marmalade.—Procure Seville oranges, stew them so tender that you can pierce them with a straw, changing the water two or three times. Drain them, take off the rind, weigh the pulps, previously taking out the pips; and, supposing the quantity to be six pounds, add seven of sugar; boil it slowly till the syrup be clear; then add the peel, having cut it into strips. Boil it up again, and it is finished. This is a new method, has been tried, and found to be excellent as well as economical.

Rice Fritters.—Pare very thin the rind of a lemon, and boil it in milk, with sugar enough to sweeten it, and a cup of rice. When the rice is quite soft, take out the lemon-peel; beat up the rice with a glass of brandy, shape it into fritters, brush them with yolks of eggs, cover them with bread-crumbs, fry them in lard, dust them with fine sugar, and glaze with a salamander. *Or:*—Let the rice cool; spread it out half an inch thick, cut it in rounds with a one and a half-inch cutter, make an opening, and insert a piece of red currant-jelly, apple-jelly, or a fine jam of any kind; then egg and crumb, carefully closing the aperture that admitted the jam; fry in hot lard, and glaze with fine sugar.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs well beaten, one spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil it one hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine sauce.

Parsnip Pudding.—Parsnip pudding is made by boiling two parsnips, draining the water from them, and adding grated bread, the yolks of two eggs, sugar and spice to the taste, and a little cream; the whole, when mixed, is poured into a light puff paste and baked.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. I.—Evening Dress of White Book-Muslin.—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, edged top and bottom with a narrow Valenciennes lace, and has a blue ribbon run in the flounce just above and below the lace. The body is made low and plain. The berthe is round at the back, passes over the shoulders, crosses in front, passes under the arms, and is tied behind with two long ends. Full puffed sleeves.

Fig. II.—House Dress of Black Silk, made in the Polonaise, or, as it is sometimes called, the Gabrielle style—that is, with no seam at the waist. The dress is trimmed down the front with buttons inserted in a small lace rosette, and around the bottom with a ruffle put on in flutes and surmounted by three rows of black velvet, edged on each side with black lace. The sleeves are lined with white silk, cut open on the inside of the arm, and confined at the wrist with a black velvet band edged with lace. Head-dress of black and white lace, and a bunch of Vesuvius-colored ribbon.

Fig. III.—Dress of Pearl-colored Barege.—The flounce is trimmed with two narrow ruffles, between which are run five rows of braid of a shade deeper than the dress. The body, sleeves, and sash are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Fig. IV.—Dress of Nankeen-colored Pique.—It is trimmed with black velvet buttons and rows of black velvet. There is a deep Casaque like the dress, and trimmed to correspond.

General Remarks.—The distinctive characteristics of the dresses of the present season are of enormous amplitude and length in the skirts, the back breadths being made to trail at least a quarter of a yard on the ground. Everything looks best when in its proper place, and nothing certainly is more elegant than a train dress in a drawing-room. A long flowing robe will impart a certain grace and dignity even to the wearer in whom those qualities are wanting. This fact was fully understood by our grandmothers, and they turned it to the best account. But the most enthusiastic admirer of long dresses will readily admit that nothing is more unpleasing and more out of place than a train in the street. All the grace and elegance of flowing dresses vanish when they are seen sweeping the dust and dragging through the mud. The proverb says, "Fools set the fashion, and wise people follow it;" but, in respect to trains worn in out-door walking dress,

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the folly or wisdom of the wearers are questions which admit of little doubt. Certain it is that few ladies are sufficiently philosophical to view with indifference the injury which a beautiful dress must sustain when exposed to the outrage of every clumsy foot that passes. The only remedy for all the difficulties involved in the important question of long dresses is, that, for walking costume, skirts should be made so as just to clear the ground, and that trains should be reserved exclusively for the drawing-room. There at least a beautiful trimming may escape destruction, and a rich and delicate silk may retain unsullied freshness.

In Evening Costume the dress must train at least half a yard behind, and the skirt must be very fully trimmed. This surplus of ornament denotes that plain skirts will, ere long, reappear. Exaggeration in fashion is the sure forerunner of simplicity. Many ladies, as if anticipating the impending change, are wearing skirts very slightly trimmed, but extremely full, set in large box-plaits at the waist, the only trimming being a narrow quilling at the bottom of the skirt just above the hem.

Narrow Flounces are worn on some of the thinner silks; narrow plaitings and quillings of ribbon are both also fashionable; Greek designs, in ribbon or velvet, contrasting in color to the dress, are very elegant, and will be in great favor.

Bodies are made either quite high and plain, or opening in heart shape with small *revers;* for very young ladies, the square body in the *Watteau* style is very becoming.

Sleeves are worn large, those of the *Isabel* and pagoda form being preferred; these may be slightly shaped at the elbow.

Shawls and Dresses made of the same material are much worn for walking toilets, and are particularly economical; as, when the dress becomes somewhat old, it may be renovated by using the shawl for making a new body, etc.

Braiding is still much in vogue, and we see, for the present season, a great number of dresses with a jacket of the same, made of white pekin, or of nankeen, either plain, flowered, or striped, but in all cases ornamented with braiding. One of the patterns in vogue, both in light tissues and silks, presents small designs inclosed between stripes forming squares.

The "Ceinture Florian" is an elegant novelty, which gives effect to a simply trimmed dress. It is made of taffety of a color harmonizing with that of the robe, and covered with black guipure, Chantilly, or blonde. Sometimes it is merely edged with lace or rows of velvet. The ceinture is pinned at the back of the body so as to form a point or fichu. The ends are then passed over the shoulders, crossed on the bosom, and linked one in the other at the back of the waist, very much like the berthe in the first figure of our fashion plate.

One of the prettiest Evening Dresses which we have seen was made of white tarletane, entirely covered with flounces of moderate width. Each flounce was bordered by a narrow black velvet. The body, cut low and straight across in front, was surmounted by a muslin chemisette drawn with a narrow velvet. The wide waistband was tarletane bordered with velvet. The Ceres head-dress was white daisies and wheat-ears of jet, and jet jewelry also completed the parure.

White Shawls, which, until last summer, had almost ceased to be worn, are now much in vogue. We have seen some beautiful specimens, embroidered in *black* and *mauve*, which were exceedingly unique. There was no trimming round the edge of the shawls; being so richly embroidered, they required no further ornament. Black shawls embroidered in white, in chain-stitch, are amongst the novelties of the season; and shawls made in twilled or spun silk, checkered and plain, are very general for the mid-season. Shawls of black net and spotted *tulle*, trimmed with broad lace, are also fashionable, as well as low-necked scarfs, forming mantelets, and trimmed with deep lace.

Embroidered Gauze Handkerchiefs for ladies' cravats are now in vogue, these forming a handsome bow in front.

A great improvement has taken place in the manufacture of Crinolines—or, rather, in the make of them—for they are now being arranged with flounces which may be taken off at pleasure. These flounces are buttoned over very few steels, and sometimes are of silk, sometimes of muslin, and sometimes of a thicker material. Crinolines are very much reduced in size at the top, but retain their amplitude at the bottom, and are made with trains to suit the fashionable skirts. The addition of the flounces gives to the dress an elegant and informal appearance; whereas, without them, a skirt hangs stiffly, and shows where the *cage* commences, which is anything but graceful.

Most of the fashionable Petticoats are being made with flounces, which assist to throw the dress out at the bottom, and are particularly suitable for wearing muslin or thin dresses. There is a very nice material now being manufactured, and which seems to be in great favor, for ladies' summer petticoats, consisting of a striped fabric, with a mixture of cotton in it, and which is very cool, comfortable wear. We have seen it in pink and white, blue and white, mauve and white, and brown and white; and some petticoats made of this material are braided, or ornamented with velvet, or made with little flounces. They are very economical, as they save much washing, and are particularly suitable for traveling, when much luggage is objected to.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of Fawn-colored Foulard figured with Magenta.—The skirt is trimmed with points of Magenta silk, edged with narrow black lace. The pointed belt at the waist, and trimmings for the sleeves and body are of the same colored silk. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet and Magenta-colored flowers.

Fig. II.—Dress of Gray Alpaca with trimmings of Blue Silk.—The body is cut square in the neck, has small jockeys over the puffed sleeves, and a pointed *Medici* waist. Straw hat with the turned up brim, bound with blue velvet; long blue plume and net.

General Remarks.—We have given some new styles of costume for children, but the Garibaldi costumes seem to be in as great favor as ever for children of both sexes, and nothing can be prettier than this charming dress. In warm weather nothing more is required besides the Garibaldi shirt for out-door wear. We have noticed these little articles in white pique, brown holland, and various other washing materials; but we cannot say they are so pretty or stylish as those made in some bright color, and worn with a white skirt.

Braiding is always a favorite style of ornamenting children's dresses and pelisses, and this season black appears to be the favorite color. Worked on buff, white, or stone pique, the effect is very good, and, for young ladies' morning dresses, nothing is prettier.

For Pelisses and out-door Jackets, white marcella or pique, spotted or figured in colors, is very general, sometimes trimmed with handsome embroidery, and sometimes with black braid.

We noticed a very pretty frock suitable for a boy four years of age, made of white pique. It was trimmed with points of buff pique, edged with a narrow black braid put on in a small device. A little jacket and waistcoat were made, for out-door wear, of the same material as the frock, of white and buff pique, braided, and a prettier little costume cannot be imagined. The mixture of buff, white, and black was extremely stylish.

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PIN CUSHION, IN APPLIQUE.

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"A THORNY PATH."

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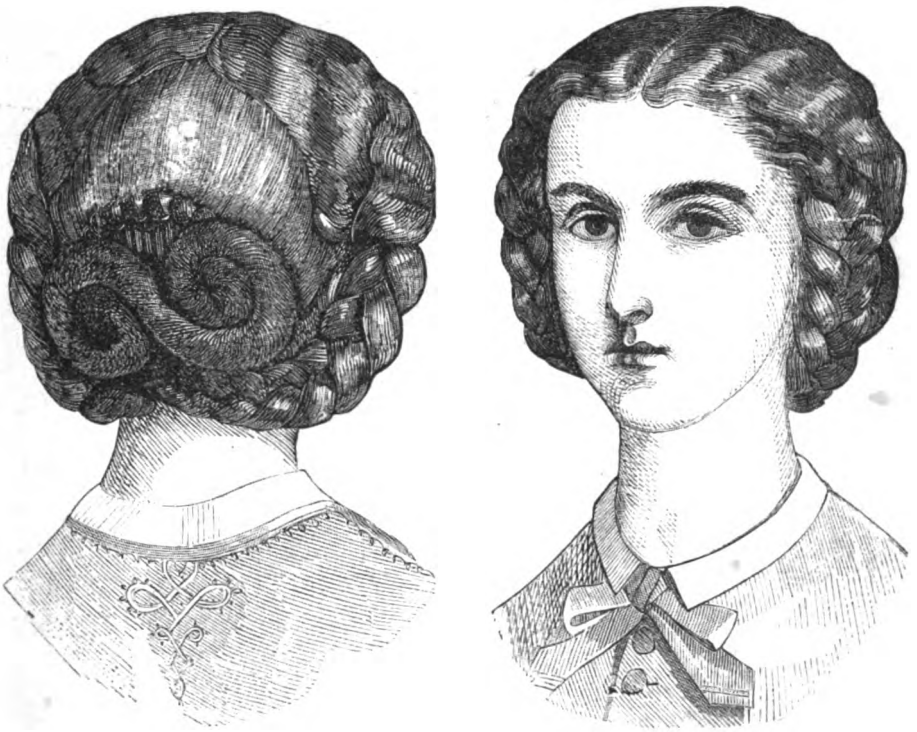

NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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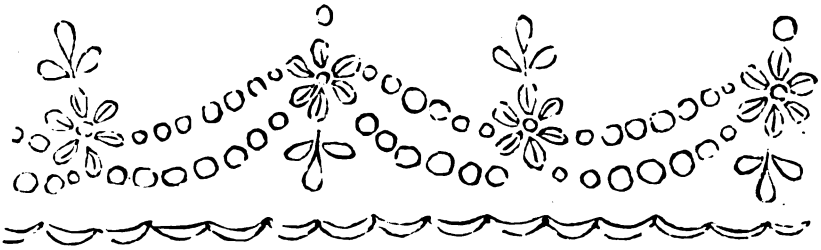

CHEMISE YOKE.

IRENE PALETOT: BACK.

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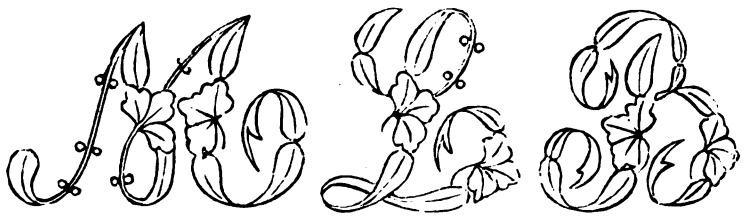

INITIALS FOR MARKING.

IRENE PALETOT: FRONT.

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INSERTION.

POMPADOUR PELISSE.

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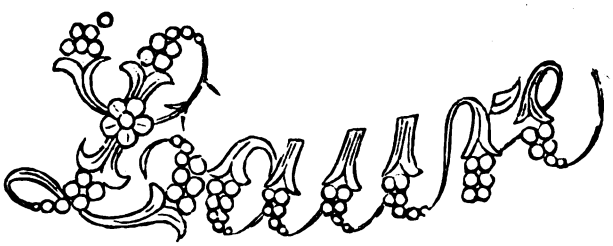

NAME FOR MARKING.

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

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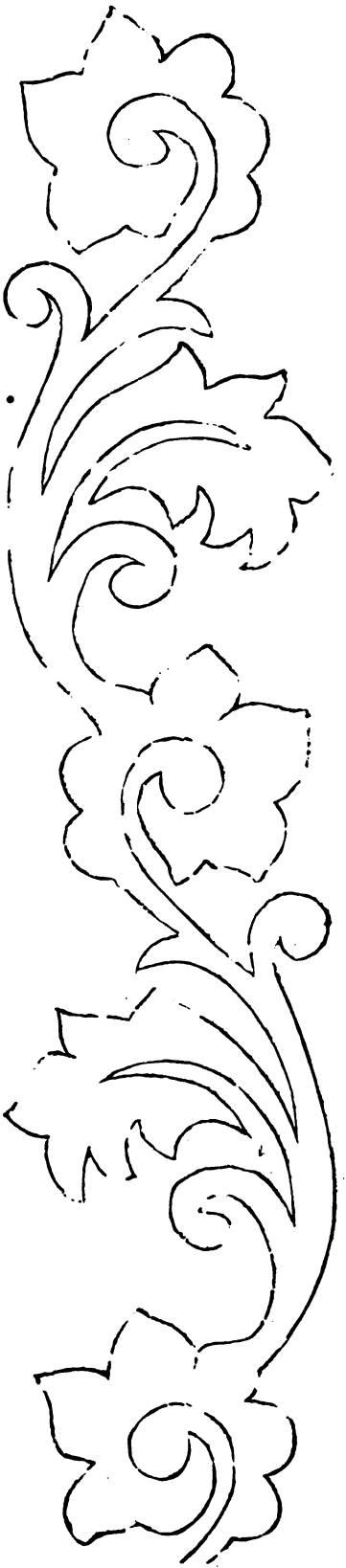

PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

FOR EDGE OF SKIRT.

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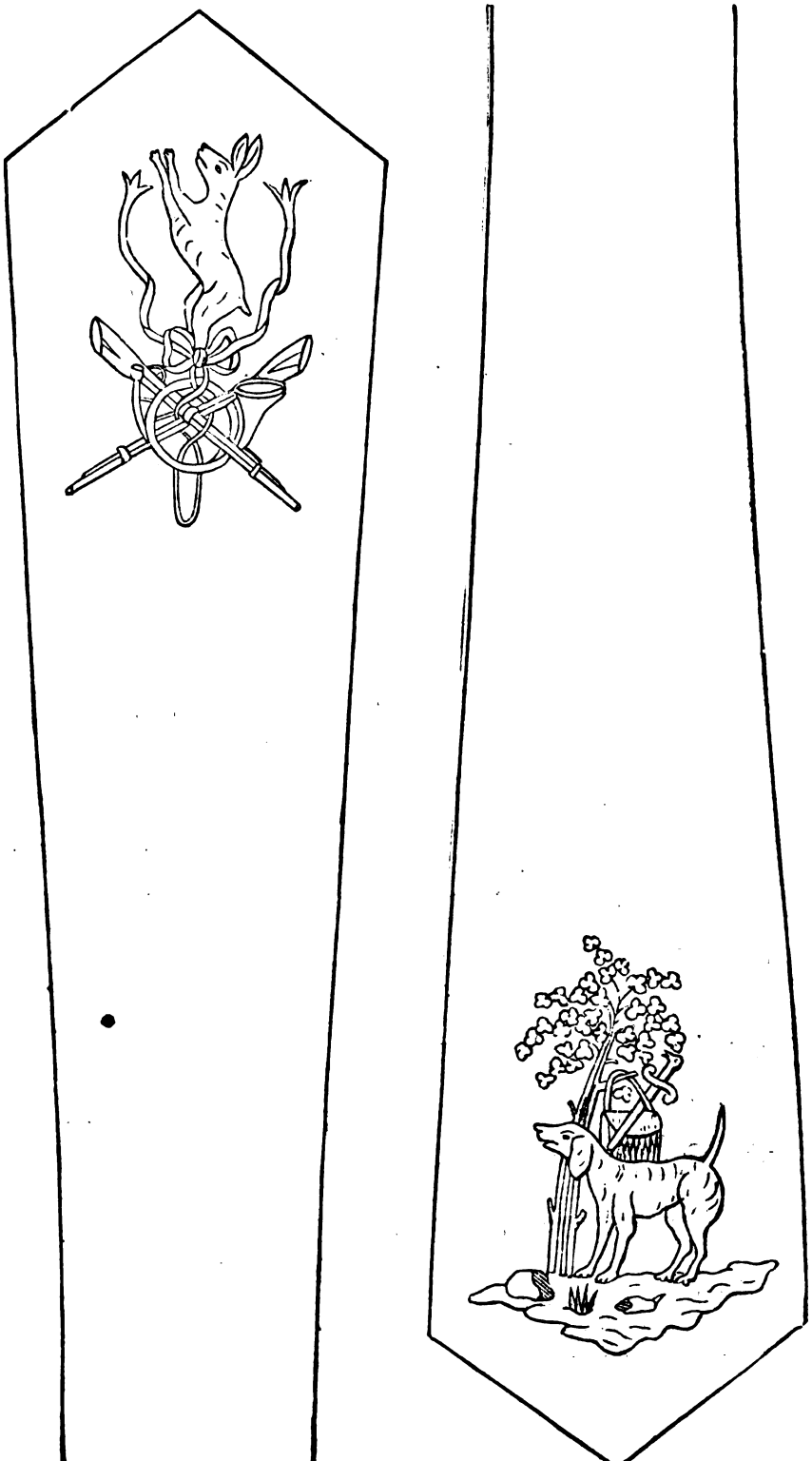

DESIGNS FOR GENTLEMEN'S CRAVATS.

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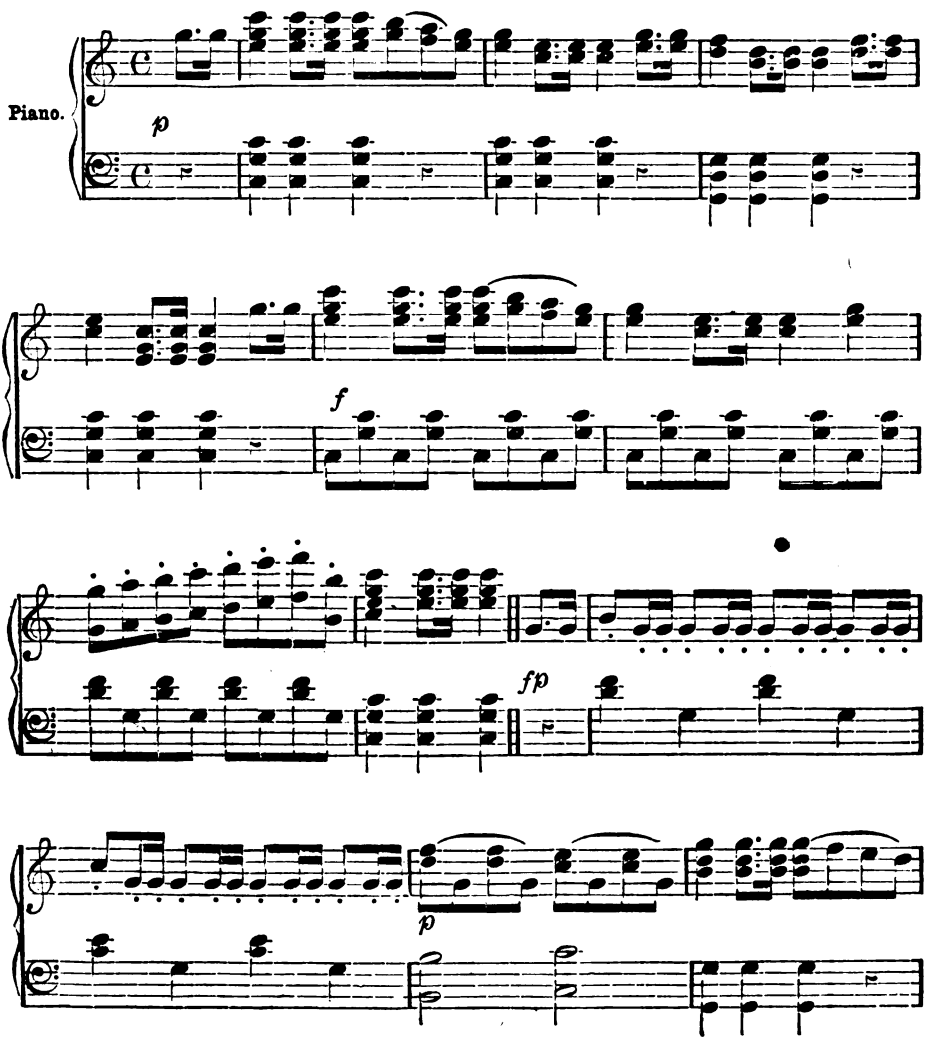
Congress Grand March.

BY J. Z. HESSER.



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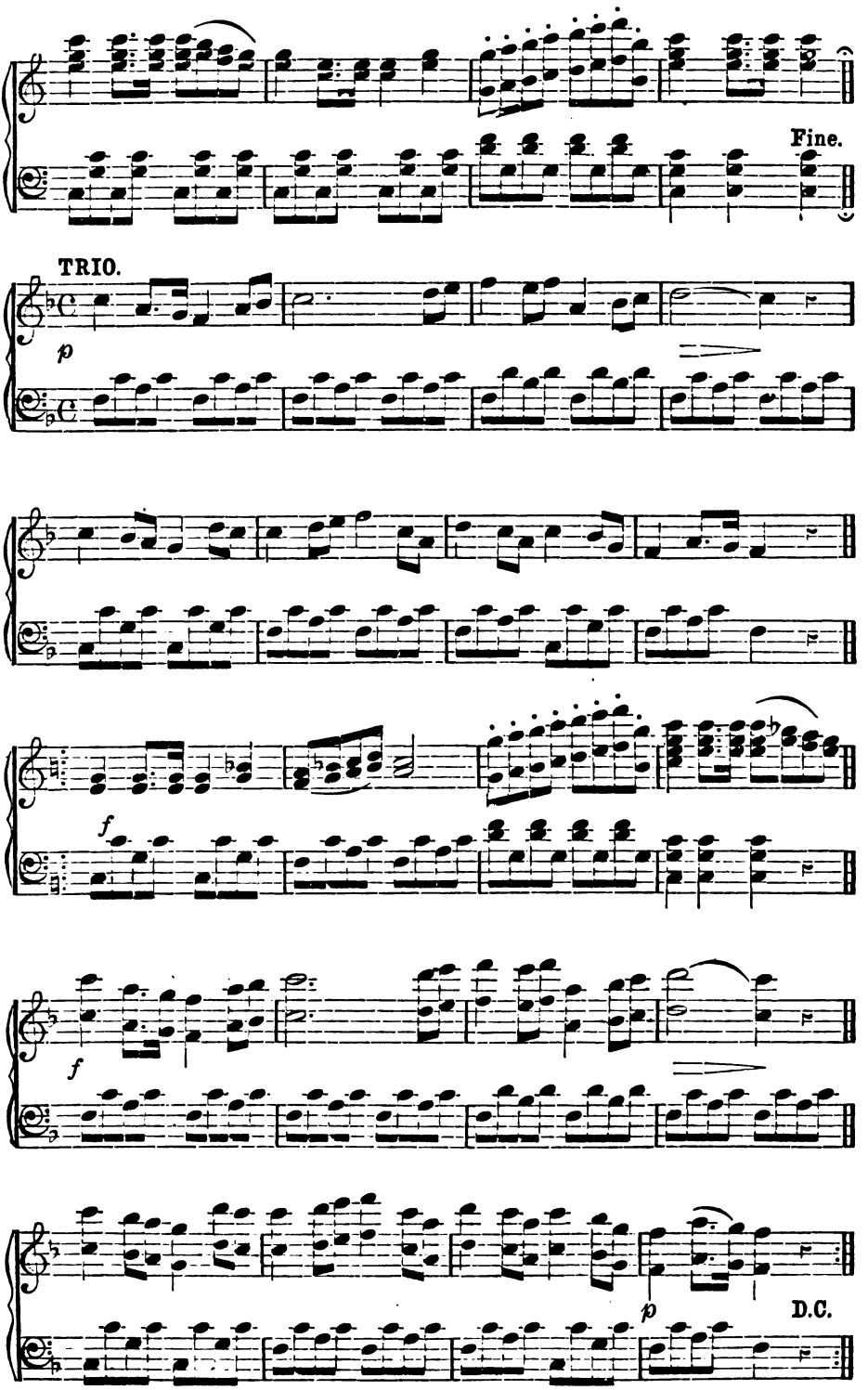

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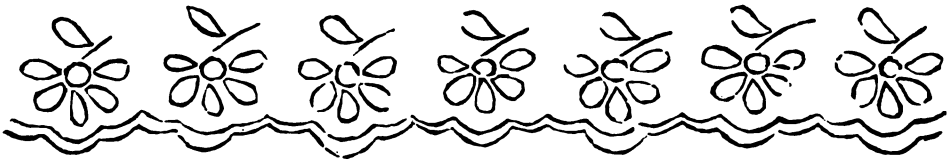

PATTERN FOR EDGING.

WATCH-POCKET FOR BRAIDING.

(From J. Obersteller & Co., No. 123 New Street, Philadelphia: where all orders, by mail or otherwise, for Embroidery Patterns are promptly attended to.)

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1862. No. 3.

AFTER ALL!

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

He had been a bachelor for forty years, this same Mr. Ellis Harvey, about whom I am writing a story, and he was known among his friends as a "very particular" man, and "hard to please," which last phrase generally means one thing—hard to please in a matrimonial way.

He was sitting before a blazing coal-fire, thinking how dismally cold it must be outside; and he was eating very leisurely his late dinner, and thinking how excessively comfortable it was in his sanctum, when the door opened, and a tall, stylish lady, whose likeness to himself spoke her relationship, came sweeping in.

"Ellis!" she exclaimed, "at dinner? Why, it is nine o'clock, and I am ready for the ball at Mrs. Jameson's."

"So I perceive," he said, lazily, looking at her stately figure in its rich evening dress. "I cannot go for an hour, Hattie, so sit down and be comfortable. Ten o'clock is early enough, just right for a sensation."

"But what makes you dine at this hour?"

"I was detained, and gave Mrs. Smith directions to wait for me. Let me offer you something."

"You savage! You want a wife, Ellis, to keep you in order. If Mrs. Harvey ruled the house, you would have to come to your dinner at a civilized hour."

"Let us be thankful then that she does not rule the house! Where is Lawrence?"

"In Washington! Went this morning, which accounts for my calling for you. But, Ellis, seriously, do you never intend to give me a sister? I gave you Lawrence for a brother years ago, and as there are only you and I left in the family, it is but fair you should return the favor. You are getting old, too, sir!"

"Am I? How? Hair turning?"

"No, you conceited fellow, you are as handsome as ever; but you grow more fussy and bachelory every day. Smith spoils you!"

"Smith gives me all the comforts of a married man, and none of the bother. I will wager that Lawrence himself is not better cared for than I am."

"But, Ellis, surely you intend to marry some time?"

"Oh, yes! if I ever find anybody to suit me!"

"There is Fannie Hays, you were very attentive to her at one time."

"Hattie," said Ellis, solemnly, "she paints! I saw it come off, one warm evening, on her handkerchief. Don't tell, but it is a fact! I was so glad I had not actually proposed."

"Well, Ellis, I am sure Jane Hunter didn't paint!"

"But, Hattie, she was so fearfully ugly. I tried in vain to be sensible and prefer mind, intellect, and talent, to mere beauty; but she was so frightfully strong-minded, and made such terrific speeches about equal rights and male tyranny, that she fairly frightened me away."

"Well, Louise Holden was not strong-minded!"

"Milk and water!" said Ellis, contemptuously.

"Amy Hill?"

"Dressed so shockingly. Venus herself could not look well in an enormous red and green plaid, with a blue bonnet. Ugh!"

"Mary Willis had exquisite taste in dress."

"But she had such a voice! She addressed you with tender eloquence, and told her most cherished secrets in the voice of a fish woman crying shad."

"Well, Ellis, one more. Wilhelmina Lee!"

"Ah! Hattie, there I *was* touched. Beauty, talent, feminine graces, every attraction; but she lived next door to a grocery store."

"Now, Ellis, what *could* that have to do with it?"

"It was in the summer, and we were at the

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open parlor window. I was just on the point of offering myself, when the wind blew a strong whiff of salt mackerel between us. You know my aversion to mackerel. The smell made me sick, and I forgot sentiment. I left, and the next day Moore proposed and was accepted."

"You had better have a wife made to order, Ellis Particular, for I am sure the paragon does not exist who will fill your ideas of Mrs. Harvey. I shouldn't wonder if you married Smith, after all."

"Not a bit of danger. If I ever marry, my wife must be refined in manner, lady-like in appearance, pretty enough to escape the charge of positive ugliness, at least thirty years of age, and of good birth and position."

"And with sufficient good taste to appreciate your condescension and say, 'Yes, if you will be good enough to have me,' when you propose. Come, you have finished your dinner. Go dress yourself."

Six hours later Ellis was a doomed man. How it came about he never knew. After all his resolutions never to marry in haste, to weigh well all her perfections and imperfections before addressing any lady; in fact, to walk slowly and deliberately into a cool, sensible state of affection, he suddenly found himself deeply in love. One look, one word, and he was gone.

"Miss Lois Jones, (he hated the name of Jones,) let me introduce Mr. Harvey." He bowed to Miss Jones, and looked at her.

A little delicate figure, a pair of soft blue eyes, a maze of white lace, and a tiny, delicately gloved hand. These were the first impressions. A voice, low and sweet, modulated like music, well chosen phrases, and a modest yet self-possessed manner, and a graceful deportment, finished the fascination.

In a sort of misty pleasure, Ellis waltzed with this wee fairy who had somehow come right into his heart, whose door he fancied so strongly fortified. He called, and found his fascinator in a neat wrapper, teaching two little sisters grammar. He learned that her father was a wholesale grocer, and found she had three strong-minded sisters. He spent a week with her married brother on a country farm, and breakfasted every day on salt mackerel, because she sat opposite to him and did the same. He helped her over a stile when her wrapper was green and her sun-bonnet blue, while a red shawl of her sister's hung over her arm. He heard her scream with terror over her little nephew who fell into the horse pond, and dragged her out, with the boy in her arms, when she frantically sprang in after him. He never noticed that a shriek is not melodious. He saw her lovely face covered with musquito bites, and knew that the whiteness over them was powder, and yet—and yet—he never knew how, he proposed, was accepted, and, as Hattie said, "Married a darling little chit of sixteen AFTER ALL!"

SOMETIMES.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

SOMETIMES in the night I see
A little hand outstretched to me—
A dimpled hand, whose snowy whiteness
Doth bear to Parian marble likeness,
Which, when I spring to clasp in mine,
Evanishes without a sign.

Sometimes in the daylight closes,
Where the air wears tint of roses,
Gleameth out from upper sea
Radiant vision unto me—
Vision, pure and full of grace,
Of my darling's angel-face.

'Midst the wind's low, solemn dirges,
'Midst the murmur of life's surges,
Sometimes comes a voice of sweetness,
Most divine in its completeness—
Voice that long since died to me,
In my night of agony.

Oh! loving voice, and form, and hand!
Oh! vision from the Shadowy Land!
Some time, o'er the silent sea,
God shall waft me unto thee—
In sweet pastures ever vernal,
'Neath soft skies that are eternal,
He will give thee back to me,
Child of my idolatry!

Therefore do I list—"Be still,
Bow unto the Father's will;
Jewel thou hast given to Him
That our own earth-life would dim;
Soft her blue eyes, o'er them keep
Angel-watches—do not weep."

As I walk life's breadths and alleys,
Walk its uplands and its valleys,
Fainting, weary, and repining,
Comes this light through darkness shining—
How rough soe'er the hither tide,
She's safely on the other side—
Safe she dwells in the Above,
Safe within our Father's love!

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 109.

29th.—I have seen but little of Hugh for several days. Tylney is full of company, gay, rattling kind of people, who clatter past here on horseback, throw up the dust, as the open carriages travel down the road, and invade all my favorite haunts in beautiful morning dresses and French caps. In no way are things as they used to be. I have declined most of Mrs. Brantly's and Hattie's invitations to make one of their gay parties. When Hugh comes, I feel so heart-sick that I almost wish he had staid away, for fear I shall break down before him. I do not know whether his manner *is* different from what it used to be, or whether it is only my imagination, or whether my coolness really reacts upon him. I try to think over the matter dispassionately, to be just to Hugh, but Laura Whitney always comes between us. I sometimes think that the thing has become a monomania with me. Some nights I lie awake for hours, then I will fall asleep and see *her*, always beautiful, always cruel. I fear that I may be unjust to her even, but, God help me, I cannot help it. If I wake twenty times in the night, I always think of her and Hugh; the last when I go to sleep, the first when I arouse, is her face.

Papa, abstracted as he is, has noticed that I do not look well, and mamma makes all kinds of dainties to tempt my appetite; whilst this morning Nancy poked under my nose a glassful of feathery tansy bitters, and ordered "chamomile" in her laconic style.

I am going to the city next week to do some shopping—but I have little heart for it, I confess. My *trousseau* will be simple enough, such as befits a clergyman's daughter; but, simple as it is, the very thought of it is irksome. But perhaps the change will do me good, it may bring about a different train of thought.

30th.—Last evening, as I was listlessly gazing at the sunset on the river, I heard Laura Whitney say,

"Good-by, good folks, I'm going to stop here with cousin Hugh, to have a chat with Mrs. Winthrop. And, Bell, if we are not at home to tea, you'll know that we have been asked to stay here." I saw the rest of the party go over the field, and heard Hugh's step in the hall. Mamma came in the room quite flattered by Laura's manner of inviting herself "to stay to eat peaches and cream;" papa afterward edged in, in his shy fashion, and was soon talking of Rome and Pompeii, as he seldom talks. Hugh tried to get me to the piazza for a private chat, I know, but I felt sore, and sullen, and could not go; I literally *could not* see him alone just then.

So he came and sat down beside me and talked of the expected pic-nic, whilst Laura chatted away to papa and mamma. I tried not to seem constrained, but fear I was not quite successful. My nerves have got into that state that I'm sensitively alive to everything about me, so I heard all that Laura said, and all that Hugh said, even when they were both talking at the same time; and distinctly remember every shade of crimson and gold in the sky and on the water. I was sitting by the window which commands the most beautiful sweep of the river, where the graceful curve is as perfect as that of the bay of Naples, and where the evergreen trees grow from its very brim up the steep hillside, hundreds of feet above, one mass of green.

In the evening, at papa's request, Laura sung. My old jingling piano seemed but a miserable accompaniment for her voice, but even that sounded better than usual. To-night there were no airs from "La Favorita," no Italian songs, only ballads, those things which haunt us like memories, sad, appealing, despairing.

There was one which I had never heard before, and which I most sincerely wish I may never hear again, beautiful as it is.

> "I do not love thee, no, I do not love thee,
> And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
> I envy even the bright blue sky above thee
> That still may look upon thee and be glad."

The words convey no idea of the beauty of the air; and when she had finished, I wanted to lean my head on my folded arms and weep. Hugh is passionately fond of music, and to-night he was drawn to the piano, as he always

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is when she sings, as if without any power of resistance. Alas! how can my simple ballads and uncultivated voice ever break the charm of hers in his ears?

I have passed a terrible night. Half-sleeping, half-waking, Laura Whitney was always present, always between Hugh and me. Sometimes I saw her beckoning him down with her among the ruins of Pompeii; once I thought she was strangling him with her long blonde hair whilst she sung and fondled him; and again she suddenly rose out of the golden sunset on the river, and sung and sung till he approached her, when she gradually drew him on to the dark cold water, under the heavy, ominous shadow of the great hemlock tree, a lurlie in beauty, fascination, and wickedness.

I am utterly ashamed of all this, but as utterly unable to overcome it. I long for the change of scene which must be of service to me.

September 5th.—I cannot sleep, no fatigue seems to affect me, except to make me more nervously alive to every trifle. What a terrible day this has been to me, forced to talk, trifle, dance, when I wanted to be at home in my own room to think over my future quietly! What a wonderful thing pride is! No one, I am sure, suspected that I would like to moan, and weep, instead of flirting with Charley Home, and dancing with all who asked me. I gave Hugh no chance for private conversation; but as it was agreed that our engagement should not be made public just yet, that of course would occasion no remark. So he was at liberty to attend to all Laura's coquettish wants, help her up steep banks, over the mill-race, gather ferns, and asters, and golden-rod at her command, and follow her about with the scarf and parasol with which she honored him. I would not, for the world, break down now before Hugh; so, when I saw him coming toward me, I turned away as if unconsciously, and eagerly engaged in conversation with whoever chanced to be nearest.

I said to myself, "He shall have a fair opportunity to choose between us, and no pity for me shall influence him. If he loved her so passionately before, why should it not be revived now, the more, as she is even more fascinating than she used to be?" And it is well that I had so often gone over that argument with myself, or I might have betrayed myself, when I heard what Hugh said, as I sat concealed from them by a clump of alder, as they slowly walked down the mill-race, somewhat behind two or three other couple, who could only go by twos along the narrow path. I was waiting for Hattie and some of her friends, who had ascended the top of the hill to have a better view of the sunset, screened, but unintentionally, by the bushes on the bank, when I heard Hugh say,

"It's too late now, Laura. In two months Amy Winthrop will be my wife!"

But, by my soul! he was mistaken. It is not "too late;" and Amy Winthrop will never be your wife, Hugh Brantly!

I had no power to move; for all it seemed as if I had often heard those words before, they stunned me. They passed slowly on, and I heard no more.

It was well that the coming on of night made us hurry home, or I do not know how I should have kept up the farce of laughing and jesting as I did much longer.

I must get away from here, where I can think the matter over quietly; so I shall go to town by the early train, and not later in the day, as I had intended. I cannot see Hugh again till I have written to him. There's his voice in the hall now! Nancy is telling him that I'm very tired and have gone to bed.

He hopes I am not sick, he says, and to tell me that he will be here to see me in the morning before I leave. But he will not.

I really think the decision I have come to is a positive relief to me. I am quieter now that I have made up my mind what to do.

September 6th, Evening.—I've been in this great hot city all day, condoled with by aunt Maria because I look so ill; and making that a pretext for keeping my room, in order to compose myself enough to write to Hugh. Two or three letters have been written and destroyed; and even the one upon which I have concluded does not suit me. How weak it looks now as I copy it.

"HUGH—I find that I do not love you enough to be your wife. The consciousness of this has been dawning on me for some time; and now I want that you should release me from my engagement. I do not think that I am doing you wrong in this—God knows that I would not do that; but I believe from my soul that there are others more suited to fill the position which you have offered me. I have no reason to give you for this, except the true one—that I do not love you enough to be your wife."

It is true. I do *not* love him enough to be his wife, for "perfect love casteth out fear;" and I should always have feared the memory of Laura Whitney.

I wonder what the answer will be!

8th.—No answer yet to my letter! I know

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now what a weak fool I have been; I am conscious that I had *hoped* for an answer disclaiming love for Laura, hoped for this when I *knew* that he loved her—heard it with my own ears. Truly Amy Winthrop's pride has been made to trail in the dust! But no letter at all! No notice of mine—no thanks for setting my teeth together that I may make no moan, and crushing my own heart to make him happy! I ought to have had an answer this morning. Is he so happy in the new privilege of basking in Laura's smiles, that he has totally forgotten me? Well, this cannot last forever. The time *must* come when this dumb, gnawing agony will be stilled, when the wound will have become hardened, and memories can no longer make me wince as they touch it. But oh! it will be so long—so long!

I wonder if Hugh loved Laura in this way? If his tortures were like mine? If they were, I would not for my life be his wife. I feel so utterly weary, too weary to regret, sometimes, and yet I cannot rest. Every now and then, as I sit in the darkened room, to keep out the glare of the sun, the cool place under the big hemlock, on the river, comes before me so enticingly. I long to lie down in it and cool my head and sleep, and sleep.

October 11*th*.—More than a month since I have touched my diary. I remember nothing after writing those last sentences on the 8th, except throwing myself on the bed in a kind of stupor, till about two weeks ago I woke up, one night, to find the light shaded from my eyes, and seeing mamma and aunt Maria by my bed. I thought I had just fallen asleep, but wondered, in a vague kind of way, how mamma got there—but even trying to make out that much wearied me so that I was glad to close my eyes and try to sleep again. When next I awoke, I wanted to speak, but the effort tired me, and out of sheer weariness I had to shut my eyes, because I kept following mamma's figure about the room, and my brain whirled with the endeavor. And so it must have been for days, for I remember that, sometimes, glimpses of the past would float over my brain, and, before I could grasp them, I gave up the effort in my weariness. Then as I grew more conscious I was forbidden to speak, no question was answered, and my room seemed like a grave, it was so dark and quiet. It was not till a week ago that mamma told me how aunt Maria had found me on my bed in a violent fever, and sent for her. When she got here I was frightfully ill. She calls it typhus, and thinks it came from exposing myself to the night air, as I so often do, late in the summer; *I* think it is a nervous fever brought on by excitement. I asked yesterday if no letters had come for me; mamma said no, but that so many had called to inquire after me; that Hattie had come down several times from Tylney for the purpose; and that Hugh was staying in the city to be near me, and came twice a day. I suppose he knows how I suffered, from his own past, and perhaps he is a little remorseful that he has made me suffer so much. How weak I am! I got Bridget to give me this with a pencil, whilst they were at dinner, and find that even this little writing has made my head spin again.

15*th*.—This morning mamma asked me if I did not feel able now to see Hugh. I trembled, and became so agitated that she did not urge it. I wanted to tell her all, but I had not the strength. At last she said,

"My daughter, I know what worries you, Hugh has told me, and I would not distress you by mentioning it, except that I fear that, till there is a clear understanding, you will never get well. This trouble is killing you, child!"

Dear, good mother! she did not blame me for not having made a confident of her, and held back for an approach, from me, as I should have done in her place. I wanted to throw my arms around her and tell her how I loved her; but I could only turn my face to the pillow and cry. So she came and stroked my hair, and patted my cheek as if I had been a little child. Then presently she said,

"Hugh says he can scarcely understand it yet; but he showed me your letter, Amy, and I saw at once that you were jealous. I think that he thought so too, though he did not say so. I asked him if he had any wish to break off the engagement, he only said,

"Amy Winthrop is the only woman whom I have *truly* loved. If she is not my wife, no other woman will ever be so."

Then mamma said no more, but left the medicine to effect a cure as best it could. Presently I said,

"Mamma, I am sure that he loves his cousin, I heard him tell her as much the day of the picnic;" but I was too exhausted to go into an explanation.

Yet I cannot help feeling so much happier at even these few words of Hugh's, that I have written this whilst mamma is at tea, and do not feel as badly as I did this morning.

16*th*.—Such a blessed letter as that is of Hugh's! No reproaches, no questions asked that I might find difficult to answer; it is so

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kind, gentle, forbearing, that I could cry now from very shame. I suppose mamma has told him what I said about the conversation at the pic-nic. For he says,

"From the time I first knew you, Amy, you were the type, to me, of all true womanhood. I had found in you, what I knew a long while before, I had not found in Laura Whitney. My youthful passion for my cousin died out of itself years ago; it left my heart hardened, perhaps, by the conflict; but I swear by all my hopes of your making me a loving and faithful wife, that you are loved more entirely and truly, with my understanding as well as heart, than ever she was. The conversation, a part of which you overheard at the pic-nic, must have been misinterpreted by sick fancies, darling. It was with no sadness in my voice, I know, that I told Laura, at the end of her penitent confession, for what she called the wrong done me years ago, that in two months Amy Winthrop would be my wife. If ever a man was glad or proud of such a fact, I was; and I remember now the feeling of exultation with which I said it. I felt a security in your strong, yet sunny nature; a sense of quiet, ineffable happiness, which such as she could never have given me You do not doubt my love now, I know, Amy; you would never have doubted it, if this illness had not been coming on you, breaking down your nervous system. No one but your mother knows of the naughty letter which you wrote me, which almost crushed me, for the time, darling, for I thought that I was going to endure greater agony than I could bear; but, on reading it over, I felt that you still loved me."

With such a talisman as Hugh's letter about me, "the green-eyed monster" will never dare make his appearance again.

17*th*.—To-day is a "white day" in my life. I was able to walk over to aunt Maria's sitting-room this morning, and was just ensconced on the sofa when Hugh came. What a happy, peaceful day it has been! I felt more quiet and restful than for a long, long while. The sleep this afternoon did me so much good; and, when I awoke, I found Hugh sitting by me, watching me.

"We must get you back to the country as soon as possible, darling," he said, "you look so pale and pitiful with your great dark eyes and white face."

So if I gather strength fast enough to bear the fatigue, we go home early next week.

22*nd*.—It is so pleasant to be at home again. What a temptation it is to play the invalid, just to have the attention which I now receive. Everybody pets me, and—I like it; I'm ashamed to say how much I like it. The gardener at Tylney sends me beautiful baskets of flowers; Mrs. Brantly such choice hot-house grapes; Mr. Brantly brings the big, comfortable family carriage, filled with cushions and shawls, bundles me up as if I was a baby, and sets Hugh or Hattie to watch over me, whilst he mounts beside the coachman to see that all rough places are avoided. As for Hattie, she flies in and out, now with a new book, a late pear, or the rumor of a new style for wedding dresses. Hugh laughs, keeps his place beside me, and says that if I do not order *that* dress soon, he shall give it in charge to Hattie, who will have it made and on me in a short time. But I feel such utter rest now, that I seem to be slowly floating through a golden atmosphere this glorious Indian summer weather, and dislike to break the charm by any effort. But every day I am growing stronger, and have no doubt but that soon all my old active occupations will be revived.

November 3*rd*.—It is singular what an interest I have taken in the patterns of white silk and satin that mamma and Hattie have brought from the city. A month ago, in my wickedness, I thought rather complacently of another white dress, and of other flowers than bridal ones; but now the wish for life is so strong, that sometimes it seems to me almost as wicked as my former state.

In two weeks I shall be Hugh's wife, a merciful Providence permitting, and even the thought of leaving papa and mamma does not sober me as it ought to do. The home which Hugh is fitting up for me in the city, "is just the sweetest, most elegant home in the world," Hattie says; but, for many months of the year, I shall be at Tylney, near my own dear old home and my parents. The neighbors are profuse in their congratulations; and Miss Wallace says, "It's easy to see that Mr. Hugh Brantly loves me more than he ever did his cousin." But this has no power to make me wince now, that ghost is laid forever; so entirely that I can heartily admire the India shawl which Laura has sent to me as a bridal present. All the family have been lavish in their gifts—I am glad for Hugh's sake that they take me kindly among them, even Mrs. Scott, now that she sees that the thing is inevitable.

I expect to be happily busy now till my marriage. No more entries in my diary now. I shall close it for awhile; but some day I may open it for Hugh to read, to let him see what a foolish, wicked girl he married.

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DORA'S COLD.

BY MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE, AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN CINDERELLA."

"PHIL! keep the office-door shut, and the window open; none of your sacrilegious games of marbles on the front steps; behave yourself respectably, and wash bottles till I come back, or I'll turn you off to-morrow! Have an eye to Mrs. Thompson's front gate, and if anybody should call for me, you know where I am to be found, I suppose?"

Phil responded by a grinning nod. The question was superfluous. It is an attribute of boys of fourteen to know everything they should not know; and if there be one of the class who excels his fellows in useless knowledge, my Phil is that lad. Apparently busied forever in those light but continuous labors pertaining to an office-boy, he contrived to keep a far more watchful eye upon my movements than I was able to do upon his; and could tell (probably did) exactly in what direction I usually bent my steps after the above formula; whether I walked on the right or left hand side of the street, and how soon I reached my destination; the number of times my tender knuckles came in contact with a certain hard green door, and the reception that awaited me inside it; the length of my stay—the only thing he had a legitimate right to know—and the mien, cheerful or dejected, according to the fortunes of the day, with which I returned to the empty office and full bottles, over which he was supposed to mount guard during my absence.

Preferring not to notice the peculiarity of my assistant's manner, as it might involve awkward explanations, I closed the door of his prison, with an authoritative bang that shook the slate outside it, and strode, with hasty steps, down the village street. There was no occasion for hurry. The business I had in hand was not of a kind to demand it, and had been pending a reasonable time already; nor would any "more haste" on my part be liable to advance it much, but would rather realize the old proverb of "less speed." I, therefore, walked fast purely as a matter of principle, in the hope that the village dames, who I knew were watching my progress from behind the dimity curtains of their "sittin'-room" windows, might possibly think I had been called to a patient. Vain precaution! Idle hope! Every one of those astute matrons knew, at least as well as myself, the errand upon which I was bound, and, far better than I, (I own it in all humility,) the state of health in the neighborhood, which precluded the possibility of any professional exertion on my part.

And here I may remark, literally *en passant*, that the town in which I had chosen to "locate" was salubrious to a painful and unnatural degree—the very last place in the world for a young physician in ordinary circumstances to seek his fortune. But my circumstances were peculiar. It was not so much fortune that I sought; in short, I had my reasons—and a large practice would have awkwardly interfered with my more serious avocations. Still I do not deny that a slight modicum of professional business, just to fill up the intervening time and save appearances, would not have been amiss; and I had been, in fact, rather anxiously looking for some symptoms of the sort, for a considerable time, without any result whatever. The inhabitants all took "Hall's Journal of Health;" they cherished "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" they were learned in the works of Fowler. Cold water was cheap and plentiful; they used it, externally and internally, to the avoidance of expensive nostrums and strong drinks. Exercise was inevitably fashionable where every lady was her own "help," and every gentleman his own wood-sawyer; food was just dear enough to make surfeits undesirable, and medicine was so unpopular that nobody (before me) ever ventured to open a drug-store. The old ladies dispensed a few herbs privately, and that was the end of it. People did not seem to die; if anything ailed them, they perseveringly kept on till it stopped. Fat parties, who ought to have been dropsical, were not so at all: they grew fatter, and flourished like green bay-trees. Lean persons, threatening to go off in a decline, declined to do it, and remained. Adventurous little boys, falling from the tops of high trees to the stony ground, sustained no injuries beyond the cure of the maternal chastisement, and brandy-and-brown-paper of home. Babies defied croup and colic, with the slender aid of Bateman's drops, and syrup of squills, dispensed by a wise grandma; and children of maturer years went

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through the popular infant disorders as they went through their grammars and geographies, and with about as much result. Mumps and measles, chills and chicken-pox, prevailed and disappeared without medical assistance; and, though all the children whooped like wild Indians, no anxious parent ever thought it necessary to call in the aid of a physician. There was but one in the place before my advent, a comfortable, elderly man, who had selected the profession—as practiced in his native town—because it interfered less than any other with his punctual habits of eating and sleeping, and was a gentlemanly sinecure possessing uncommon privileges. No patient of his ever dreamed of bringing him out, of nights; the person to be ill chose an hour between dinner and tea, and gave respectful notice accordingly, at a reasonable time beforehand. No extraordinary accidents requiring wonderful feats of surgery were ever permitted in his practice; no strangers ever shocked his nerves by dying suddenly at the hotels; no mysterious epidemics and endemics baffled his skill or defied it; the locality was too low for bronchitis and consumption, and too high for cholera and yellow fever; small-pox was unheard-of, and people "vaccinated" each other; in short, to quote from the only epitaph in the village grave-yard, "Physicians was in vain."

It was a beautiful morning in early summer on which I took my way through this healthful village. I mean, of course, professionally speaking, a very fine morning indeed. The air was warm and moist, laden with pleurisy and ague; the ground soft and oozy—a sure thing for rheumatism and influenza; the sun unseasonably hot—fever and rush of blood to the head. "Old Capt. Hopkins is constitutionally inclined to gout; he never had a twinge during the rainy season, but it is just possible this may settle him. Mother Hawks is rheumatic, is she? If she is about picking up news to-day, I shall be revenged for her slandering me. The Sessions girls come out in all weathers; and that vicious child of Mrs. Thompson's, after keeping me in suspense for four months, will probably croup up to-night, while its grandmother Banks is off on a visit. Dr. Coachey never goes out after dark, and I live right over the way!" With these encouraging reflections, and a grateful glance upward, where a copper-colored sun blazed through a sea of purple mist, I pursued my way to the mansion of Col. Marston, father to Miss Dora Marston, to whom I am honorary cousin.

Col. Marston's house is situated on a fine, grassy knoll, shaded by handsome trees, and enclosed with a well-kept hedge. It is just out of the reach of village eyes and ears, but not beyond the pale of village curiosity. Anybody there can tell you by what right I address good Mrs. Marston as my aunt, and pretty Dora as my cousin, while not in the least related to either. My dear mother, now deceased, when a dashing young widow, possessed of some property and a little boy, married Miss Dora's uncle, and became her aunt, thereby making me, as I consider, virtually her cousin. At any rate I have been, for twenty years, a visitor, at intervals, to the dear old house, recognized, in my cousinly capacity, by the family, and treated accordingly; while, for more than half that time, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, have I sought the avuncular mansion, with an eye to Miss Dora: a fact she seems sublimely unconscious of, considering how many times, by hint and innuendo, by sigh and look, and tender courtesy and downright speech, I have shown her the place she occupies in my mind; and given her, as it appears, the right to drive me out of it—if possible. Tom Hayes is her favorite instrument of torture. He is the young lawyer of the place, as I am the young doctor, and is advancing about as fast in his profession. He is considered a good-looking fellow, though I don't see it, and has undoubtedly a fine voice, upon which pretext he spends about half his time twanging upon Dora's guitar, and waking Col. Marston from his afternoon nap. It would look better, I must say, for a young man in his position, to be at home waiting for practice; but I have heard that he says the same of me, and, perhaps, with equal justice. At all events it was hard to find his horse already tied at the gate-post, on that particular spring day, when, warm and weary, I arrived on the battle-ground, prepared "to put my fate to the touch" at once.

On one side of the house ran the broad, white public road, from which one deviated to approach this earthly paradise; on the other a private one, a mere cart-track, narrower, darker, grass-grown, cool and shady, leading down to the mill-stream that ran behind the grounds. Down this path Dora always took me to walk when she wanted me to say anything particularly foolish which could serve her as food for laughter; and down this path, again, we always must go when that villain Hayes was of the party, and she wanted to play me off against him, or him against me, or both against her womanly vanity.

Accordingly I found them equipped for a walk, loitering on the front piazza, not waiting

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for me, however, as Dora took pains to explain, and as I could readily believe; for they were flirting over a new song. Not in the best of humors I took the seat officiously proffered by my rival, and, while I wiped my heated brows, advised my fair cousin not to saunter through the damp woodland paths on this most unhealthy morning. "I advise you as a physician, mind you," said I, to give weight to the opinion that might be denied it in my cousinly capacity; but she received it with utter contempt and ridicule, gladly assisted by Mr. Hayes, whose white teeth gleamed wolfishly behind a thick black moustache, at my expense. We had shaken hands with the greatest cordiality. I had inquired after his clients, and he had professed interest in my patients. I had asked him if he enjoyed his ride with Miss Julia Stevens, and he had just remembered seeing me, as he drove past Mrs. Hedge's, in the front garden with Laura Hedge—a reminiscence which went a thought too far; for I had been, at the time of which he spoke, seated on this very piazza, by the side of the innocent young lady before us, who showed no tokens of the sweet confusion with which she had listened to my broken confidences the night before, and only glanced from one to the other with guileless interest and wondering simplicity.

Now I had said enough to her, on that occasion, to make one feel some anxiety concerning her demeanor, to-day, and some doubt concerning my own. I had a right to expect, after the way in which she listened last night, that if *my* cheeks burned, and my ears tingled, and my eyes fell, and my heart beat faster, hers would, at least, betray some consciousness of the fact. But not a fleeting tremor shook the little hand, not a shade of color deepened the rose of the round cheek, not a passing thought of bashfulness weighed down the curly eyelashes; she was serenely self-possessed, superbly cool, and attentive to the obnoxious Hayes, in proportion as she was disregardful of me.

Quivering with suppressed indignation, I accepted her careless invitation, and followed the precious pair into the shrubbery, there being no other way of obtaining the explanation I was determined to have this morning. I had often seen such demonstrations before, and borne them with comparative patience, knowing how well worth the trouble of winning, how true and tender, after all, if only it could be reached under these disguising caprices, was the wayward little heart that had tried my love, and tested my temper, all these years. From her very cradle she provoked me; from the frills of her baby-cap she mocked me; and, grown into the ranks of little girlhood, she systematically tormented me by an artful preference of all the little boys I most hated, for whom she unceremoniously deserted my surer protection. And yet, in all her troubles from torn frocks to Latin lexicons, she flew to me for aid, counsel, sympathy, and affection, repenting of all her sins against me, and walking in a straight path again, till between her sweet eyes, and her pretty confessions, and her gentle ministering to my wounded vanity, she had regained a larger place than before in my alienated heart, and could afford to play the very deuce with it again.

"Twenty years of this sort of thing must have settled the question one way or another," I argued. "There is no use in my putting up with this bewitched turn any longer, or enduring my empty slate, Phil's nonsense, and Tom Hayes' impudence, my aunt's sermons, and my uncle's speeches, and Miss Dora's flirtations. She has either flirted with me, or she has loved me from her cradle; I have sometimes thought it the latter; but I greatly suspect it to be the former. Grand query, which is it? And I resolved to know to-day."

It was in vain, however, that I tried, during the walk, to gain a moment's conversation with Dora, a whisper in her ear, a look from her eyes, a touch of her hand; such favors were reserved for the smiling cavalier who walked at her side, exulting and triumphantly good-natured; though as I followed them, silent and morose, I seemed to read scorning and defiance in the very cock of his hat, as I saw her lifted over muddy places in his proud arms, or climbing a stile by his gallant assistance. And completing this cheerful party, behind me, and before me, and about me, wherever he could get within stumbling reach, trotted my favorite aversion Rover, an ugly, awkward, senseless, and ill-conditioned puppy, whom Dora had elected her prime pet and favorite, apparently for no better reason than that everybody hated him. The colonel kicked him, Mrs. Marston chased him, the cook scalded him, the boys stoned him, and I could scarcely refrain from giving public utterance to the anathemas that burned on my tongue, when the wretched animal, who seemed to have an insane attraction toward me, floundered about my legs as I moved, or flapped his stumpy tail under my chair when I sat still. Dora, alone, with strange perversity, persisted in ignoring his bad habits, his vulgar manners, his uselessness, his ugliness, and his impudence, and set

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me at defiance, when I complained of him, by pressing him in her beautiful arms—happy cur that he was!—and laying her soft cheek against his villainous bristles, till, in very disgust and jealousy, I ceased to remonstrate, and learned to submit quietly to his revolting familiarities.

On the present occasion, the few private kicks and pinches I ventured to bestow availed nothing against his clinging affection, till we drew near the water; and the sight of a rabbit's white tail, further up the bank, effected my release from his attentions, for he immediately galloped off in pursuit of it; and a similar happy accident set me, for a moment, free to speak to Dora, without the intervention of the other puppy, as I had secretly denominated Mr. Hayes. He had gallantly volunteered to scramble up a steep bank, after a cluster of pink flowers, which Miss Dora had persistently admired, as they waved in inaccessible beauty high above her head, though sister blossoms bloomed all unnoticed about her feet. Being thus freed from the attendance of my *bete noire*, I approached the little queen of my heart, who stood in maiden meditation on the very edge of the wet sand, where she had planted herself in express defiance of my professional warning, with the water gently oozing up around her thin slippers.

"Don't come here, cousin, I'm afraid you'll wet your feet!" she called out, in an impertinent voice, as I drew near; but her lashes were not lifted, and such a rosy flush crept up her face, as she said it, that I forgot my hot walk, and hotter indignation, and glowed less with anger, and more with love. I laid my hand lightly on her shoulder, looking down at their mocking lips, and, stooping, whispered in her ear. In spite of her uneasy pretexts to escape, in spite of female coquetry in her person, in spite of Tommy Hayes, in spite of Rover, that marplot puppy, I had a moment's hearing, and used it manfully; and as I whispered my heart beat thick with triumph, for she could not raise her eyes to mine, they were pensively watching the source of the rippling flood, and bright tears seemed quivering on the curling lashes; her cheeks were a warmer scarlet; her pretty lips trembled with the fateful answer, and I was sure it wasn't "No," and saw them part—gracious heavens! to emit one of those shrill female screams, that, more than trump of war or voice of cannon, strike panic into the bold heart of man and unnerve him to the finger-ends. "My dog! my puppy!" she sobbed, "he'll be drowned; he can't swim in that current! He's coming down stream tail first, poor fellow! I knew it was him! Oh! why don't you go and save him?"

This passionate appeal was addressed to the sympathizing Hayes, I being in disgrace on account of an unfortunate ejaculation uttered in the first surprise—an impoliteness in marked contrast to the graceful gallantry of the hero of the cliff, who supported the weeping maiden in his arms, and tenderly soothed her excitement as the unhappy Rover whirled and eddied toward us.

"Why don't you go?" she reiterated, stamping her little foot, and as her eyes this time wandered toward me, I responded by throwing off my cap and coat. It was of no use to explain to her that it was almost impossible to rescue the dog, and that the attempt would involve great risk of my own life; what did she care for that? The emotion I had so proudly misinterpreted on her lovely face was for a blundering, senseless puppy; the heart I had so faithfully served to win was given to a miserable dandy. What remained to me but to finish a life devoted to an unworthy object, by consistently sacrificing it in the same worthless cause? And with the bitter hope that my failures would end here, I prepared to plunge into the rushing water.

I could not help looking back at Dora, who, tightly clinging to Mr. Hayes' arm, had been hidden from me, during my rapid preparation, by his tall figure and ample white linen robes. "Don't *you* go," she had said to him; "let George go, if he can swear he can swim! Don't *you* try, Mr. Hayes!"

Mr. Hayes had no idea of trying. *He* risk his life—a life so precious to a world of spinsters for a miserable fellow puppy—he wash the dye from those perfumed whiskers dear to the hearts of so many maidens—he ruin those freshly-laundered clothes—he abandon those new French boots! Ridiculous! He glanced down into his companion's face with a smile of exquisite amusement, as she said it; but Dora's eyes were tightly shut, and she did not see him. So the sneer traveled to me who was about to drown in his stead for his lady's pleasure, and gave my heart its last dying pang as I quitted the shore.

A cry of terror and recall, from what had been a dear voice, followed my splash into the deep water, and thrilled my nerves a moment; but I struck out boldly for the whirlpool, where plunging, yelping, struggling, revolved the wretched beast to whom my cousin had resolved to sacrifice my life, and for whose sake she was crying on the beach. Much time was

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lost in reaching, more in capturing the blundering fool, who, mad with terror and fright, feared me more than the water; and when I got him in my arms at last, we were rapidly shooting toward the cruel wheel, that splashed and creaked a hundred yards below, ready to suck us in to certain death. Well, what mattered it? Dora would be sorry, perhaps, at least for the dog, and so desperately bitter and revengeful, I felt, that I was glad her clumsy pet, since she loved him, was to drown in my company, that she too could feel what it was to mourn the loss of something dearly loved, and that my death would, at least, be associated in her mind with some painful event; in short—I despised the weakness, but it would have its way—that some of her dear and precious tears might be wept for me. I closed my eyes upon the shifting scene and tried to prepare for death, unconscious that the current was bearing me nearer the shore, and that my only chance of escape was close at hand. Something struck my face, a thrilling voice called my name. I raised my heavy gaze, and there, clinging to the farthest branches of an old tree that had fallen over into the water, was Dora, her cheeks wet, her lips white, her eyes imploringly fixed on me, or on the burden I carried, unheeding the rushing flood that saturated her tiny feet and floating dress, and threatened to bear her away from the frail support to which she clung. Feeble, exhausted, despairing as I was, there was a magnetic power in that dear voice, in that beautiful pale face, that inspired me with hope and drew me back to life.

A few strokes drew me nearer, the stream drifted me among the sweeping branches, I was clasped in those beautiful arms, then seized and dragged along by a stronger hold, and presently lay half-senseless and wholly exhausted on the beach. I was content to lie there while I fancied I heard a familiar voice breathing softly in my ear, and felt caressing hands touch mine, warm tears baptize my cheek, and gentle fingers extricate the gasping Rover from my drowning gripe. But after he was removed, I seemed to be more roughly handled by less tender ministry, and opened my eyes to find the zealous Mr. Hayes kneeling by my side, and—under his fair mistress' orders, of course—doing his duty toward my resuscitation. At a safe distance stood Dora, her dripping favorite sneezing and floundering in her arms, and her happy face beaming rosier and fairer than ever, in contrast with her soiled and draggled garments, as she pressed the precious rescued treasure to her breast, and received her lover's congratulations on its safety, with only an occasional furtive glance at me, as I lay helpless on the sand, slowly coming back to life under his active treatment.

So the tears, the pallor, the gallant rescue, were for the sake of that worthless dog! I was saved, incidentally with her interesting favorite, as I might have drowned for his sake and no questions asked; and, having accomplished my high mission of preserving the stupid brute, lay untended and uncared-for, at her feet, dependent on the kind offices of my successful rival! The blood rushed back to my heart, the strength to my nerves, as I slowly drank in the bitterness of this cup.

"Your cousin's better, Miss Dora," said the benignant Hayes. "Ain't you going to thank him?"

She moved nearer in instinctive obedience to him, bashful, tearful, trembling, confused, but radiant and lovely as I had never before seen her, and lifting her timid eyes to his for further instructions with a deprecating grace and softness of manner, while she carefully averted them from me. I could bear it no longer, and with an energetic oath sprang up, knocking Tom Hayes back into my place, and extorting a little scream of surprise from Miss Dora. Without a look or thought cast backward, I strode away toward the village, determined to shake its dust from my feet and depart next morning, never again to look upon the faces of the precious pair I had left. I rushed like a whirlwind through my aunt's kitchen, on my way, and bade her good-by.

"Good-by! Georgy, what does the boy mean?" said she. She was phlegmatic and slow of comprehension.

"I mean I shall never see you again, aunty; God bless you! I'm going away to-morrow."

"Hoity toity! Nonsense!" said she; "some folly of yours and Dora's, I suppose; never mind her, a silly girl! You'll be my own boy yet, my dear! But you are dripping wet, George, you must have been in the water, and you'll take cold. Here, swallow this," and mingling sentimental with spirituous comfort, the good old lady poured a fiery glass of brandy down my throat; and I poured my sorrowful story into her motherly ear, as I had done when an orphan boy, and all my life since, waxing warm with anger and contempt as I told it, while her benignant face showed no sympathy with the indignation that glowed on mine.

"So good-by, aunty," said I, as I finished, in a tone tremulous with weakness and wrath;

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"you love me, if Dora does not, and you will remember me kindly, I know." I wrung her hand and kissed her cheek; but she never shed a tear. She had been used to weep like a watering-pot, when I went back to college after a visit, and I had always left her loaded with biscuits and blessings, and, thankless prodigal that I was! rather disposed to laugh at her display of maternal sorrow. How grateful to my wounded and sorrowful spirit, my outraged heart, would such a demonstration of affection now have been! But all were alike heartless and cold to-day, and she smiled serenely under my parting kiss, only saying, as I ran down the steps, "Good-by, Georgy; promise me not to go before you're well rested to-morrow morning; and you'll come back if I have occasion to send for you professionally?"

I bowed assent. What could I do? And, out to the heart, went slowly and wearily home. I do not know by what way I arrived there, or whom or what I passed upon the road. I saw nothing but the darkness of my future, and felt nothing but the sorrow that consumed my heart. Phil was astonished at the gentleness of the reproof I bestowed, on finding him among a crowd of juvenile vagabonds that were playing pitch-penny in my very office; but how could I expect him to be true when all others were faithless? I was too broken in spirit to administer justice upon him as he deserved; and, quite conscience-stricken, he waited upon me assiduously till my last bottle was packed at midnight, and I sent him to bed with orders to call me at daybreak. The stage came through at eleven, and I usually rose at nine; but I scorned to comply with my aunt's injunction to take my usual rest, and was bent upon suffering the additional martyrdom of early rising.

What weary, dreary hours! I heard every one of them strike, as I lay tossing on the patent spring mattress, in that darkly shaded room, where I was wont to sleep the sleep of the sluggard; but through all the long night no slumber visited my eyes till the day broke, and having watched the spectacle of the sunrise with wonder—it was long since I had seen it—the novelty put me asleep, and from thence into a dismal dream, from which I was awakened by a terrible thumping at the office-door, and the shrill voice of my Phil in communication with the person outside.

"I shan't open the door for nobody," cried the faithful janitor, "and if you don't stop knockin' on it, I'll come out and show yer. He's asleep, I tell ye; goin' away to-day, and wants to get up in time for the stage; but I shall let him oversleep hisself, and he'll think better of it by to-morrow. Come this afternoon if you want to see him, that'll do for you."

"But I tell you it won't do," returned a gruff voice, which I recognized as that of Col. Marston's "hired man." "Miss Dora's sick of pleurisy, catched her death of cold yesterday fishin' her puppy out of the river; Dr. George was on it too, and you'd better let me in, for he'll be ravin' when he hears Miss Dora's out of her head with a fever this morning, and Mrs. Marston told me to bring him back, and no excuse."

I sprang out of bed and was down stairs questioning the messenger before Phil could invent any more excuses for keeping him out. Dora sick of a fever, and I called in! My pride revolted at entering the house again, after the treatment I had received from its inmates; but I had promised Mrs. Marston to return whenever "professionally summoned," and my promise was sacred; the other doctor was worse than useless, and if Dora should be dangerously ill—lovely, brave Dora, who periled her life for mine yesterday, for mine and the dog's—but never mind that now—she was heartless, but could I find it in my heart to turn away from her in her sorrow? Alas! I was still so weak that my love drew me, more than my pledged word, along the well known road, that yesterday I had vowed never to tread again.

My aunt met me at the door. I was breathless and agitated, but she seemed more cheerful than I expected; her eyes were full of tears, for she had just come out of the sick room, but there was a smile on her kind face as it looked pleasantly into mine.

"Is she very ill?" I stammered.

"Not very," she said, coolly. "Come in here a moment, Georgy," and, still retaining my hand, she drew me into her own little sitting-room and shut the door. "My dear boy," she went on, placing both her kind hands on my shoulders, "don't be alarmed. I sent you rather an urgent message, but I was afraid that you wouldn't come, in spite of your promise, and I want this settled about you and Dora; you have tormented each other long enough, you with your jealousy and blindness, she with her flirting and nonsense—I don't say she was not the worst, but that's over. No, she's not very sick; don't interrupt me! She caught cold yesterday, as I thought she would in that wicked, foolish business you were all engaged in, tempting of Providence, I call it, but I hope it will do you good. So to-day she has some fever, nothing more, but she looks badly and feels

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dreadfully; and as she has hardly been sick a day in her life, thinks she is going to die, or she never would have told me what she did tell me. I'm her mother, it's not for me to betray her; but you're my son too, and I wish you both happy; so go in and do what you can for the poor girl, and don't ever give us reason to repent putting Dora's heart into your hands, Georgy, my dear, bless you!"

She gave me an affectionate kiss and fluttered into an inner room, just as the morning stage rolled by the door. She was saluted by a burst of sobs, and a strange muffled voice asking hardly intelligibly, "Wasn't that the coach, mother?"

"Yes, dear!"

"Then he's gone, mother, and he'll never come back. I treated him so badly, you don't know! even when he nearly drowned saving Rover!"

"Poor Rover! he wants to see you."

"Don't let him in! don't, mother! I hate the very sight of him."

"George is here, Dora."

"George!"

"Yes, dear."

She made no answer, but cried harder than ever.

"I sent for him professionally," at last said her mother, "I can tell him to go away."

"No, wait a minute, mother. But I can't see him, I'm ashamed to see him."

My aunt made no answer, but came out, ushered me in and shut the door after me.

In a darkened chamber, dim and dismal, within a great stuffed chair of state, before a low, slowly smouldering fire, sat poor little Dora, swathed in blankets and muffled in shawls; her tiny feet, wrapped in a woolen bundle, rested on hot bricks, and her aching head was tied up in red flannel bandages that smelt of brandy—she had a mustard plaster on her chest, and a "pepper gargle" for her throat, and a cup of boiling ginger tea stood at her elbow. Her pretty nose was swollen out of shape; her bright eyes were dimmed and tearful; and little blisters had broken out all over those kissable lips; a very damp white handkerchief lay on her lap, and two great tears that it had not yet wiped away, ran down her flushed cheeks. Poor child! she put up both her small hands when I came in, to hide her little red face, but I could see the tears dropping between her slender fingers. Sorry and ashamed, and afraid to speak, but more hopeful and happy than I had often felt, I went quietly and stood behind her chair.

"George!" she said, presently, in her poor, little broken voice, "are you there?"

"Yes, Dora."

"Are you very angry with me?"

I put one of my hands down over the chair-back and drew both hers away from before her face, and then came round and kissed it. I could not think of anything better to do.

"You are not going away?"

I shook my head. "That is not for me to say."

"Who then? Will you please tell me what you mean, George?" She was very gentle and submissive; but the burning hand I touched began to grow cold.

"It is for *you* to say, Dora dear. Did you need to ask me that after all these years?"

Without a single word, but with a fond, impulsive movement, she turned to me, put both her little arms around my neck, and laid her feverish cheek against mine, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why did you come back, Georgy?"

"Because I loved you, Dora, and couldn't stay away."

"Yes, you would, if I had not been sick, mother told me so. I had hurt you too cruelly and treated you too shamefully; you were proud, but you were very patient, Georgy. How long have I plagued you?"

"Twenty years!"

"Then I have loved you twenty years, and tried not to have you know it. I was very proud, very wicked, very mean, but I am sorry now. I did not want to have you or anybody see how much I cared for you. If I die," at last she sobbed, "you will think better of me."

"My dear Dora, you are not to die, you are to marry me in three weeks. You have a little cold, that is all, and I'll give you time to recover your voice and get those ugly blisters off your face."

"Is it so very ugly?" she whispered, hiding it against my shoulder.

"Very ugly indeed, and I hope it will stay so till we are married, then we shall have no more flirting with Tom Hayes; I wanted to murder him yesterday, Dora, when—when you invited me to drown and not him."

"Oh, George! I didn't know the danger till you were gone and it was too late! I knew you were brave and could swim, and that he wasn't and couldn't! I thought you could do it easily, and never dreamed of your drowning till he told me—and then——"

"And then my little heroine risked her life to save me?"

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"I wouldn't have cared to live without."

"And cried over me when I was landed?"

"I was so glad and thankful, dear George!"

"But was ashamed to let Tom Hayes see it afterward?"

"No; only ashamed to speak to you, because I had behaved so badly, afraid you would order me away out of your sight forever. I am bad, I know, but indeed I am not so bad as that."

Ah! how easy it was to believe it with that sweetly humble voice whispering in my ear, those drooping eyes truthfully upraised to mine, the new charm of her timid, deprecating manner going straight to my yielding heart.

All at once a trembling, snorting sound at the door announced Rover.

"Shall I let him in?" I said.

"Just as you please, dear," she gently answered. "If he is so disagreeable to you, I will give him away," she added, timidly.

Heavens, what a change! I was completely conquered by this last convincing proof of affection; though, as to giving him away, what mortal in his senses would have taken him? Of course he remained to become a privileged member of my family, growing dearer to us both as he fattened upon meat at a shilling a pound, like the favorite of some Chinese epicure, and broke uncounted china in his playful moments. At the very altar, or rather I should say the piano, before which we stood to be married, he interfered with the happy arrangement of the bridal party by his ill-timed blandishments; but afterward did me good service by getting under the feet of the groomsman, and endangering his equilibrium as he was about to kiss the bride.

"Poor Hayes!" I said, pretending sympathy in alluding to this incident with her.

"Oh! you needn't pity him!" she responded, rather spitefully I thought; "he will be married to Julia Stevens before the month is out," and so he was.

Some time has elapsed since the occurrences just narrated gave me my first patient, and decided me to remain in the neighborhood with or without others. It is fortunate that I did so, for the spell is broken that held us in preternatural health; and no invalid subscribing to this periodical need address me under cover, editor of "Peterson's Magazine," for the proper name of the town, with a view of seeking its salubrious air. My practice is increasing rapidly in spite of Mrs. Thompson's baby, which has hitherto disappointed my expectations of croup, but promises in time a beautiful case of hereditary bronchitis. Capt. Hopkins is on his last legs with the gout, unless he soon resolves to spend part of his income in improving mine, and mother Hawks is a prey to the acutest inflammatory rheumatism. The late fine fruit season has been productive of much cholera infantum, and the recent fall in provisions has induced a similar decline in health among the rural economists; a railroad is projected through our midst, which will bring foreign diseases and disorders among us, and turn our peaceful Arcadia into a miniature New York. I see, with the prescient eye of imagination, a busy and prosperous future in store for me; I see my handsome and hitherto unused set of surgical instruments often taken from their case for "disasters," collisions," and "smashes;" I see fashion reigning in our humble streets with her neuralgic little bonnets, her consumptive thin shoes, her lung-compressing corsets, and fever-tempting bodices, or later abominations to take the place of these, and her unseasonable hours, unseasonable excitements, and unnatural quantities and qualities of food and drink. I see my little stock of drugs increasing to a mighty establishment; my Phil of some use at last, and Rover hoarse with barking at the ringing of the night-bell. I see Dr. Coachey retiring in despair to his whist and his sangaree, and myself sole autocrat of the village health; and brightest of all these bright visions, I see my pretty Dora, the beautiful spirit of light and love to my household, infinitely lovelier and more charming than ever in her girlish days, but without the faintest symptom of the coquetry that marked her then, blind to all fascinations but mine, and such a devoted wife, that she upholds my whiskers (which are inclined to reddish,) to be of the finest auburn, and does not envy Mrs. Tom Hayes the "sable splendors" of her husband's face; in short, I see daily more occasion to thank heaven for all the happy consequences of DORA'S COLD.

THE REPULSE.

OUT from my heart thine image must be torn;
Fate has the power to crush, but cannot kill;
Thou hast no love for me, and I would scorn
To hold thee prisoner against thy will.

What most I wonder at—how cam'st thou here,
Nestling as some bright bird within the nest?
Thou hast disturbed the doves I held most dear,
And raised an insurrection in my breast.

Yes, thou must go; for peace will not return
Unless from out my heart I banish thee;
The idol I have worshiped I must burn,
And nought but ashes will remain to me.

J. P.

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MARRYING A FARMER.

BY MRS. MARY AMES.

"And so, to-morrow you leave us? Oh! Amy, little did I think, when I saw you wedded to Henry Kingsley, Representative from —— district, New York, that he would ever take you to such a home!"

"And why not, my sister? I knew that he was a farmer; and when I promised to be his bride, I expected to be a farmer's wife. Nor would I change my lot, if I could. I expect to be very happy there. All I shall miss, will be 'the loved ones at home;' and I could not expect to carry them with me to my new home."

"But just think of it, sister! You, who have been reared so tenderly, to work like aunt Rachel, perhaps! I expect, if ever I come to see you, to find you out milking the cows, or feeding the pigs; or, at least, in the kitchen, cooking for great, hungry men who do not know jelly from custard. It is too bad!" And here Nelly broke down and sobbed outright.

Amy tried to soothe her by telling her of her kind and noble husband; and that he would not suffer her to be unhappy anywhere. But she would not be comforted; and when she met her brother-in-law, at tea, her eyes were red with weeping. She took, too, but little pains to conceal the fact, that she thought him a tyrant of the worst kind. He ascribed her strange mood to grief at parting with her only sister, and, with true delicacy, made no reference to it. The next day Amy Kingsley went out from her old home to her new one, and from old and tried friends to new and untried ones.

Nelly fretted herself really ill over the fancied unhappiness of her sister. And when letters came, bright, glowing letters, filled brimming full of happiness, she was still unconvinced.

"Oh! yes," she said to her mother, "I know how it is! She is too noble to complain; and she knew I was so troubled about her."

"But," says the mother, "she sends an invitation, endorsed by her husband, to have you come and see for yourself."

"Oh! I should die in a little while; I know I should! But for poor, dear Amy's sake I will go, and stay as long as I can, if you and papa think best."

They did think it best. For the sisters had never been separated before, and poor Nelly was pining sadly. The morning on which she was to go her mother came in and proposed assisting her in packing her trunk.

"A trunk, mamma! A traveling-bag will be all I shall need to take. I can put one dress in that. A home dress is all I shall want." But Mrs. Conway insisted. And a trunk was nicely packed, and, in due time, accompanied its fair owner to the residence of the Hon. Henry Kingsley.

When the first warm greeting was over, Nelly looked around in mute surprise at the luxurious surroundings of her sister's home. Carpets, curtains, mirrors, paintings—and all superior to those in her father's house. And then the library! Tiers of the choicest books, reaching from ceiling to floor, were relieved by portraits, maps, and statues in every niche and corner. "But there must be a skeleton somewhere!" thought obstinate little Nelly, as she followed her sister to her room: her *own* room, as Amy insisted on calling it. How sweet and pure it was, with its white and blue hangings, and blue and buff carpet, with furniture to match! And then those vases of violets and mignonettes! Amy knew she would miss them, and had placed them there herself.

"It *is* nice, after all, Amy! and I have been silly to worry about you! But," and she looked up and down the long, dusty road, edged with green, and shaded with trees, "you must be lonesome! There is no house near you, and but a few in sight!" And the troubled look came back to the young face.

"No, Nelly, I am not lonesome. I have all the company I wish for, especially now you have come. But come, let me assist you in laying aside this traveling-dress, and show you into the bath-room; and then you must rest, while I go and prepare supper for those 'great, hungry men.'"

"Oh! then you do have to cook for the men, just as I expected!" And the tears came into the poor, tired eyes once more.

"Yes, and I eat at the same table with them, too; and I like it."

"There! Did I not tell you so? This comes of marrying a farmer! Poor aunt Rachel! When

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I used to pity her so, I did not think my sister would have to drudge in the same manner!"

"I do not need a bit of sympathy; I am just as happy as I can be. But, come now, rest a little while, and then dress. I want you to look your best. Did you bring that blue silk I like so well? Oh! yes, here it is! Shall I send Fanny up to help you?"

"No, Amy, if she is your girl, and you must take her place in the kitchen?"

"Now, don't fret any more, please! and in half an hour I shall send Fanny."

And Fanny came, and her nimble fingers soon convinced Nelly that it was no new employment to her. When Nelly entered the parlor, she found her brother-in-law waiting to receive and welcome her; and then, turning, he introduced a brother to her who was standing by his side. He was a fine-looking man of twenty-five, perhaps, and just the one to make an impression on a loving heart like Nelly's. The tea bell soon rang, and Nelly, taking Mr. Kingsley's arm, went out, dreading the staring eyes of the workmen. But the little tea-table was laid for only four, and fairly glistened with its snowy napkins, lucid china, and shining silver. Fanny, in a white apron, and with almost as white hands, attended the table; and Nelly gave a little sigh of relief, as her last bugaboo vanished, and chatted, like herself, with her friends.

"How do you like us in our home, Nelly?" said the husband, glancing at Amy. "Do we answer your expectations as farmers?"

Nelly was sure he was quizzing her, and answered, with some show of spirit,

"I think it is a shame for a man of your talents and taste, yes, and wealth, to bury himself in such a solitary place as this! Why, I would not be compelled to pass my days here for the world!" The happy couple only laughed, and Nelly began to think she was very silly, and laughed too, and wished she had been a little less demonstrative.

After tea the husband proposed a walk in the garden; and here, as within the dwelling, the most artistic taste marked every arrangement. A perfect wilderness of flowers, and yet not a thing out of place. Nelly felt that she should never tire of its beauties; but Amy soon spoke of returning, as Nelly was weary. "And," she said, glancing at her husband, "I shall want her to go with me to milk the cows."

"I shall do no such thing! The horrid things, with their great, sharp horns, and ugly feet, I always was afraid of them at aunt Rachel's! One of them came at me, once, and would have bit me, if I had not screamed loud enough to scare her away. Aunt said it was the clover blossoms I had in my hand that she wanted, and not me; but I don't think so. At any rate, I have had a perfect antipathy to cows and clover blossoms ever since."

Henry laughed. "Well, if you are so afraid of cows, Amy need not go for them, nor milk them to-night."

Nelly knew that they were laughing at her again, and, looking up, she saw a pair of magnificent eyes brimming with mirth fixed upon her; and her own eyes and cheeks burned until they pained her. As soon as she reached the house, she hurried away to her own room to give vent to her outraged feelings. But Amy suspected her and quickly followed, to find her in tears.

"This is too bad! Poor, tired Nelly! I did not dream that I was grieving you!"

"Oh! I do not mind you, Amy, nor even your husband! But that great, overgrown brother, who don't even speak to me, but, if he dared, would laugh at me all the time—I don't like him one bit!"

"Oh! don't say so, Nelly! He is the kindest, best brother in the world! You must like him for our sake. And now I will tell you about our arrangements here. We have a large farm, with none of its cares; or, at least, I have none. The land is all rented to four men with families. You can see their pretty cottages from the door, all built on the farm. Half of the property belongs to Arthur; and he lives with us, as you see. We keep three servants; and they are excellent, attending to everything that servants should attend to."

"But where are those great, hungry men you spoke of?"

"Did you not see them at table? Henry and Arthur! They are large, and usually hungry."

"And the cows? Was that, too, a joke on poor me?"

"Yes, darling. I could not milk a cow any more than you could."

"Well, I forgive you all; but that brother—I must punish him!"

"Well, come now; we must go down. Have you any new music?"

"Some, if mamma has packed it. Do you know I was only going to bring one dress? But here is the music."

They descended to the parlor. A fine-toned piano was soon answering to the touch of Nelly, and in the music she soon forgot her previous annoyance. She was a superior performer, and on the rare instrument she surprised even herself. The husband was not sparing of his

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compliments; but Arthur made no comments, except to thank her for one piece he had himself called for. Before she slept, that night, Nelly wrote a long letter to her mother, telling her of Amy's pleasant home. "But, oh! so lonely! I could never live here, I am sure! But Amy certainly enjoys it! I don't believe she needs me a bit. They are both as contented as two kittens. I shall not stay long," etc. All this amused her mother; for she had been reared in the country, and had no fears for her practical Amy, when she consigned her to the keeping of Henry Kingsley.

But weeks passed away, and still Nelly lingered in her sister's beautiful home. She had ceased to be afraid of cows, and lambs and chickens were becoming pets with her. She went with her sister to visit all the tenant-houses; conversed with the parents, and told the children stories, until all united in declaring that "the beautiful city lady was not one bit proud." The brother sometimes accompanied them in their rambles, opening gates, letting down bars, and carrying parcels; and usually returning a perfect mountain of flowers plucked by the hands of his two companions. With Amy he was always gay, laughing, and social, coaxing her into grapevine tangles and blackberry thickets, after bird's nests or violets; and then, after making himself merry at her plight, taking her in his great, strong arms and placing her on the open ground. But with Nelly he was always reserved, and sometimes just a little abrupt. He never sought her society, and, if they chanced to be left alone, he was coldly polite. And yet, there were times, when she was conversing with his brother, in her own charming manner, that she would look up, and find his great, earnest eyes fixed upon her, and her heart would thrill like a flower with a humming-bird in its bosom; and then, with one of his abrupt movements, he would turn away, chirping to the canary, or pulling Bounce's ears; or, perhaps, he would go and tease sister Amy awhile. Mr. Kingsley, the elder, was proud of his handsome brother, and, knowing his passionate love of beauty, he wondered much that he did not seem more attracted to the beautiful Nelly. That she was a dear good girl he was sure, and their evident dislike to each other puzzled and even pained him. In the presence of others—and they had many visitors while Nelly was there—they were studiously polite; but in the family circle, Arthur, at least, was sarcastic.

But a message came to Nelly, recalling her home for a visit to the sea-side.

"Oh! if you could only go with us, as in the olden time, Amy. I declare, Henry, I am afraid some dreadful punishment will be inflicted upon you for taking Amy from us," and tears came in her eyes, and color in her cheeks.

"What can it be, little sister? I have had nothing but blessings since I took her; and last, but not least, has been your visit."

"Thank you! And that reminds me of the way in which your punishment is to come. I shall be an old maid, and come and live with you, cats, parrots, and all!"

"What! on a farm, Nelly, where you would be buried alive?"

"Don't, sister, please! I am ashamed of all those silly speeches. Your home is a perfect paradise, and I could stay here with you, Amy, forever, and not be lonely. And then, I did not know of the pleasant friends you have all around you."

Arthur seemed to be reading; but the leaf he was turning trembled in his fingers strangely. Nelly was to go to the cars the next morning, and toward evening she went out to see her pets once more. She took some bread-crumbs and salt, and made her way to the chicken-coop. But the careful mother had tucked her large family nicely away to sleep, and only gave a spiteful little chir—r—r, as Nelly offered the crumbs.

"That is the way," she said, bitterly. "And they will all forget me as soon as I am gone." But her heart warmed up again, as her little white friends, the lambs, came running to meet her, rubbing against her, and eating the salt from the dish in her hand. "Good-by!" she said, patting their soft heads. "You will not forget me, if all the rest do!" and, turning to go, she found herself face to face with Arthur Kingsley.

It was the first time he had ever sought her, and she stood embarrassed and confused.

"Pardon me," he said, gently, "if I intrude; but the dew is falling. Here is your shawl. Will you permit me?" And he laid the shawl caressingly about her shoulders. Why did Nelly feel weak and faint, for an instant, as those hands lingered about the duty they were performing? "And he heard me talking like a baby to those lambs," she thought, as she turned to go. She took his proffered arm, and they returned by a more circuitous route than she had come. Twilight was deepening into darkness, as they stood by the hall door. But few words had been spoken by either; but now Arthur said, while his arm tightened on the little hand, "Will you not visit the garden as

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well as your pets?" Nelly looked up. Was he teasing her about the lambs? But no; those eyes were earnest now. She made no reply; she dared not trust her voice, but walked, as he led, to a garden chair near the fountain. She was glad he selected that chair; for the trill of the water, as it fell in the marble basin, broke a silence that was becoming painful.

"And you leave us, to-morrow? Do you regret it, just a little, or were you jesting when you said you could stay here for Amy's sake?" She did not answer. "May I sit by you while I tell you a story?" he asked. She made room for him by her side, and he began. "I am a farmer by birth and education. This farm, with all its broad acres, belonged to my father, and his father before him. When our father died, it was left to Henry and me, with an injunction that it should not pass from our hands while we lived. And it is no restriction; for we both love the old place. When Henry brought his city wife home, I expected to hear complaints and repinings. But, bless her loving heart! she has made us all so happy! She told us of your horror of the country, and, when you came, you corroborated her testimony. But I loved you, Nelly, from the moment I saw you, and have been tugging at the chain that held me ever since you came. And to-day, when you said what you did, I was tempted to this act. Will you come for my sake—for my love, Nelly? Be my own sweet wife? And be loved as woman was never loved before?"

For an instant nothing was heard but the fountain; and then a little hand was laid softly in his, and she answered, in words so low that no one but a lover could have been sure of them, "I will come for your sake!"

As they stood in the hall, Nelly whispered, "Don't tell Henry and Amy now; for they will tease me."

"My pay, then," and he stooped for the first kiss from the lips of his betrothed.

Arthur followed her to the sea-side, where he had no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the parents to the union. The coming spring saw Nelly a loving wife, in a dwelling that had sprung up, as if by magic, nearly opposite the one occupied by her sister. And if she reads this story, she will laugh, as she recalls her positive assertion, "I will never MARRY A FARMER!"

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

How bright, and pure, and beautiful
The gleams of sunshine fall,
And, with their rays of brilliancy,
Light up the hearts of all!
Upon the mountain's loftiest height,
In gorge and leaf-hung dell;
Upon the dancing, sparkling waves
They revel, sport, and dwell!

There's magic in those gleams, as on
The poor man's cot they rest;
They bring content unto his heart,
And make him doubly blest.

And though his portion may be toil,
And humble be his fare,
Yet do they speak to him of Heaven,
Where holy angels are.

Oh! emblems fit, ye sunny gleams,
Ye are of human strife;
For storm and tempest are made bright
By golden beams of life!
And did ye never smile on earth,
'Twould be a starless even;
For life, indeed, were all unblessed,
If hope came not from Heaven.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! tempt not fate, oh! tempt not fate!
Say not her vials all are drained;
Thou canst not know what heavier storm
May on thy doubting head be rained.

I, too, have thought, and I have said,
In moments when I faced despair,
"Earth has no darker lot for me,
No other grief that I can bear."

I knew not the resources vast
Of that dread Power that rules the world,
Until my riven bosom felt
The missiles were against it hurled.

Oh! while this mortal breath is given,
It may in agony be drawn;
For safety's only found beyond
The flood where our beloved are gone.

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BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

READER, I am an old maid, and, what may be considered still more atrocious, I am a plain-looking one. Having stated these two facts, I will proceed with my narrative.

From my earliest childhood I was painfully aware of my want of beauty, and when I began to go out into society, this knowledge, which was ever present with me, made me awkward and embarrassed; consequently I received but little attention. It was all in vain that I oiled my hair, and endeavored to flatter myself with the idea that it was auburn; it would persist in asserting itself in its original color—red. I might pinch my cheeks until they were black and blue, but I could never succeed in bringing to them the bright pink which seemed to come, without any effort, to my companions. My nose was a decided pug, and my eyes were almost too small to be distinguishable. In dressing myself, I tried to select the most becoming colors, but it was of no avail, I could never be anything more than plain-looking, and I finally took refuge in brown, that being the least noticeable. Of course I took no pleasure in society, and avoided it as much as possible.

Thus I was at the age of eighteen, when I received a cordial invitation from a widowed sister of my father to spend the summer with her.

Aunt Hattie resided in a small, out-of-the-way village in New England. It was a perfect little gem of a place, hemmed in by mountains on every side, with scenery as fine as any ever dreamed of by poets, or pictured by artists. But it had not then become fashionable for city people to admire it; so that it was what most girls of my age would have considered a pretty, but very dull place. With me, however, it was different. I was accustomed to being alone and finding company in my own thoughts and books; consequently I accepted the invitation gladly, and looked forward, with pleasure, to roaming over the mountains, and paying visits, with my aunt, to her crude, but warm-hearted neighbors.

My simple preparations were soon made, and I was on my way to Blue Lake. My aunt came down to the depot in the old rockaway and met me with a bright welcome. As we were driving to her house, my aunt informed me that her husband's nephew, now quite an invalid, was paying her a visit, and his society, she thought, would make my stay with her less dull than it would otherwise be. This information gave me no pleasure. I had never received any attention from gentlemen, and I had already begun to hate the whole class. I thought it would be impossible for any one as plain-looking as myself to attract them; and I was too proud to make what I supposed would be a fruitless effort, and now I resolved to have as little to do with this invalid as politeness to my aunt would allow. By being the first to show indifference, I would cheat him out of any opportunity to slight me. With these resolutions uppermost in my mind, I was led into the parlor, and aunt Hattie remarked,

"Fannie, this is my nephew, Charlie Wallace."

I was about to bestow upon him the stiff bow which I had prepared for the occasion; but one glance at the sofa disarmed me. Clad in a dressing-gown, and looking the very picture of submission, as a man is apt to look when he is too ill to help himself, lay Charlie Wallace. My pride melted into sympathy, and I endeavored to return his bright smile.

"I am so glad to see you," said he, extending his hand and grasping mine warmly; "aunt Hattie has been telling me about her niece ever since I came here, and I have been looking for you every day."

This reception, from a gentleman, was something so novel to me that I scarcely knew how to reply to it; but aunt Hattie came to my aid, and laughingly remarked that now she should expect to throw off the care of her troublesome nephew upon me, and that she should have time to attend to her household duties.

The invalid and myself soon became excellent friends. We dropped the formalities of Mr. and Miss, and called each other simply Charlie and Fannie. I read aloud to him, and tried to amuse him when he was weary, and when he felt strong and bright we would walk out together.

I had almost forgotten that I was plain-looking, and I had discovered that there were attractions in mind and manners which could

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surpass beauty of face. Charlie always seemed pleased with me and glad to have my society; and, possessing himself a cultivated mind and pleasing manners, it is not strange that I soon became deeply interested in him.

As the summer advanced, his health and strength, in a great measure, returned to him, and he was able to drive about the country and to roam with me over the mountains. One day we had wandered off to quite a distance from home, and were sitting on the green grass, under the shade of some large trees to rest, and I was twining a wreath of flowers and berries, when I raised one of the latter to my lips.

"Stop!" said Charlie, springing forward and seizing the berry, "that is poisonous and will kill you!"

"Well," said I, "and if it did?"

"If it did?" he repeated, taking my hand in his, "then I should be left alone."

"Oh! no," I replied, "you would have plenty of friends left!"

"None that I should love half as well as you, though."

The warm blood rushed to my face as I listened to his words. I had felt his love before, but he had never told me of it.

"Fannie," he continued, "you would make a precious little wife, you would be a perfect treasure for a man."

More was said, but I was almost too much confused to hear it. We remained there under the shadow of those old trees, until the shades of twilight had begun to gather around us, and then we wended our way homeward. As I saw aunt Hattie's face in the window, and caught the mischievous twinkle of her eyes, I became conscious, for the first time, that I had Charlie's arm, and I withdrew my hand abruptly and entered the house. When we were assembled around the tea-table, my aunt informed us that she had received a letter from a young friend of hers, saying that she was coming to pay her a visit.

"She will probably be with us to-morrow," said aunt Hattie, "and I shall expect you both to do your best to entertain her. You will like her, I know, for she is a bright, winning little creature."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Just sixteen!"

I did not like the idea of another one coming in; not that I had any feeling of jealousy on the subject, for Charlie had said that he loved me better than any one else; and I had such a perfect confidence in his character, that the slightest suspicion of fickleness in regard to him never entered my mind. I felt that he was mine as certainly as though an engagement existed between us. Still, it seemed as though this stranger would be a restraint upon us, and I dreaded her arrival.

The next day we three went to the depot to receive our visitor. She raised a thick veil as aunt Hattie led her to the rockaway, and disclosed a face of such perfect beauty as I had never seen before. I glanced at Charlie, and saw that his eyes were riveted upon her, and I mentally contrasted her looks with mine, and wondered if he were thinking of the same thing.

I was silent during our drive home; but Carrie Houghton sustained her full share of the conversation. She gave us, in a sprightly manner, an account of her journey, and she made herself perfectly at home with us at once. I envied her her easy manners; but, then, with that lovely face, sufficient of itself to win its way anywhere, who could not be easy? As these thoughts were passing through my mind, Charlie directed my attention to the sunset.

"Is it not beautiful?" he exclaimed; "see those bands of crimson and gold girding the sky."

I felt as though his attention to me now arose from pity, as he contrasted me with our new acquaintance. This roused my pride, and I replied shortly and rather pettishly, "Yes," and then turned my head in another direction. I was not angry with him; for, as I said before, I was certain of his love, but I felt discontented with my lot, and angry that I had not been made beautiful.

While Carrie, for we soon learned to call her by this name, was with us, we continued our rambles as before, and she, of course, accompanied us.

"Let us take a book with us," said Charlie, one morning, as we were setting out for a walk, "and we will have some reading under the trees."

We had often done this before Carrie came; but, somehow, since her arrival, the plan had been dropped. We all three turned to the bookcase, and I selected a volume of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.

"That will be quite refreshing this warm day," said Charlie, laughingly.

"Oh! I think it will be stupid," said Carrie. "Let us take 'Widow Bedott,' I want to have a good laugh."

"We will take both," said Charlie, "and they will make a variety."

We accordingly set forth, and, after roaming for awhile, sat down to rest.

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"Now, Carrie," said Charlie, "suppose you read to us for awhile, and then we will try the 'Arctic Explorations.'"

Carrie read a chapter or two with much zest, and then said she was tired. My turn came now; but Carrie soon wearied of the book I had chosen, and she slipped quietly away to wander by herself. I noticed that Charlie's eyes followed her, and I remarked,

"Is she not beautiful?"

"Yes, beautiful!" he replied, enthusiastically; "hers is a face that I should never weary of looking at."

"I never knew," I replied, "that you were such an admirer of beauty!"

He looked a little confused as he replied, "I think we are, none of us, insensible to the present fascinations of beauty, but then that is merely on the outside; brains have a far greater and deeper attraction for me."

I turned away to conceal the tears that were starting to my eyes. I felt a pang of jealousy toward our visitor, who, at a short distance from us, was twining wreaths of wild flowers, perfectly unconscious of the feelings she was exciting.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "come here, quick! Here is a snake!"

Charlie sprang to her assistance, killed the reptile, caught the half-fainting girl in his arms and endeavored to soothe her.

"Why, Fannie," said she, as she glanced at my face, "what is the matter? You look so pale."

"Nothing," I replied, making an effort to conceal the feeling that was almost breaking my heart, "only I am rather tired. Let us go home."

"Come, young ladies," said Charlie, "take my arm, and let me assist you, neither of you seem to be very well just now."

Carrie accepted the offered assistance, but I proceeded alone.

"Won't you take my arm, Fannie? You look tired," said Charlie, tenderly.

But it seemed to me that his tone conveyed more of pity than of love, and my pride rose against it. "No, I thank you," I replied, coldly, "I am quite able to take care of myself."

I was sure that Charlie's affection was transferred to Carrie, and bitterly I felt the disappointment. I had never before sought or expected any attention, and I had been contented with my lot; but now that love had been offered me and I had accepted it, and had returned it with all the warmth and ardor of which I was capable—then to have it thus suddenly snatched from me was almost more than I could endure. I was too proud, however, to resist my fate, and I resolved now to show my indifference.

I excused myself as frequently as possible from accompanying them on their walks, pleading the most trivial causes. At first they urged me to go with them, but finally they gave it up as useless.

"Come, Fannie," said Carrie, one morning, "go with us to walk, won't you?"

"I shall have to be excused," said I, "for I have such a severe headache."

"Then we will stay at home with you and try to amuse you," she returned.

"Oh! no," I replied, "not on my account. I think I shall lie down for awhile. I shall probably feel better when you return."

Charlie also proposed remaining at home, but I declined his offer coldly. I watched them from my window, as they departed; and presently I put on my bonnet, thinking that a short walk might benefit my head, and wandered mechanically to a grove where Charlie and I had spent many an hour together. I was seated in amongst the trees, when I heard the voices of my two companions. My first impulse was to leave, but I could not move without attracting their attention, which, of course, I was unwilling to do. I accordingly kept my seat, and with burning cheeks and an almost breaking heart I listened to their conversation.

"Will you let me love you, Carrie?"

"Yes, certainly," she replied, "you will be my adopted brother, will you not? For I have none of my own, you know, and Fannie must be my sister."

"It would not satisfy me at all to accept that relationship. I wish to be something more than a brother!"

Carrie started in unfeigned surprise, as she exclaimed, "Are you not engaged to Fannie? Aunt Hattie told me she thought you were."

A crimson flush overspread his face, as he replied,

"Aunt Hattie has made a mistake then, I never was engaged to any one. Can you not accept my love? I supposed you understood me all this time; I never imagined that you were flirting with me."

"Nor was I, Charlie. I thought you were engaged; I should have done differently had I not received that impression; but I thought I could love you as a brother."

The trees seemed to be whirling around me, and I lost all consciousness. When I opened my eyes again I was lying on the ground; I

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raised my head and looked around, but I was alone, and, summing up all my strength, I walked slowly home. Carrie stood in the window watching for me, and, running to meet me, she exclaimed,

"Where have you been, Fannie? I thought you were not well enough to walk; but how pale you look! What is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing," I replied, "only my head is aching very badly, and I thought a short walk might benefit it."

With a true woman's instinct Carrie understood me; but with womanly tact she said nothing. She merely put her arms around me, and, kissing me affectionately, she drew me into the house.

"Come and lie down and let me bathe your head, it may do you some good," said she.

I felt too weak to resist, and I surrendered myself into the hands of her who was the innocent cause of my misery. As those little soft hands were passed gently over my forehead, and the sweet, bright face was pressed against mine in loving sympathy, I felt that I could scarcely wonder that Charlie's fidelity had forsaken him in her presence.

In the course of a day or two Carrie left us, and our household seemed to go on very much as before, only that our long walks were given up; for I was too weak to make much exertion, and I was obliged to spend a great deal of my time reclining on the sofa, as the whirlwind of feeling that had agitated me for some weeks past had left me feeble and helpless. Charlie and I seemed to have exchanged places entirely; for now he would bring his books and read to me; and, when I tired of reading, he would seek to amuse me. I endured it all; but his efforts gave me no satisfaction. Before I had had a feeling of pride and pleasure in looking at his fine face lighting up with enthusiasm, and that deep, clear voice had been music that I loved to listen to; but now I sought to trace fickleness in the lineaments of his face, and deceit in the tones of his voice. I imagined that I had crushed all feeling of love for him, and that it had left merely disappointment and a void.

One day Charlie had been sitting beside me for some time without speaking. Presently he took my hand in his; but I withdrew it. He looked pained, I thought, as he remarked,

"You have changed, Fannie, since Carrie came here."

"I am not the only one that has changed," I returned, bitterly.

He looked slightly confused, as he continued, "My love seemed not unwelcome to you before; will you not accept it now?"

The scene that I had witnessed in the grove rose before me, and I replied, scornfully, "Is that a stereotyped proposition of yours, which you address to every young lady?"

He looked at me searchingly, as he inquired, "Did you ever hear of my addressing it to any other?"

"Yes," I replied. "I happened, unfortunately, to be a spectator to a little scene in a certain grove not far from here."

"Fannie," said he, "you have reason to be offended with me; but if you could know my heart, I think you would forgive me. I loved you before ever I saw Carrie; but her beauty, her confiding, childlike simplicity, for a time, drew me from you. But during the few weeks that have elapsed since she left us, I have become convinced that my feeling toward her was not love, but merely a passing fancy. But I love you deeply and truly! Can you not forgive and believe me?"

I almost yielded. But my pride rose against all better feelings, and persuaded me not to accept a love which had once been offered to another; and, with forced calmness, I told him that I was unwilling to trust such love that was not able to resist the sight of a pretty face.

He looked at me steadily, for a few moments, and then remarked, "You will repent of this, one of these days," and left me.

The summer had passed away now, and my mother sent for me to return home. A cold shake of the hands, and an apparently calm "Good-by," were all that passed between Charlie and myself, when I left him.

When I reached home, my overwrought feelings brought upon me a fit of illness, and I was confined to my room for a long time. I was not, however, made a victim to delirium, and, therefore, nothing was revealed. When I recovered, I returned to my old duties; but I could not feel that satisfaction in them which I had hitherto experienced.

I was, one day, sitting alone in my apartment, when the waiter brought me a letter directed in the well-known handwriting of my aunt Hattie. I knew that Charlie had left her shortly after I returned home, and, therefore, I expected to find nothing of any particular interest in her epistle. I broke the seal and read:

"Come to me, dear Fannie, as quick as you can. Charlie came to make me a little visit, about a week ago, and he is now very ill; and, in his delirium, he calls repeatedly for you."

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The whole tide of my pent-up feelings, that I supposed were buried, now rushed over me in almost overwhelming force. What, if Charlie should die before I could reach him? His prophetic words, "You will repent of this, one of these days," came again to my mind, and well-nigh staggered me. But I had no time to indulge my fears. My few preparations were quickly made, and in less than an hour I was on my way to my aunt's residence.

Noiselessly I was led up to the sick man's apartment. The darkened room, and the intense stillness that prevailed, sent a chill to my heart that well-nigh stopped my breath. "Fannie! Fannie, will you not come to a dying man?" Oh! how those words reproached me! I cursed the wicked pride that had kept me back, when I would have accepted the happiness that was offered me, and had caused me to bring misery upon myself, and, perhaps, death upon another. I glided to his bedside and laid my hand upon his burning forehead. "Charlie!" I whispered, "I am here! Do you not know me?" He turned upon me a wild, vacant look, but took my hand in his and seemed more quiet.

For days I watched beside him, waiting anxiously for the delirium to leave him. Finally the crisis came, and the doctor told us that when he waked he would be out of danger, or else past all hope. Anxiously we watched his breathing, and sought some sign of returning health. Presently he opened his eyes and recognized me. I turned eagerly to the doctor for a confirmation of my hopes; but I read there only disappointment.

"Fannie," said Charlie, "come near to me; I have something I wish to say to you."

I knelt beside him, with my hand clasped in his.

"Your conversation must be brief," whispered the doctor, pityingly, as he and aunt Hattie withdrew.

"Fannie, do you love me now?" said Charlie.

"Love you?" I exclaimed. "With my whole heart! Oh! Charlie, I always loved you! It was only my foolish, wicked pride that made me act as I did. Will you forgive me?"

He clasped me tightly in his arms, as he replied, "I do forgive you freely, as I hope to be forgiven by you. But, oh! Fannie, how much misery might have been saved us both! Had I known your feelings toward me, Fannie, I might have been well and happy now. But I feel that I cannot remain much longer with you. Kiss me, my darling, and we will be united in another world.

A little more conversation passed between us, and then Charlie had breathed his last.

Neither illness nor unconsciousness came to relieve my burdened heart; but, with a full knowledge of my crushing grief, I was obliged to bear it. I returned home sad and weary; for my heart was buried in Charlie's grave. I had refused to forgive him for having once yielded to temptation; how could I hope to be forgiven for yielding to a fault which had led to such fearful consequences? I began, then, to struggle earnestly to perform my duty, hoping that I might be fitted to join him when all earthly trials are over.

Now, reader, you have my story; and may it serve as a warning to you. May you profit by my experience, and not wreck the happiness of a lifetime by the foolish indulgence of wrong feelings.

THE ANGLER.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

I sat by the side of a singing stream,
On a beautiful Summer day,
In many a gay and luxurious dream,
Idling the hours away;
Watching the sports of the tiny fish,
At play in the water beneath,
And the little ripples that followed them
With many a wavy wreath.

I could see the gleam of their silver scales,
When they turned them up to the sun;
And the little black spots on their shiny back,
As they darted about in fun.
They frolicked away in the bright sunshine,
And never appeared to know
That an angler sat, with his hook and line,
On the grassy bank below.

Poor little things! they went swimming along,
Right in the fisherman's way,
Where he sat on the bank and hummed a song,
Quietly waiting his prey.
I wanted to tell him to let them be,
And draw in his line and hook—
They were doing no harm that I could see,
Just playing there in the brook.

But that wouldn't do. So I just sat still,
And watched the fishes pass,
Till he drew in his line, and a spockled trout
Lay dying upon the grass.
He had scattered every fanciful dream—
So I slowly walked away,
And left him alone by the rippling stream,
To finish his cruel play.

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FLIRTATION AND TEMPTATION.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

I.

JUST such a little parlor as we have all seen a hundred times—white curtains at the windows—a pair of *tete-a-tetes* facing each other orthodoxly from opposing corners—an open piano and a table, whereon lay a few pretty volumes, the gilt sides uppermost. To arrange this small apartment and bring it into the closest approximation to her own idea of perfection, was the daily work of Nelly Ray. She crocheted wonderful tidies for the back of the large arm-chair; she worked innumerable mats of beads or wool for the lamps and girandoles. She ornamented the corner-piece with wreaths in varnished leather; she made acorn or "pop-corn" frames for the engravings. Above all, she swept and dusted with the utmost nicety; so that though an artist might not have found much to admire in the objects of *vertu* upon the what-not, and a denizen of the Avenue might have looked rather scornfully on the hair-cloth and black-walnut of the chairs, ordinary folks found it a very comfortable and pretty room. The young men of the village, particularly, knew no spot more desirable to spend an evening in. The papa Ray was a most benevolent old gentleman, always glad to see his friends, and too well entertained by his newspaper to make any painful demands on their attention; while Nelly, her white hands busy with some delicate work, and her bright eyes shedding a radiance that rivaled the Kerosene on the mantle-piece, was certainly as charming a companion as the most exacting could desire.

Such, at least, had always been the opinion of Harry Reynolds—and, sitting there through the enchanted evening, he could picture only one scene more agreeable. The good papa called out on business—Nelly flushing and confused—and not very far away another person drawing her on to all manner of delicious, unimaginable confessions!

But on the particular occasion when our story opens, this pleasing scene hardly appeared to be on the point of realization. The two were alone, indeed, but the young man stood with his hand on the door, a look of grief and displeasure on his face, while the little lady in the arm-chair was deep in an unmistakable "pout."

"If I go, Nelly," he said, "remember that I shall not return."

No reply whatever, and the downcast eyes continued to study assiduously the figures of the carpet.

He made a step toward her. "Nelly," he said, in a tone of deep feeling, "have you not one word for me?" That step and the emotion which he could not help betraying were a bad move. She had been very near yielding a moment before, but a fresh consciousness of power sustained her as she heard him.

"I do not think of anything further that I wish to say," she responded, coldly.

Harry gazed at her a moment, and then rushed from the room. "Cold-hearted, selfish girl!" he exclaimed, as he walked homeward in a state of mind that defies my feeble powers of description. "She isn't worthy the love of a true heart, and I cast her out of mine!"

For a few seconds after his departure, Nelly retained her indifferent position, but all her senses were alive to catch his lightest movement. She would have been a capital study for an artist who wished to paint the attitude of Chingachgook among the ruins of William Henry. Of course he would return; her influence was too great for him to leave her thus; and when he behaved properly and asked her pardon humbly and submissively he should have it; but to be lectured and schooled in that manner was more than she would bear! In vain, however, did she listen; the street door closed after him; an hour passed by, and, sick at heart, she went up to her own room and cried herself to sleep.

Far prettier girls than she ever attained to the position of a village belle. I don't mean that her features were faultless, or her form statuesque, or that she was, in any way, fitted to rival the heroines of poesy or romance. She was a nice, winning little creature, pink-cheeked, brown-eyed, and her smile as sweet as sunshine. She owned, too, a splendid "head" of soft dark hair, which she always knew how to arrange becomingly. When puffs were the mode, no puffs could equal hers; they stood out in a firm glossiness refreshing to witness, while half the other girls went about in a lamentably

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flat-headed condition, spite of every device in the way of combs and "filling." When braids were the rage, her braids were always smooth and shining, whereas those of many of her compeers bristled with an array of short hairs, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Her curls, too, always staid in a curl, though the Napoleon hair toilet had not dawned as yet upon the world. Notwithstanding these perfections, she had three freckles on her left cheek, and a small mole upon her chin, and I am sure no sculptor would ever dare to chisel his Venus, or any other of the mythologic tribe, in such a roly-poly shape. Her disposition was as removed from faultlessness as was her figure. To tell the truth, I have never myself encountered one of these lovely natures, without spot or flaw, joined to a person of the same description. I know there must be such, for I read about them so frequently, but my experience of society is limited, and they have never come within my "beat." Nelly was warm-hearted, quick-tempered, but easily appeased; passionately fond of admiration, and quite as much bent on having her own way as was good for her. These faults did not hinder half the village beaux from being at her disposal, and hitherto she had been nearly impartial in her treatment of them, having no mind to give up the general homage by fixing upon one. But latterly there had been a difference in her feelings. She had acknowledged that there was a charm in Harry Reynolds' attentions, such as she had never found in any other; a thrill, new and delicious, went through her heart when their eyes met, and she read in his the admiration he vainly endeavored to repress—for Harry was rather a grave, reserved young man. He had a high ideal of womanly excellence—intellect, nobility of character, and so on—which Nelly by no means came up to, and his judgment did not quite approve the choice his feelings could not resist. Perhaps she was conscious of the struggle in his mind, and it may have added a value to his regard. Spite of her occasional frivolities and his own misgivings, they were frequently together and fast verging toward an explanation, when that destiny, which appears to delight in the torments of lovers, introduced an element of discord into their happiness.

Mr. Clarence Dalton came up from New York on a visit to his uncle. He was a very well-looking young gentleman, agreeable, sufficiently intelligent, and noted, even in the city, for the careful elegance of his attire. Of course it was much more conspicuous in the country, and he was immediately regarded as the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." The girls were enchanted with him, and it was considered a great distinction to be his chosen companion in any of the rural excursions and enjoyments. Nelly alone regarded him with seeming indifference. She said to herself, with virtuous resolution, that she must be careful now. Harry might be wounded if she received attentions from such a lion. Happy for her if this prudent disposition had lasted; but the old spirit came up after awhile. She was entirely accustomed to queening it in her little world, and her vanity was piqued that Mr. Dalton did not seem at all struck by her charms. She bore it tolerably well, till one evening when there was a little "dance" got up by the young people, and the stranger, who was particularly splendid in the Lancers, never once asked the honor of her hand.

"How smitten Mr. Dalton is with Mary Hayes!" remarked Nelly's special friend, Kate Willis.

Mary Hayes, indeed! If it had only been one of the pretty girls, she could have borne it; but that turn-up nose and no more expression than a rabbit! To be slighted for them was rather too much! It was quite a Christian duty to give Mr. Dalton a lesson in good taste. So, by a few little feminine lures, such as a pretty girl so well knows how to practice, he was attracted to her side. Once there, he seemed exceedingly well-pleased to stay. The evening calls which Harry had been wont to find so delicious became a source of torment; Nelly could not resist the perilous pleasure of exciting his jealousy. Mr. Dalton was agreeable; had such a graceful way of paying compliments; his very manner was, in itself, a flattery. Poor Harry! he did not appear to advantage as he sat, silent and suspicious, while his handsome rival discoursed amiable nothings by the hour. At last he could endure it no longer, and in the interview, whose close we have portrayed, determined to "put his fortune to the touch; to win or lose it all." He had not begun wisely; he accused Nelly of trifling with his feelings, being indifferent to his regard, and betraying a blamable frivolity. Conscious of her power, indignant, with some justice, that he should assume to dictate her conduct when he had never openly declared his love, she had responded by a series of flippant, exasperating little speeches, which drove the young man almost to despair. She intended to relent in time; she never expected to let him go away in anger; but pride, vanity, and a certain triumph in knowing that this whole manly heart

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was hers to play with at her will, wrought sad mischief.

She rose the next morning very penitent and good, admitting to herself all Harry's excellent qualities, and anxious to atone for her misdeeds. She had no doubt that he would come in the evening, as usual, and all could easily be made right again. So she brushed the parlor carpet in a grave, yet not unhappy frame of mind; shook out the curtains and drew them down again into a state of orderly and becoming fullness; set the tidy straight upon the chair-back, and arranged corner-wise one or two small bits of furniture which had inadvertently been set back against the wall. She dusted thoroughly every part of every chair, and all the daguerreotype-cases that held the effigies of countless aunts, and cousins, and precious friends, in "groups" or pairs, or single specimens. She rearranged the card-basket, putting the freshest and choicest bits of pasteboard at the top; and encountering several "Clarence W. Daltons" in "old English," threw them in the fire. Going over the what-not, she found a large "gift" coffee-cup half-full of chocolate-creams, an offering of the said "Clarence W.," and was about to consign them also to the destroying element, when she reflected that it was a pity to throw away anything so good, and carried them into the kitchen to Belinda Ann, the help. Having made these sacrifices to duty, she began to count the hours, and look, and long; as night drew on, arrayed herself in her prettiest and freshest garb, and awaited his coming. Every step on the sidewalk sent a blush to her cheeks, and when at last there came a ring at the door, her heart beat so violently that she was frightened. There was not the slightest occasion, however, for it was only Mr. Potter, an old gentleman who had come in to see her father about a mortgage. The short summer evening waned, but no Harry appeared. What could it mean? Surely he loved her—and if so, he *could not* stay away; it never would be that a few light, hasty words would alienate him utterly. She would wait patiently, since it was all that she could do. The next evening Mr. Dalton called, but Nelly sent down word that she had a violent headache and begged to be excused. Yet, as night after night went by, and Harry did not return, her submissive mood was changed. He was so lordly and defiant, was he? Perhaps expected her to send for him and beg to be taken into favor again! Indeed! She would show Mr. Harry Reynolds that she was not suffering from the withdrawal of his presence; there were other people quite as agreeable as he who did not lecture one upon frivolity and faults of character, but were more than satisfied with her as she was.

The next time that Mr. Dalton called she did not decline to see him, but came down and was as friendly and pleasant as could be desired. The young man noticed a something different in her manner; a more womanly thoughtfulness than he had hitherto observed, and wondered what might be the cause. Could it be that her interest in himself was becoming serious, and did that account for the shade of gravity so new and so becoming? Really, the idea was not an unwelcome one. It would be worth while to set that little heart beating for him in earnest. Curiosity upon the subject brought him again and again to Nelly's side; he became involved in intricate and dangerous speculations. What did a certain blush mean? That start when he entered, was it only surprise, or a deeper feeling? The solution of these problems was difficult but delightful, and he gave them almost undivided attention.

Poor Harry's state, meanwhile, was far from enviable. For the first twenty-four hours he maintained a fierce resentment. Nelly was an empty-hearted coquette. He had had a most fortunate escape; nothing could induce him to trust his happiness to the keeping of such a woman. During the next day he softened a little. She was faulty, fearfully so; vain, arrogant, presuming; yet she had some good qualities and—was most bewitchingly pretty. The third diurnal round beheld him excusing her failings, and magnifying her virtues; asking himself whether it were not possible that a firm, yet loving hand might guide her to be all that was noble and admirable. On the fourth day harsh sentiments had nearly vanished; and on the fifth he determined to seek Nelly and try to efface the memory of his previous sternness.

Toward sunset he wended his way to the well-known dwelling with the sweetest anticipations of reconcilement and affection. With every step she seemed to grow dearer, lovelier than before. He pictured her timid and penitent; himself tender, magnanimous, forgiving. It was the most delicious scene imaginable. But as he drew near the gate, a sight met his eyes which speedily cooled down the fervid tones of his fancy-painting. It was Mr. Dalton, assisting Nelly to dismount from her horse. She looked very gay and animated; the exercise of riding had brought a bright flush into her cheeks, and she was fairly dazzling. She perceived Harry in time to bestow on him a very distant bow, and then turned, with added *empressement*, to her

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companion. Harry changed his intentions at once, walked by the house in the most leisurely and indifferent manner, and proceeded to call upon that obnoxious Mary Hayes, whom Nelly regarded so superciliously. Now, Miss Hayes, though far from pretty, was a very nice, sensible girl. She played and sung much better than Harry's own adored, and she could talk cleverly on any topic that was going. But he found the evening insupportable. His call was a brief one, and the way home somehow led him past Nelly's door. A bright light shone in the little parlor, and through the open window he could hear the hum of voices. He would have given anything in the world to know who was there; but, after that distant bow, he could not bring himself to enter the house. There was nothing for it but to go to his own room, sit down, and let jealousy eat his heart up piecemeal.

II.

Mr. Dalton, meanwhile, found his affairs in a somewhat perplexing state. Flirtation had been, since his eleventh year, the element in which he delighted to exist. Indeed, had there been two consecutive days in which he did not experience a particular call toward some member of the fairer part of the creation, he would have felt himself quite lost, unable to recognize his own identity. His heart, a thousand times pierced, was always ready for new wounds; but he had never as yet looked on such matters as anything but an engaging pastime. Matrimony, with its cares and responsibilities, was to him the most distant of prospects; and, if he had ever thought of it at all, he had imagined a great many conditions as requisite to the sacrifice to his freedom. He must have fashion, family, and fortune, at the least, to induce him to surrender the ease and *insouciance* of bachelor life. Now, however, he began to feel himself very seriously interested in a person who had not one of those indispensable claims: a little, rosy country girl, who wore dresses of her own fitting, and made all the cake and pies that appeared upon her table. He said to himself that it was absurd; and, to convince himself of the absurdity, and prove, by "experimental knowledge," that it was nothing but a passing sentiment, such as he had known a hundred times before, he sought Nelly's company more frequently than ever. The most ridiculous part of the whole thing, he soliloquized, was that he should be so entirely in the dark about his own reception. Whether she really cared for him, or regarded him as a friend or simply as an admirer, he found it impossible to say.

Other people were not as slow in drawing their conclusions. Before three weeks were over, the village authorities in such cases declared that it would be a match; and poor Harry could not, in his heart, deny the resonableness of their predictions. He had the grief of believing that his wishes, his hopes, his affections were nothing to her; she had forgotten him utterly. In vain did he say to himself, that a heart so light and trifling was no prize to any man; the serene satisfaction which such a belief should have induced was entirely wanting. The more hopelessly she withdrew beyond his reach, the dearer and lovelier she appeared. Every kind word, every shy, bewitching glance she had given him, gained added charms in the remembrance. Had he anything but his own harshness to blame for the change? How was it to be expected that a beautiful young creature, accustomed only to tenderness and homage, should endure such rude reproaches? He was miserable; but his own act had caused the misery.

The indulgence extended to Nelly was by no means meted out to his rival. The sight of the young man, handsome, happy, carelessly good-humored, woke in him a tempest of wrath and jealousy. He looked on him as a robber who had stolen his dearest treasure. His ease seemed insolent assumption, every smile betokened conscious triumph, his fastidious elegance was contemptible foppishness. When Harry met the two who were uppermost in his thoughts, when he saw the young stranger's air of friendly intimacy with her whom he dared not approach, feelings so black and bitter that they almost choked him took possession of his mind. You are not to suppose, however, that all these emotions betrayed themselves in his demeanor; that, like "Selim," he lay "beneath the weeping willow-tree," and bewailed the cruelty of his mistress, or that he stalked about in bandit fashion, hate and revenge gleaming fiercely from his cavernous eyes. He only became remarkably attentive to business, and spent his evenings in the office instead of in company—a change which all the girls bemoaned, but which quite delighted the old lawyer with whom he studied.

Mr. Dalton had a mother living, a stately lady of some forty years, exceedingly well-preserved, and inhabiting a four-story-brown-front in an eligible portion of the city. Clarence was her only boy, and the object of a great many ambitious dreams. The marriage, which looked to him so misty and far away, was to her a very near reality. She had selected three or four of the best matches in society for him to choose

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from, and made no doubt of his success in whatever direction he should please to try. She only awaited the "fall of the October leaves" for the commencement of the campaign, when, lo! there came a rumor that struck her and his three sisters to the heart. Could it be that Clarence was about to make a fool of himself? There certainly seemed to be danger of it, and maternal affection was immediately on the defensive. She could not leave Newport at the moment; for there was an exceedingly promising affair in train between Bell, her second daughter, and a young Philadelphian of fortune; and, as she said to herself, she must not set Clarence's interests before those of her other children. So the mother contented herself with writing a letter to her son, in which she expressed her perfect confidence in his discretion, and her assurance that he would do nothing foolish or imprudent, indeed, she might say ruinous; for so such a marriage must certainly be regarded. Yet it was well to remember that flirtations were hardly properly understood in the country, and these rustic belles had hearts. And she arranged, in her own mind, that, if the answer were not quite satisfactory, she would put Bell and the other girls into the hands of a chaperon, and depart at once to the seat of war.

Mr. Clarence's brow, as he read this maternal effusion, was clouded with thought. He was by no means sure that her confidence was well-placed, and he was really quite vexed by the assertion that such a marriage would be ruinous. Supposing, for the mere argument's sake, that he *should* propose, what, in the name of common sense, could there be in a marriage with such a charming girl to ruin him? Fortune? He had money enough of his own; he did not need to be a pensioner on his wife's. Family? What were the grandfathers of half the people in his set? Accomplishments? He was tired of being called on to admire performances that you could hear excelled any night at an opera or concert. And as for style, fashion, etc., why, they were not so very difficult for a pretty girl to acquire when once she had the opportunity. And as for the danger of her heart, he wished he were a little surer of it. He felt at that moment that his own was in much the more perilous position of the two.

Resolving these things, inwardly, he put on his hat and went for a stroll on the river-bank. But some mysterious magnetism drew him in the opposite direction, and, before he was aware, he found himself ringing the bell, as he had so often done before. Nelly was at home, and busy with her needle, as was her wont of a morning.

"Is there any news this morning, Mr. Dalton?" asked his fair companion, after a short silence between them.

"Nothing of public importance," he answered. "I have had a letter from my mother."

"She is well, I hope?" said Nelly, with civil interest.

"Oh! perfectly, and the girls, too. They are all enjoying themselves at Newport."

'How I should like to go there! Isn't it perfectly delightful?"

"Not half as delightful as it is here."

"That is very kind of you, but I can hardly credit it. I am afraid you are more gallant than accurate, Mr. Dalton."

A strong impulse seized that gentleman, and he obeyed it. "I mean," he said, earnestly, "that any place where *you* are will always be more delightful to me than any other, and that I wish——"

Unutterable vexation! The bell rang at that minute, and Belinda Ann ushered in three of the "girls," intent on some great project connected with a Fair or Festival they were to hold. In vain did Clarence lengthen his call in hopes of outstaying them; he was obliged to give it up for the present and take his departure.

As for Nelly, she would hardly have been human—at least, she would not have been *woman*, had not something of curiosity and interest been aroused in her mind by the interrupted sentence. She had heard about that handsome house on the avenue from more than one source; she knew what living in it would imply; what luxury and elegance in daily use; what brilliant winters; what summer glories at Newport and Saratoga—and Nelly had a most appreciating love for the pomps and vanities. She thought it all over, and then her heart turned with a sad, sudden yearning toward Harry, and she felt that one kind word from him would be dearer than anything that Mr. Clarence Dalton could possibly have said.

III.

As Harry walked, that afternoon, along the river bank in no very happy frame of mind, a faint shriek reached his ear, and, looking out on the water, he could just discern a sinking form. The first impulse was to plunge in and swim to the rescue; but an object caught his eye which made him hesitate.

A few yards off on the grass lay a heap of clothing, doubtless the garments of the drowning man, and surmounting them was a Panama

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hat with a broad black ribbon. Ah! how well he knew it! How thoroughly he recognized that light and tasteful summer suit in which he had seen young Dalton a few hours before! What call had *he* to interfere in his behalf; the sneering fop who had blighted all his hopes! Let him look out for himself——

Good and bad angels tugged at Harry's soul for one moment in mortal conflict—the next, he had plunged into the water, all forgotten but the safety of his perishing fellow-being. When, after terrible exertion, he laid his unconscious burden on the grass, he feared that it was all too late; "God forgive me," he cried, "that wicked, inhuman delay!"

With frantic haste he summoned aid, and all that skill and care could do was employed for the sufferer's restoration. Harry hung over him, pale, agonized, the accusing voice ever ringing in his ears.

At last, after long delay, signs of returning life were visible, and ere long the physicians assured the watchers around that all was hopeful. Rest and good nursing alone were needed. The little throng dispersed, and Harry, his mind relieved of an intolerable burden, sought the river-side again. He was in no mood for careless talk, or undeserved encomiums on his skill and courage. Sad reflections accompanied him in his walk; he felt that he had yielded to a temptation from below. True, it was but for a moment, yet it showed him his weakness. He did not excuse himself, but owned his fault humbly and penitently, striving to fortify himself with good resolves for the future.

Wandering thus, and quite forgetful of the outer world, he encountered a well known form—Nelly stood in his path, her cheeks pallid, her eyes swollen with weeping. She did not seek to avoid him, as she had often done of late, but seemed awaiting him to speak. He took her hand—she did not withdraw it; a great tenderness filled his heart. "Poor child!" he said, "how you must have suffered! But take courage, he is safe! All danger is over, we confidently trust."

A sudden glow illuminated her face. "And if he *is* safe," she cried, "I know to whose courage it is due."

Her tone, her look of enthusiasm were very sweet, but his conscience forbade him to accept the praise. "No, Nelly," he answered, sadly, "with you, if not to others, I must be wholly true. I deserve no credit; I almost turned to leave him, for hatred and jealousy had possession of me, and, if he had perished, I should have been his murderer!"

He felt that she shuddered. "Don't hate me for it!" he said, passionately. "It was for you! Because I loved you so! Say you forgive me, Nelly. For I have saved him only to render certain the destruction of my own life's happiness!"

Nelly looked up at him with brimming eyes. "I don't see why," she said, softly. "I am sure that—that nobody wishes—to make you unhappy."

Now I cannot say whether this statement appears to you particularly lucid, but Harry was clever enough to understand it instantly. All the trials, and troubles, and misgivings of the last few weeks dispersed like mists before the sun. Content took the place of wretchedness, and tender confidence drove out the last shadow of resentment. Fifth Avenue and Saratoga withdrew into the background, and a quiet home, full of duties and pleasures, supplied the vacancy.

Mr. Clarence Dalton made a very stylish and ornamental groomsman at the wedding of his preserver; and judging from his devoted manner to the second bridesmaid, his partner, we may pronounce that he did not suffer irremediably from his loss. As for his mother, I believe that she blesses to this day the friendly cramp that saved her darling from so terrible a *mesalliance.*

"AND HAGAR WEPT."

BY LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

The bitter tear in Hagar's eye,
As o'er her dying child she knelt,
In speechless, silent agony,
Showed what the anxious mother felt.

And when she softly breathed a prayer—
Her sorrowing eye upraised to Heaven—
How plain the anguish pictured there,
Told how the parent's heart was riven!

But when those sweet accents fell,
That angel voice: "Thy son shall live!"
Could any tongue but seraph's tell
The joys that bade her heart revive?

Oh! there is something in the tear
That dims a mother's tender eye;
A charm so fraught with love, so dear,
We weep—we know not, care not why!

And if a spark was ever given
To mortals from the fires above;
If e'er a flower that bloomed in Heaven—
It is a mother's holy love!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

CHAPTER XV.

Dougal Carr had fallen into a profound sleep immediately after the poison had been drawn from his wound. The fever that had consumed him died out with the virus that fed it, and, with a cool feeling of repose, the youth lay sweetly insensible of the heroic action that had saved him.

Flora Macdonald had risen from the swoon, produced partly from exhaustion, partly by the faintness left by contact with the poison, and went away to her own chamber so dizzy and languid that Luke was terrified by her condition. She had self-possession enough to forbid him summoning help, and went away wavering in her movements and almost blind.

There was a great deal of human compassion in Luke's face, as he watched this noble girl in her struggle to conquer the faintness that hung around her. He saw her go forth white as death, and with a pale purplish circle under her eyes, feeling a keen dread that she would never come back alive. But Flora had hardly been gone half an hour when the door opened and she glided in, her loose hair falling in thick waves on her shoulders, and the ornaments removed from her neck and arms.

Luke had drawn an easy-chair close to his brother's bed, and, from the shadow which fell over him from the curtains, kept faithful watch of the sleeper. The light had been removed to a distant corner of the room, and, but for the white linen that surrounded him, Dougal himself could scarcely have been recognized, the twilight in that portion of the room was so dim.

Flora came through the stillness, holding her breath. She drew close to the bed, and her sweet face drooped over that of the sick youth. She thought herself alone, poor girl! and he slept so quietly that no sound of the passing breath stirred the air. Her head drooped lower and lower, till her mouth touched the parted lips, through which a faint breath was floating. Thus satisfying herself that he was alive, Flora drew herself up, blushing at what she had done, and ready to hide herself in the darkness from that modest shame which a true woman feels, when alone and self-arraigned, keenly as when multitudes are looking on.

As she rose, her glance fell upon Luke, who sat huddled up in his chair, regarding her with his sharp eyes as a rattle-snake looks out from amid his coils. She saw nothing but the glimmer of a white face, but the eyes pierced her through and through.

"Why do you sit there staring at me so?" she cried, flushing with angry shame.

Luke uncoiled his limbs and sat upright.

"I was watching my brother," he said, with unusual humility.

"And me, sir? You were spying upon me."

"No, no! Heaven forgive you the thought; for it is a cruel one!"

"You saw how—how anxious I was. His breathing grew so faint, so very faint, that I was forced to stoop to—— Heaven forgive me!" she cried, all at once, stamping her foot on the floor, "Heaven forgive me for attempting to explain! You saw me, sirrah, and I hate you!"

Luke shrank away from the angry girl. Her words had wounded him, and her indignant beauty held him fascinated.

"Hate me! Well, that is what every one does. I think there is but one woman in the world that does not loathe me."

Flora's anger began to subside. There was a depth of pathos in his voice that touched her best sympathies.

"Forgive me; I was angry!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I—I could not bear—— Why, you are weeping!"

Luke had taken the hand which she gave with a touch of reverence that went to her heart. He lifted it to his lips; but, instead of kisses, tears fell upon it.

"You are weeping!" she repeated, softened with pity.

"Yes, I weep. This night has made a child of me. Oh! lady, if you knew how I have suffered!"

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"I—I do know."

"Not half—not a tithe! To suffer as I do, one must be crooked and hateful-warped, body and soul—a creature which nothing human can love."

"There is no such creature on earth. Young man, you should be happy, very happy—*he* loves you."

Flora pointed to the sleeping youth, and her face beamed with exquisite tenderness.

"He did, he did!" cried the dwarf, with a burst of anguish.

"And is not that enough? What more can any human soul want?"

"But his life has been in peril. He was all I had on earth."

"Yes, yes; that was trouble. No wonder you look pale and act so strangely. I could weep with you, remembering how he suffered. But, take hope! See, how softly he rests!"

"And who gave him the sleep? Was it my wit or my courage that saved him? Yet, who could match me in loving my brother?"

"Who? Ah! no one—no one, I dare say!"

Her face had kindled up at first. She was ready to contest the question, but modesty made her artful.

Luke smiled. When the bitter irony was out of his heart, his smile was beautiful. His whole nature was softened that night, and the expression of his face reminded her of Dougal.

"You are, indeed, his brother!" she said.

Luke kissed the hand which still lingered in his. Never in his life had those lips touched the snow of a woman's hand before. A shiver ran through his frame, his lips trembled. Creeping back to his chair, he sat down, covering his face, oppressed by a sense of his own audacity.

"Will you do me a kindness?" whispered Flora, drawing close to the chair.

"Will I? Yes; tell me how."

"Never tell your brother of the poison, or how it was extracted from his wound."

Luke looked up.

"Would you rob him of gratitude?"

"Gratitude is not needed. I would save myself."

"Why? Are you ashamed? Is it something to blush at that you have saved a life like that? No, lady, I will not save your pride."

"Not pride, oh! not my pride, but—but——"

"He is a poor laddie of the hills, unworthy of the touch of a born lady. I understand. You grudge him the happiness of knowing that a Lady of the Isles can stoop to pick up his life."

"You wrong me," answered Flora, with gentle dignity. "I should not think it shame to save the humblest of God's creatures; and *his* life is something so precious!"

Luke sprang from the chair, and, throwing himself at her feet, seized the skirt of her dress.

"You love him! It was love that taught you this heroism! Say that, and I am dumb."

Flora bent over him, down, downward, by some invisible magnetism. Her face was without color, but it glowed with inward fire.

"Then be dumb!" she whispered.

He gathered the folds of her dress between his palms and kissed them; he groveled upon the floor, pressing his face upon her silken shoes, murmuring blessings upon her. She stooped down and in whispers besought him to be calm, lest he should wake the sleeper and betray her presence.

He obeyed her, shaking the hair back from his forehead, and regarding her with moistened eyes.

"You love him!" He spoke mournfully, a sad thought shook him; he remembered how passionately Dougal loved another.

Flora turned her eyes from his and looked wistfully on the sleeping man. Luke watched her glance and read its expression. A sigh, too faint for any ears but his, rose to her lips. Luke caught her dress again.

"When you are away I may tell him how his life was saved?"

Flora made no answer, but shrunk back annoyed that her thoughts had been read.

"Do not shrink from me—do not be offended. I am his brother, and love him better than any human being can," he pleaded.

"Oh! no, no!"

The poor girl broke off trembling with the impetuosity of her denial—a denial that proved so much.

"Do not tremble, do not turn so white. It is because you love him that I worship you," cried the hunchback, speaking more intensely because his voice was suppressed. "Did you think it was myself? No wonder you shudder. Oh! if he could only see you as I do!"

Flora struggled with herself. Her great pride was disturbed by the readiness with which Luke had read her heart.

"Why speak to me in this fashion? Must a single act of kindness be so presumptuously read?"

Luke started to his feet.

"Kindness! Only kindness! Then it is that proud young man, who calls himself a prince, whom you love? It is pity for Dougal, always that for him."

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The hunchback ground his strong teeth in rage, and drew back against his chair with a gesture of disdain. "Lady, forgive me, I was searching for true nobility, and thought it was here. But youth, comeliness, honor—what are these against the son of a king who learned to dance in the French court, and counts all his conquests among women? Fresh from the compliments of a prince, how could a high-born young lady be expected to cast her eyes on a poor laddie like that?"

Flora turned her eyes on the mocking face before her with vague wonder. How full of bitter energy it was! Everything loving and tender, that had made it more than beautiful a moment before, was changed. The hunchback was jealous for his brother.

There was a rebuke in Flora's eyes as she bent them upon those troubled features. She shook her head gently and turned away.

"Is it true that you love this Prince, and only pity *him?*" cried Luke, pointing to his brother with growing ferocity.

The young girl looked at him in silence. There was something so earnest in his rudeness that she could not be angry with him. His love for the sleeping youth redeemed everything in her eyes.

Luke stamped his foot.

"Answer!" he demanded, in a firm whisper. "He shall not be trifled with by any of you!"

"Is it of the Prince—Charles Edward, that you speak?" she said.

"Yes. I ask again. He stood with you in the window; he took your hand; I saw it all. Was that love?"

"No!"

The hunchback drew a deep breath and his face glowed. He crept close to Flora, and, standing on tip-toe, pointed toward Dougal with his finger, whispering,

"But Dougal, oh! tell me, is it him?"

A rosy flush that stole over Flora's face was visible even in the dim light. She held back a moment; but, conquered by the imploring eagerness in those eyes, answered scarcely above her breath,

"When he asks me I will tell him!"

Luke covered his face with both hands, unlocked them again; his countenance was eloquent with such tender composure as no human being had seen on it before.

"He will live, and you are his savior!"

Flora threw out her hands in dismay.

"Oh! hush, hush! He will awake!"

Luke subdued himself in a moment, took her hands and kissed them with fervor.

"I will be silent; I will be your slave, only be good to him. He is of the mountains; but no prince can equal him. In his thoughts he is a king! Look upon that face and say if it is not beautiful."

Flora looked upon the beloved face, and a sigh rose to her lips. Did the sleeper care that her heart was so full of him, or was he dreaming of Kate Fraser?

"Regard him as he deserves, and there is not a sheep-dog on the hills that could guard you as I will," continued the hunchback, passionately. "But never dare to scorn him for his birth—never curve those red lips with a scorn because of his lowly home. He might forgive it; but I never would!"

The hunchback said this with so much passion, that his voice broke out from its whispers and sounded hoarsely through the room. It disturbed the invalid even in the profound sleep into which he had fallen. He moved on the pillow and opened his eyes wide.

Flora glided behind Luke's chair with a finger on her lips. He gave her a reassuring glance, and, stooping over the bed, concealed her with his uncouth person.

"What is the matter, Luke? Why are you up so late? It is a bad habit."

The cool and pleasant way in which he spoke, thrilled the two hearts that listened with delight; it was in peaceful contrast with the feverish raving which had preceded his slumber.

"Don't mind me," said Luke. "I shall find rest enough. But how is it with yourself, Dougal?"

Dougal moved on the pillow and uttered a moan of pain.

"I am hurt. Who has done this? Something has wounded my shoulder. What does it mean?"

"Do not ask, Dougal," answered Luke; and drops wrung from some inward anguish started to his forehead. "It is nothing serious."

"Oh! I remember. The palace dance—that wild rush into the grounds. Some one shot me there!"

"Yes, Dougal, your shoulder was pierced by an arrow."

"Which I tore out. The blood is on my hands yet. But some one came to my help—a lady in her ball-dress—tell me if you can, Luke, who it was?"

"Nay, Dougal, it was fancy."

"Fancy, no! She had on a dress that outshone the roses. Her face—was it *her* face, Luke?"

Flora heard the question. The breath was

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checked on her lips; she listened from her heart. Did he mean Kate Fraser?

"Never mind these dreams," said Luke; "another time we will talk of them. Now sleep again——"

"But the Prince? Is he safe?"

"The Prince! Yes; now sleep. I will not speak again."

Dougal closed his eyes, and Flora Macdonald stole from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

For three days young Carr lay in Lady Clanranald's house, held a prisoner there by his wound. Once or twice, in that time, he heard the voice of Kate Fraser near the door, inquiring after his welfare of Luke, who scarcely left him day or night. But the high-born girl never came to his bedside, or in any way manifested more interest in him than common humanity dictated. Still her presence seemed to haunt him more than once; as it were flitting through his dreams he had seen a lithe young form in the room. With closed eyes he had listened to a footstep soft as thistle down; but if he stirred, or but allowed the lashes to unknit from over his eyes, she was gone. There was something very sweet in this unseen presence, that he loved to lie and ponder over, till his heart slowly drifted from its first love, and went out on a bright sea of conjecture. Was it indeed Kate Fraser who visited him in his sleep? He resolved to ask Luke about it; but the hunchback had been so curt and cold, when her name was mentioned, that he hesitated how to begin with him.

One day Luke sat in the great easy-chair, reading. Dougal was half-sitting up in bed, supported by pillows and a crimson cushion taken from Luke's chair.

"Luke!"

The hunchback laid the book open on his knees and looked gently around.

"Luke, tell me, that's a good bairn, have you and I been alone these long days and nights—quite alone?"

"Alone? yes. Why not?"

Luke resumed his book, not relishing the conversation.

"Don't read yet, brother. Either you have let the leech give me medicines that create fantasies, or some lady has been in the room more than once, day and night."

"Lady? tush! Nothing but dreams!"

"But I have heard a voice—whispers."

"Mine!"

"But the voice was soft and low."

"So is mine."

"Luke, this is ridiculous! I know some woman has been here. Once I heard her weeping."

"It was the charwoman, whose sweetheart is in Cope's army, perhaps."

"No, no!"

"Or Lady Clanranald, with queenly condescension, inquiring how her guest has slept," persisted Luke.

"No. I remember her visit, it was something too stately for easy forgetfulness. I know also that a person has inquired about me every morning, in the passage, when you went out."

"Yes, certainly, that was Mistress Fraser. She would have done as much for her grandfather's sick hound."

"Then she has not been inside this chamber?"

"Not once; that is, since we brought you here."

Dougal mused, with less pain than his brother suspected. His spirit was gratefully following the figure that had sought him in the palace grounds when he lay dying there; for he knew well that, in a little time, he must have bled to death. Then she followed into the dreams or realities of that sick chamber, hovering near him, shedding the balm of peaceful rest over his bed, and haunting him with pleasant images.

"Who could this person be? If not beautiful Kate Fraser, then—then—why did he hesitate to speak Flora Macdonald's name?"

Luke did not know that his heart was fluttering about that name, just as it had hovered around the name of Katharine Fraser only a month before. He only pitied his brother for a love that he believed unchangeable.

"Luke!"

"Well."

"Was it any one else?"

"Yes; I have told you about the charwoman."

Dougal petulantly took the cushion from under his arm and flung it across the bed.

"Always spiteful, always churlish!" he muttered.

"No, no; don't say that, brother. I would perish to give you an hour's happiness, and why not? What do I know of joy save as you feel it?"

"Then why not tell me who this lady is?"

Luke took up the volume from his lap and read with provoking diligence. Dougal crushed the pillow in a heap under his head and turned his face to the wall. After a few restless movements, he fell into repose and seemed to be

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sleeping soundly. Luke waited awhile, watching him over the top of his book, and then stole away. A few whispered words in the passage, and then a rustle of silk came across the room, the chair was cautiously wheeled back, throwing the bed curtains between it and the sleeper. Then the quick suppressed breathing of a person frightened by her own movements came to the sick man's ear. If he had been asleep at all, the slumber was so light that the first rustle of female garments had disturbed it. Through his half-closed lashes he saw that a female came close to his bed and sat down in Luke's chair. The color flew into his cheek, a smile crept over his mouth. He reached forth one hand drawing back the curtain.

Flora Macdonald sprang up with a cry and stood before him bathed in blushes. She was very beautiful with that shrinking look and downcast eyes, over which the lashes drooped and quivered till bright tears started through them.

Dougal rose upon his elbow and leaned toward her.

"I felt that some angel was watching me—now I know it!"

The voice was so tenderly respectful that Flora's heart swelled richly in her bosom, like a lake which lifts fragrant water-lilies on every wave.

"Your brother wished to go home, and—and—he was afraid to trust a servant to guard your slumber, so I came."

Dougal drew a deep breath, and, leaning back on his pillow, regarded her with grateful admiration.

"Oh! if I could find words—if I could but thank you as I feel!"

"It would be unkind," said Flora, trembling. "I do not like thanks."

"But you have been so good to me!" he said.

Flora was chilled by his gratitude. Her heart yearned for something more ardent than that commonplace word. She forgot how much the young man was beneath her—how humble his origin—how lofty her own. But in her the pride of womanhood was stronger than the pride of race; and she answered what seemed to her cold thanks with restraint.

"No," she said, "there is little goodness in being kind to a wounded guest. Do I not know how this wound was given? That you flung your life between the Prince and an enemy that has twice sought his destruction?"

A look of keen disappointment came over Dougal's face. He turned her eyes from her, sighing heavily.

"I had forgotten that," he said, at last. "It is true, for his sake you have been kind. I remember everything now."

"I will go now and send for your brother," said Flora, moving toward the door. "He but went out to seek Kate Fraser, with some message from the old lord."

Flora looked earnestly at the young man as she spoke Katharine's name. The jealous heart was troubled alike by his apparent coldness and its old suspicions. A shade came over his face. That name gave him no pleasure, she could discern that; but it threw him into silence.

Flora's hand still grasped the curtain as she had seized its folds in springing up; but it fell downward as she prepared to go, and she found it in his clasp. She snatched it away, and instantly the young man's face was crimson with a sensitive rush of blood.

"Forgive me!"

Flora had snatched her hand away, that he might not know how it quivered.

His plea for pardon troubled her.

"Forgive you?" she said. "And why?"

"That I dared so much."

A beautiful glow flashed over her face. She looked down at her hand, with shy wistfulness; then held it toward him.

He drew it eagerly toward his lips; then relaxed his clasp and dropped it.

She looked at him in pained surprise.

"You had forgotten who I am," he said. "Worse than that—I had forgotten it myself."

Flora understood him. Had there been presumption in his manner, perhaps the proud blood of her race might have revolted against it. But now all the true nobility of her character spoke out; for she was one of those, who, even in that age, could recognize what was grand in human nature, without the aid of kingly patents.

With a modest grace which no man living could have resisted, she held forth her hand again. The grave sweet smile on her mouth brought the mist into his eyes, and his lips quivered as they touched the snow of that little hand.

"Oh! if I were a prince!" he said, wistfully.

"What then?" she questioned.

"Then I might dare to ask a question which would be madness now."

"We forgive madness when it is involuntary," she answered, veiling her eyes with their thick lashes.

"And you will forgive mine?"

Flora smiled. The young man still held her

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hand; he grasped it tighter, and drew her face toward his.

"Sweet one, I was in doubt till now; but I know who it was that sought me in those wild grounds and saved my life—who calmed the anguish in this shoulder. I was not quite wild or insensible, but all was so dreamy! I—I thought it another person; but now—now—am I mad—am I sinning beyond forgiveness? If so, take your hand from mine, and I am punished; look on me in anger, and I am mute!"

The hand did struggle in his, but it was to weave the delicate fingers closer in that loving clasp. She did look upon him; but the glance that shot from underneath those thick lashes was like the flash of diamonds.

Then he spoke, in a voice that shook with passionate tenderness,

"Oh! I love you with my whole life and soul! I love you——"

He drew her down with one arm, and pressed these words on her lips.

All at once she grew timid as a fawn. Steps sounded in the passage. She wrenched her hand from his, clasped it, with its fellow, over her full heart, and fled to her own room.

Once there, she locked the door, and, throwing herself upon a couch all heavy with carved work and crimson that stood near it, lay there a full hour, while every breath she drew was an anguish of happiness, and every thought a fresh bliss.

Meantime Luke had requested an interview with Katharine Fraser, and sat with her in a tiny little bower-chamber which belonged to the suit of rooms occupied by herself and Flora. Katharine was pale, and traces of tears stained her face. She looked frightened, too, and was pleading with Luke.

"I ask you once again, lady—has the poor laddie no hope, even if my lord withdrew his opposition?"

"Do not ask me! Do not, I implore you, press this subject! Luke Carr, I tell you no one but yourself ever thought of it. The whole thing is impossible. Think who I am, who he is."

"Tush! woman; he is a man strong enough to cut his way to as high honors as any Fraser has won. You are a beautiful woman. What then? The love which springs up amid difficulties and differences like this is strong and high."

"But I do not love Dougal, and he—yes, I must say it—he dare not love me!"

"Why?" questioned Luke, with husky bitterness.

"Because it would be presumption, mad presumption!"

Luke smiled. He was a democrat, this hunchback, and sneered at her aristocratic pride.

"What if I tell you that my brother loves you, and what Dougal loves is honored."

"You say this to wound me, Luke. My grandfather, by his partiality, has given you the power to harass me; but he is a Fraser, and would be very angry were I to inform him of this."

"Angry! I know it. What then?"

"You have no fear of his anger, perhaps?"

"None."

Katharine smiled haughtily at an idea that passed through her mind.

"Indeed! Then, suppose you repeat this conversation to him—ask him to give his granddaughter to the son of Dame Carr as a bride."

"Perhaps I shall at the right time."

"That will never come!"

"We shall see. But tell me, lady—for I come to plead, not annoy, as you charge me—is there no kind feeling toward Dougal, no throb of the pulse, when he is near you? Is this pride or modesty? I am not likely to know how love expresses itself"—here the hunchback glanced down at his person—"but I would die at your feet to know that one pulse of that heart answered to the passion of his. Why, Dougal has been your slave since he was a little laddie, playing on the hill-side at Dounie. He never made a daisy-chain but it was to throw it in your path to be trod on; and if you but chanced to pick it up, the bairn was made happy for a week. He was well received at the castle. Lord Lovat, harsh to others, never frowned on him, and seldom on me, because of our kinship. He never rebuked you because Dougal was your play-fellow, or thought it dishonor when you came down the braes together, after he had crowned your pretty head with purple heath."

Katharine was smiling amid all her trouble.

"Oh! those were pleasant times!" she murmured. "I remember them well. Dougal was like a brother to me. You are right. My grandfather never considered him as a trouble in Dounie, and to me the laddie was always a pleasant play-fellow. But now——"

Luke interrupted her.

"But now you are older, prouder. A lady who dances with a prince of the blood royal, even though he is under the shade, cannot look with patience on the devotion of her old playmate."

"All this is nought," answered Kate, with haughty spirit. "Are the Frasers so mean a

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people that one of their daughters should flaunt herself because the Prince treads a measure with her? We are neither so high nor so low as you seem to think, good Luke."

"I spoke bitterly, rudely, if you will," said the hunchback, reining in his bitter spirit. "I came to plead for Dougal, my poor wounded brother, and end in reviling you. Have forbearance with me; I love him so much!"

"And he is worthy of this love!" said Kate, gently.

"So brave! so gentle! Oh! lady, if you could see him in his home!"

"I have seen him, remember, in Dounie, which my lord almost made a home for Dougal more than it was mine."

"Lord Lovat is not to be challenged for that!" cried Luke, sharply. "The best blood of Scotland never produced a man more noble or more perfect than my brother! Compare him, if you will, with the Prince you fair damsels are ready to fall down and worship, and say, truly, if he is not the better man!"

"We must not compare Charles Edward thus," answered Kate, smiling. "If we did, there might be others who——"

"Will," said Luke, who was listening sharply.

"Nay, I did but mean to point out the absurdity of comparing any one with the young Prince, who is so far lifted above us all that there is no matching him with common men without a shade of treason."

"She does not love him, at any rate," thought Luke; "her manner is too calm for that."

Then, thinking to try her still further, the hunchback said, abruptly,

"Lady, what if I tell you that Dougal is dying?"

Kate started and turned deadly pale.

"Oh! no, no, it cannot be!"

Luke saw how real her agitation was, and his hopes rose.

"A little time ago he was on the brink of death."

"But he is better now? Tell me of a certainty that he is better now. Poor Dougal! my dear, dear play-fellow, how cruel I have been!"

Luke's heart bounded in his bosom. He fell upon his knees at her feet, and kissed Kate Fraser's garments as if she had been a goddess.

"You will go to him? You will see him?"

"Yes," answered Kate, sorrowfully. "I have been very unkind to keep aloof. Why should I harden myself against him? Poor, poor laddie!"

"And you will go now?"

"Not yet."

"But soon?"

"Yes, very soon. Say this much to him."

Lady Clanranald came into the room while Luke was there. Her face was flushed, her manner excited.

"Go down to the bower-chamber, Kate," she said. "Some one is waiting for you there with news."

Kate guessed who it was and started up.

"Another time, say that another time I will surely come," she said, addressing Luke as she went out.

Lady Clanranald followed, forgetting a person so insignificant, in her estimation, as Luke, the hunchback, who stood thoughtfully in the room as they had left him.

"There is something true here. No maiden's cheek ever blanched so white without the cause lying down deep in her heart. But she is high and proud; she has learned to conceal feelings of which she is ashamed. It was not indifference that kept her from him in his danger, but consciousness. What a fool I have been not to see this! There has been no quarrel between them that she should have kept aloof. See now what a brute I have been to tear at her secret with my rough words; but then how should I learn gentle speech with women? Do they not shrink from me with loathing till the voice is choked in my throat? All except one, this queenly Macdonald, and she loves him too. I had no heart to tread down her hopes, and any love seemed so precious after Katharine Fraser's cruel neglect of him. How could I say he loves another after she had saved his life at the peril of her own? How can I ever tell it? She will hate and revolt against me after that as the rest have—she whose hand I have kissed while her lips smiled upon me. How my heart leaped —how my limbs shook! Great heavens! what ecstasy this love must bring to those who are not debarred from it. But I——"

The unhappy man sat down helplessly, and, looking his person over and over again, ended by dashing both hands against his face and bursting into tears—great bitter tears, that seemed wrung by torture from the depths of his life.

When Luke left that little bower-room, he passed his brother's door and went out into the open street. From thence he plunged into that wooded ravine, which cleaves through the city of Edinburgh to this day, and, tearing through the tangled undergrowth, wore the anguish and passion of his soul out with fierce action.

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Meantime Katharine Fraser had descended to Lady Clanranald's bower-chamber, and there she found young Clanranald waiting for her. He was excited, and walking restlessly up and down the room.

"I have news for you," he said, coming eagerly toward her. "Cope is landing at Dunbar with all his forces. In an hour's time we set forth to meet them."

Kate turned pale, but her eyes brightened.

"It will be to conquer them, I know. But where is my father?"

"Mustering his men; he sent his blessings by me—his blessings, and something else, which I am to give upon your lips, fair lady."

The lips were bright as roses and red as coral, on which more than one kiss was pressed.

"And now," said the beautiful creature, allowing herself to be gathered under the shelter of his arm, "tell me if there is great danger?"

"Danger! Nothing that a brave man would care to shun, or a fair maiden need tremble at."

"But remember I have a double stake in this army, my father, and—and——"

Clanranald looked down upon her, his face glowing with triumphant love, his tall form towering upward a model of manly strength.

"We shall come back, be sure of that. There is not a matchlock cruel enough to separate us two. Were I stretched stark upon the battle-field, that look would bring me to life again."

"It would be drowned in tears, and so fail!"

"Hush, love! that is not the language of a soldier's daughter, and of a Fraser. Why, Kate, you are trembling!"

"Alas! yes. I never, till now, realized what a battle was; till the heart aches with a sense of its horror we acknowledge only its glory and object. You will be there—my father will be there. I cannot see anything beyond that. King and country retreat into the distance. I look at you, standing by my side, and the very heart within my bosom turns coward."

"Coward! Sweet one—and a Fraser?"

Katharine uttered a little cry, and clung to him as if some great danger were at hand.

It was only the dash of a party of horsemen reining up before the house.

"They have come for you; they grudge us one little minute."

Clanranald went to the window.

"It is the Prince—it is Charles Edward. What madness!" he exclaimed.

Lady Clanranald also had heard the clatter of hoofs, and descended to the hall ready to receive her royal guest.

Charles Edward came in, flushed and full of animation. He approached the lady with that grace which was his peculiar charm, and took her hand.

"Lady, excuse this intrusion. We are on the eve of an engagement. Our forces are now moving, but there are feelings—there are debts which must not go unacknowledged. We have thanks to give, by your leave, and a farewell to take."

He spoke low and rapidly, and looked at Lady Clanranald as if the fate of his kingdom lay in her hands.

"Do I understand my Prince? Is there a person in my poor house who deserves the honor of this visit?"

"A man who owes his life to the valor of a woman, has no power to confer honor upon her, be he king or peasant," answered Charles, with gentle dignity. "If the young maiden, your kinswoman, will deign to accept the poor thanks of a man who has little else to give, may I crave her presence here?"

Lady Clanranald went herself to summon Flora, who still lay on that antique couch with both hands clasped over her heart, and a smile of exquisite happiness parting her lips.

"The Prince!" she cried, starting up, "and inquiring for me? How troublesome!"

Lady Clanranald could scarcely believe her ears. What, a niece of hers, a Macdonald from the Isles, receiving a visit from the royal Stuart with indifference. It was beyond credence.

Flora, with that feminine instinct which no amount of trouble can conquer, went up to the mirror and began to arrange the rich waves of her hair, twisting them back from her temples in a graceful coil, and lending new grace to her beauty in the very haste of her action. Lady Clanranald stood by astonished. The splendor of her beauty that day was something wonderful. Every movement of her person was superb. She left her room and descended to that in which Charles Edward waited for her.

At another time she might have blushed under the royal gaze, for it was full of animation; but her heart was too rich for paltry vanity of this kind, and in her happiness she only saw a bright face welcoming her, a friendly hand held out.

She forgot his royalty and met him as equal meets equal; then, recollecting herself, blushed crimson, and was bending her knee when he took both her hands, and, holding them close, prevented the motion.

"Not this—not at my feet, fair one; that is no place for you. Charles Edward comes to

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thank you once more for his life—to say how valueless it will be without——"

That moment Lady Clanranald entered the room; but, seeing the two engaged in conversation, retired to a little distance. Charles Edward sunk his voice and spoke rapidly. The color grew deeper and richer on Flora's cheek, till her face was one glow of crimson. She was about to speak, and drew her hands from his clasp with a little force. That instant Clanranald and Kate Fraser came in, and, with an air of suppressed annoyance, the Prince joined them.

This little scene had escaped Lady Clanranald, who had turned the other way. When her son entered, she saw that Flora was flushed and restless; but the honor of an interview with the Stuart was enough, in her mind, to account for far greater agitation; so it made little impression on her mind.

A few gracious words to the lady of the mansion, a hasty adieu to the fair girls who stood near her, and Charles Edward left the house.

When the sound of retreating hoofs convinced her that the Prince was quite gone, Flora stole to her little room again; but it was to walk restlessly up and down the floor in an agitated way. The rich composure of her happiness was broken up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEMORY'S SONG.

BY EVA DREAMER.

'Tis very late—the watching stars have set;
I'm weary, but in vain I try to sleep,
For memory sings sad songs I'd fain forget;
And while she sings, I weep.

To-night she sings to me of him who seemed
The fair embodiment of my ideal,
So noble, godlike, that I even dreamed
My fancyings had proved real.

I recognized in him my spirit-mate,
I loved—nay, worshiped him; and in my heart
I raised and beautified, in spite of fate,
A shrine for him apart.

Awhile his path and mine lay side by side,
And radiant and blessed I journeyed on,
Hoping that somewhere, on life's desert wide,
They would converge in one.

But cruel fate has torn him from my side!
I cannot comprehend life's mystery;
He loved me not, for him I could have died:
Oh, God! why must it be?

He knows not of my love, nor what it cost
To give him up—I ne'er shall love another;
I met him, not as one I loved and lost,
But only as a brother.

He loves me not! Life hath no joy for me,
And gladly would I lay the burden by,
With all its crushing weight of agony,
If I but dared to die!

But no, not yet; for, though I sigh for rest,
I dare not take it till my Father please;
Hard is the trial, but I'll bide the test,
And wait till He release.

There'll be a meeting on the far off shore,
Where hearts are never more with anguish riven,
I'm sure he'll love me then, if not before,
For all will love in Heaven!

Thank God for that! for though Hope's star has set,
And all is dark, I know 'tis not in vain
That I have loved; thank God that we e'er met—
That we may meet again!

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY FITZ JAMES MACKAY.

From the densely crowded cities,
From the busy haunts of men,
Oft my thoughts turn backward sadly
To the solitary glen—
To the wild, romantic valley
Where the falling waters foam,
To the woodlands—to the prairies,
To my childhood's lonely home.

Well I loved thee, yet I panted,
Longing evermore to flee
From thy portals, home of childhood,
Deeming there I was not free.

Then the world seemed fair before me—
Nothing bitter with the sweet—
For it then was veiled in shadow,
And I saw not its deceit.

But the shadows fled full early,
And the world's cold glance I met,
And my heart was filled forever
With the sorrows of regret!
But alas! how vain regretting!
For my feet henceforth must roam—
Never more may wake the echoes
In the quiet hall of home!

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THE SECOND TRIAL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was one of Mark Staunton's black days, in which nothing had any beauty to his eyes, nor enjoyment for his mind.

The sun shone pleasantly without, streamed through the open window and glorified the room, and the June wind sung any quantity of delicious songs, if he had chosen to listen; but he did not; neither the sunshine nor the breeze had the slightest power to brighten his thoughts when that demon of low spirits, which owns so many different names, had once fairly taken possession of him.

He certainly was somewhat ungrateful to insist upon being so persistently miserable, for he had enjoyed as reasonable a share of blessings as any one man has a right to expect; but, like all other mortals, he must needs have his days when he would not discern them, and in looking back upon his life and comparing it with what he had meant, ten years ago it should be, it seemed, after all, a sort of dull cheat.

Yet those ten years had been by no means wasted; he had done as much in them, as far as worldly advancement went, as was possible. He was only thirty now, prominent in his profession, had held several political offices of honor, and had lately come in possession of a comfortable fortune, which, added to the competency he had amassed in his profession, made him a rich man. But none of those things appeared of much consequence then; one was as empty and incapable of giving enjoyment as another.

If any of his friends had been there to read his thoughts, they would have been astonished at the turn which the worldly, ambitious man's reflections had taken.

But in a measure Mark was excusable. He was quite alone—neither near family relatives or wife, nor any prospect of one. Mark was growing a regular old bachelor in his ideas of young women; he found it impossible to satisfy his capricious fancy, and it looked very probable that he would go on through life without being able to make up his mind to the often contemplated step of matrimony.

Once Mark had been in love—yes, really in love; and, long ago as it was, recollections of that time would yet come up, and often brought him considerable bitterness.

It was when he was first setting out in the world. He was only twenty-one, starting as a poor young lawyer, with a singular mixture of romance and practical wisdom meeting somewhere between his head and heart, and making it a very uncomfortable battle-ground.

But only two years after that pleasant passage in their lives, which ended in the disquiet and trouble such things so often do, Katharine Anson had married, and in all those years their paths had never crossed.

It was very long since Mark had believed himself in love with her; but there were times, in looking over his somewhat solitary life, it occurred to him how different it might have been had that affair terminated as it ought to have done.

Probably at the bottom he had more feeling for the past than he knew himself; and more than once Katharine's image had come between him and some fancy he was trying to nurse into love, and the difference between that one real affection and the shallow delusions of the present would send him adrift again.

The striking of the clock roused him from his reverie, and woke him to the consciousness that while he was dreaming, his carpet-bag sat ready packed on the table, and he had only just time to reach the train.

He was going into the country to pass a week or two with a far off cousin, whose pleasant house and merry-hearted husband usually succeeded in driving away one of Mark's dissatisfied fits more rapidly than anything else.

An hour after he was in the train and speeding away up the river.

It was growing near sunset when they approached the station where Mark was to end his little journey.

He had been going on with that same half-melancholy, half-ill-humored train of thought all the way up, and the heat and dust had ended by giving the ill natured portion the preponderance. He had snubbed a talkative stranger in the most unmerciful manner; grumbled internally at a crying baby, wondering why it was always his lot to meet with more disagreeable adventures, during a journey, than ever fell to anybody else's share, and finally had grumbled himself quiet.

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With a fearful shrieking the train made another halt, and Mark, in his leisurely way, followed the little crowd that got off at Briarton.

He stopped on the platform to speak with an acquaintance, for Mark was in his native county now, and every Ulster man was proud to know him; then he stepped into the eating saloon to light his segar and consider whether he should ride or walk over to his cousin's place. When he came out, he passed by a carriage in which a lady was sitting—her veil was up, and, after the first moment of puzzled recollection, Mark recognized Katharine Anson.

It was only an instant, and the carriage had driven on; he was unable to tell whether she recognized him or not. That was the first time they had met in ten years.

That little incident decided Mark's actions, or rather it made him somewhat oblivious as to his movements. Carpet-bag in hand he walked down the street, puffing diligently at his segar, and turned into the cross-road, from which he would find a path through the fields and woods that would shorten the distance to his destination.

As it was, Mark had a walk of more than two miles before him, and ample time to digest the reflections to which that unexpected meeting gave rise.

She was very much altered, he thought—thin, and he believed somewhat sallow. She was in half-mourning, too—that was for her husband—he wondered how deeply she had grieved over him. In his misanthropical mood he said to himself, that she had not heart enough to be inconsolable about anything—he rather doubted if that was not the case with all women.

Mark's recollection of that past were not altogether pleasantly mournful. He never had felt that Katharine had been quite fair and honest with him. Their courtship had been rather a stormy season, at the best; for, at that time, they had both been high-spirited and impetuous, with a great dislike to yielding, as is the case with most young people before trouble has taught them to subdue the selfishness inherent in our natures.

Then Katharine had been living with a relative who never looked favorably upon Mark, owing to his poverty. He had wanted her to marry immediately in spite of all opposition, but that she had refused to do; he believed she did not love him well enough to encounter adversity for his sake. Out of his reproaches grew their last quarrel, and they parted.

Mark could see now that, in many respects, a wife would have been a drawback upon him during the struggle of these first years, but that did not incline him to forgive Katharine any the more.

Well, it was over long enough ago, that was certain; he was a fool to be troubling his head with those old memories! But he must wonder if she saw him, and if so, whether that meeting had any effect at all upon her. It was nothing to him—bah! he was not a boy any longer—there, the matter might as well be dropped, it was a sorry subject for thoughts in every way!

He passed through the woods and came out into his cousin's grounds. The place wore its freshest June look, and was very pleasant to Mark's eyes, for he had loved it as a boy.

He walked up one of the side paths that he might avoid the main entrance, lest he should encounter strange guests, if such there were in the house, before having cleared himself of dust and the last remnants of his spleen.

"Hallo, old fellow!" some one called out, and, looking up, he saw Tom Ford running down the verandah steps to meet him.

There was a hearty exchange of greetings, for the two had always been the best friends in the world, and a week in Tom's cheerful society never failed to send Mark back to his bustling life, elevated in spirits, and with pleasanter views of things in general.

"I am deuced glad you have come," said Tom; "you look quite fagged out, but a fortnight here will set you up. Come along into the house—Ellen will be charmed to see you—we were talking about you a little while ago, and wondering if you would get here to-night."

He stopped abruptly and looked a little queer, but Mark did not notice it.

"Ellen is well, of course?" he said, as they entered the hall.

"Oh! perfectly, fuller of fun than ever," returned Tom, looking odder every instant, as if he was internally struggling between some perplexing thought and a great desire to laugh. "I say, Mark, come right on up stairs, you may as well get the dust off a little."

He led the way up to the room Mark always occupied—a pleasant chamber that Ellen had fitted up with an eye to their cousin's peculiar fancies.

"Here we are," said Tom. "Now you can beautify yourself as much as you please; there's the trunk you sent up by express—I hope it's got your most dandified clothes in it."

"Why, have you visitors?" asked Mark. "I thought I should be sure to find you quite alone."

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"I expected so, too," returned Tom, coolly taking Mark's segar-case out of the linen duster he had just thrown down, and helping himself to a Havana. "But, the fact is, we had an arrival only half an hour ago."

"Who is it?—not women, I hope?"

"Only one woman," replied Tom, laconically, very much occupied in lighting his segar.

"That's a bore!" said Mark, with his *blaze* air. "I suppose it's Miss Gilmore."

"Well, no, it isn't," returned Tom, as if it was so near being her he was only surprised it was not.

"Then, who is it?" asked Mark, a little testily, the dust and his mood of the morning still having their effect upon him. "I suppose it's not an enchanted princess, or a mysterious sprite without any name?"

"The truth is," said Tom, sitting down in an easy-chair, and looking intently at the toe of his boot, "it's an old friend of yours, and Ellen and I were afraid the thing would be awkward; but there was no help for it. Katharine Warner is here, Mark," he added, abruptly; blurting out the secret he had meant to communicate with such care as a man is sure to do when he tries to be extra delicate.

Mark did not speak for a moment; then he saw, by Tom's face, that he was expecting him to be very much confused—and Mark at once determined he would not be.

"I saw her at the station," said he; "but I didn't dream she was coming here."

His voice was composed enough, but he was stooping over his carpet-bag, diligently trying to unlock it with the key of his trunk.

"The deuce is in this thing!" he exclaimed, wrenching it open without the least mercy. "There, I've ruined the lock; it won't bother me again—that's one consolation!"

"We didn't expect her any more than—than the man in the moon," said Tom, falling back on that familiar comparison for want of a better. "She has only just got here from Europe. She was Ellen's greatest friend, you know, and only a few hours ago we got a telegram from her, saying she should be here to-night. It was awkward. But what could we do? It wouldn't have done to put off her visit; and Ellen was wild to see her. They were like sisters and all that."

Honest Tom grew quite red in the face with the energy of his explanation; he expected nothing less than that Mark would fly out of the house to avoid her. But the honorable gentleman was wonderfully cool and collected, rather overdoing the matter in point of fact. But Tom was not a woman; so he did not observe that.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Mark, in a stately way; "one female is about the same as another."

"That's the way to look at it!" cried Tom, quite delighted. "I was afraid you might be annoyed; and so was Ellen."

"Nonsense!" replied Mark, loftily. "You don't suppose I am a boy! My dear fellow, Mrs. Warner is no more to me than that segar you have in your hand."

"So you came in the same train?" said Tom. "Well, that was odd! I expect Ellen is just telling her who our other guest is. I wonder what she will think?"

"Nothing at all, probably," answered Mark. "But if you sit there chattering, I shall never be ready for tea."

"All right—I'm off!" replied careless Tom. "Come down as soon as you can; I've got such a pointer pup to show you!"

He walked out, whistling in defiance of all rules of etiquette; and Mark very energetically closed the door, which, with his usual heedlessness, Tom had left half-open.

Mark went on dressing himself carefully, humming a tune now and then, kicking unoffending boots, and looking daggers at his somewhat tired face in the mirror; but he was thoroughly convinced that he did not once think of Katharine Warner, or care in the least about this encounter.

The tea-bell rang before he had remembered to go down; then he hurried off at a great rate, and dashed down into the hall, where he met Ellen.

"I am so glad to see you!" she said, giving him the cousinly kiss with which he was accustomed to be greeted. "Dreadfully hot in town, I suppose? Oh! Mark, we have got such strawberries—and the darlingest calf! I think the country never was so delightful as it is this year!"

She had hold of his arm and was leading him into the library, chatting carelessly, and in the childish manner which was partly natural to her and a little exaggerated for the occasion.

Mark was in the room. There stood Tom, talking to a lady. He knew he walked toward her—heard Ellen say, "I need not introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Warner"—was conscious that he shook hands with her, and said all that was proper on the occasion; but—it must be owned—the room looked a little unsteady for a moment.

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However, he betrayed very little emotion outwardly; and Mrs. Warner appeared so perfectly self-possessed that it quieted him at once. Ellen was in her liveliest spirits, and talked incessantly. Tom determined to do his share, and put in all sorts of interruptions.

They went in to tea, and everything passed off as well as possible; for Ellen's tact perfectly covered up any little lapses there might otherwise have been. After that, Mark and Tom went out upon the lawn to smoke their segars; while Ellen and her friend walked up and down one of the verandahs, talking of old acquaintances, and Katharine's long journey, and all sorts of things of no consequence, as people always do.

When Mark got into his room, he was astonished to remember that he had not taken a fair look at his old acquaintance during the whole evening. He said to himself that her manners did not please him: she dressed too much; affected something between French frivolity and the statuesque; evidently a woman without any heart at all; and with that conviction Mark betook himself to bed.

The next morning, even looking with his jaundiced eyes, Mark was forced to acknowledge that, if those ten years had taken away something of the girlish look from her face, she was much handsomer than she ever had been—with her dazzling complexion, her beautiful brown eyes, and the rare smile, which, when she talked, lit up the sad expression of her face.

During the next two or three days, Mark and Tom were a great deal out of the house. There was a little business to be attended to, a great deal of trout-fishing to be done, and, altogether, the ladies were left very much to themselves.

Katharine comported herself admirably. She talked freely with Mark—sang Tom's favorite songs—was easy and unembarrassed; and for her pains, Mark, in his heart, denounced her as the most soulless creature that ever breathed! She never hesitated about alluding to her girlhood, treated him as she would have done any other old acquaintance from whom she had been so long separated that they had few interests left in common, and seemed to enjoy herself without any regard to him.

Now, Mark was accustomed to being spoiled by women; and, if Katharine had been a stranger, her manner would have piqued him into trying to change it; but as it was, he said to himself that he cared nothing at all about the matter, and could be quite as oblivious and careless of the past as she.

They got through a week, and Ellen was quite frantic at the stately way in which Mark treated her friend, and the graceful unconcern with which Katharine responded to it. She had set her heart upon a revival of the old romance; but she saw there was no chance of that, and she wondered at the folly of both.

Mark avowed to Ellen that he was quite heart-whole; and what Katharine thought she could only gather from her manner; for the woman was not of the confiding order. She would talk as freely as Ellen desired; expressed her opinions of Mark, when asked; put off allusions to the past so naturally, that Ellen, with all her tact, could not discover that she had the slightest feeling left in regard to it.

"She never could have loved him," said Tom, one night, when he and his wife were holding a confidential talk in their room. "I fancy she was a bit of a flirt."

"Nobody was ever farther from it!" returned Ellen, indignantly. "It's my opinion that Mark was as unjust as possible. You know how passionate he used to be, and Katharine was always the proudest creature that ever breathed!"

Ellen was right there. She was a very proud woman, one who would have died and made no sign sooner than have compromised her womanly feelings. Mark thought that he had been ill-treated; Katharine knew that she had.

Her relatives had shown her that she had no right to encumber his poverty and youth with a wife, and she had refused to marry because she believed it to be right; and when he left her, in a terrible passion, she had exhausted all the persuasions her pride would allow her to employ; and when he declared that they were parting forever, she could do nothing more.

She had married two years after, and her life had been a sufficiently pleasant one, spent mostly abroad; and during that time she had resolutely put out of her mind all thoughts of the past, as any conscientious, right-principled woman would have done.

She was sitting alone in the parlor, one evening, amusing herself at the piano, playing old melodies, and recalling half-forgotten songs, as one does, occasionally, when left in solitude, and has no fear in allowing feeling to have undisputed sway.

Ellen had gone out to visit a sick neighbor, and Mark she had seen wandering off toward the village, an hour before, so that she was left quite to herself.

But just then Mark was coming up the walk, and the tones of that low, sweet voice reached

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him through the stillness of the evening, and the song struck his heart like the echo of some half-forgotten language. It was an old, old melody she had often sung for him in that life, which, as he looked back on it, seemed as totally disconnected with the present as if he had gone into another stage of existence.

A moment after, he felt indignant with himself, and walked on up the verandah, where he seated himself, determined to listen with the most dignified indifference.

Katharine had not heard his step, and still sang on in the twilight; and as Mark listened, his mood again changed. He was so far subdued by the power of the music that he thought of her with less bitterness than he had done during the past few days.

He rose quietly, at length, and passed through the open window into the room where she was sitting. Katharine gave one start, as she saw his tall figure through the gloom; but it was so rapid, that even if he had been near her it would have escaped his notice.

She had just finished her song, and her fingers were still straying over the keys.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, sitting down near the piano.

"You came in so suddenly that I almost thought it was your wraith," she said, quietly. "I had just finished my song—a sweet old melody that my mother used to love."

He was vexed that she could speak so composedly of a thing that had stirred his heart like a wind from the past.

"I came in to practice some things from Verdi's new opera," she said; "but it was so pleasant that I had not the energy to ring for lights and go industriously to work."

"I detest Verdi!" he said, with rather more energy than the occasion required.

"I thought you shared Ellen's admiration for him," she replied; "I am sure you said so the other night."

"Did I?" he asked. "Upon my word, I forgot! You know, Ellen has a way of making one say whatever she pleases."

"I believe that is true," said Katharine, with her low, pleasant laugh. "She is always so earnest, even about trifles, that one really has not the heart to disagree with her."

Praise of Ellen was a very safe subject for the two to dwell upon, and it was some time before they exhausted it. It is astonishing how far the most unimportant subject can be made to go, when people are determined to keep up a conversation, and restrain it within certain limits!

"Will you sing me one of those Scotch songs I heard you singing to Ellen the other night?" Mark asked, as soon as a little pause showed that nothing more could be done with the topic which they had been discussing with such unnecessary animation.

Katharine complied at once. Perhaps she was as glad as Mark to have a little respite in a conversation, which, in spite of all their worldly knowledge and capability of getting through an embarrassing predicament, was a good deal of an effort, although neither had as yet shown it.

She sang him several songs, and then they fell into more familiar conversation than they had before done during all those days.

It was a full hour before Ellen came in, and there she found them, conversing as pleasantly as possible, with the new moon looking in at the window and casting its light upon Katharine's face, and softening its noble, almost severe, expression to the sweetest it ever wore.

Inwardly, Madam Ellen thought a great step had been gained; but she was innocent as a dove. Blundering Tom would have been certain to do something to make them conscious and uncomfortable, from his very effort to show that he did not consider it at all extraordinary to find them chatting in so free and unrestrained a manner.

Mark had a pleasanter night than he had spent for some time past. His feelings toward Katharine had changed; he did not feel that bitter, wronged feeling which had taken possession of him during several days back.

The next day Ellen arranged it so that Mark was obliged to go out riding with Katharine; and, as she saw them depart, stood on the verandah and nodded her head in sign of approbation.

Whatever scheme she may have had in her head, it was not particularly successful. They talked constantly. Mark exerted himself to be gay, in order to show her that he was as self-possessed and indifferent as she could possibly be. At last her very composure irritated him. He longed to prove if she had any feeling at all—to do something that would, at least, irritate her out of her self-possession. It was not a particularly successful effort. Concealed allusions to the past, delivered in an irritating way, were received with the utmost sweetness, or an apparent ignorance of their meaning, and replied to as if they had been merely the outgrowth of his natural misanthropy, delivered to an acquaintance who could have had no idea of their real origin.

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Then they fell into an argument concerning books and art, and Katharine talked so well that Mark was charmed, and fairly forgot the ill-humor which had at one time threatened to creep over him.

But once back in his room, a great many troublesome feelings came up, and Mark had to bestow a mental chastisement upon himself before he went down to dinner.

The next few days were very pleasantly spent. Mark forgot the promise he had made himself, to go away; and as for Katharine, having promised Ellen to remain a month, before she knew of Mark's arrival, there was no possible excuse for her leaving, save one that would have awakened suspicions she would not for the world have allowed to arise.

A few pleasant days, and then Mark was plunged into a whirl of trouble and disquiet which he could not escape, and which carried him back to the boyish impetuosity that he had believed himself far to have outlived.

He was first in love with Katharine over again; or rather the affection, subdued and silenced for a season, asserted its sway once more, and was as much more powerful as his nature had become stronger and more energetic.

What Katharine Warner thought, no mortal could have told. She was kind to him, but always mistress of herself, and often seemingly wrapped up in thoughts and interests in which those about her took no share.

She did not believe that Mark loved her; had she been watching two other people, her woman's keen-sightedness would at once have shown her the true state of the case; but, as it was, she retained the hopeless blindness people are very apt to be troubled with under such circumstances.

"She does not care for me!" Mark thought, indignantly. "Here am I, at my age, making as great a fool of myself about her as I did ten years ago, and she cares no more for it than if she were a stone! She has no heart at all—just a beautiful icicle!"

Then he vowed to remain there no longer. Still he staid, and with each day he alternated between hope and fear, in a way that was enough to drive him distracted.

He could stand it no longer, his pride and his impetuosity forbade that, and he was ready to embrace any opportunity that might enable him to throw off the thraldom to which he had again yielded himself.

The war had broken out, and his native county was getting up a regiment to do its share of duty. Mark was familiar with military affairs; had once been an officer in one of those very companies, and he now interested himself greatly in the matter.

He was the most popular man in the county, and, in this new source of general excitement, gained fresher laurels and more heartfelt admiration from his friends and neighbors.

He gave liberally to the regiment, and through his exertions it was much sooner got in readiness than it could otherwise have been.

Just then came the darkest and most miserable part of his life, when he was determined to end his troubles in one way or another, and get at least beyond the reach of their immediate influence.

He accepted the position of lieutenant-colonel in the regiment—he had made his decision at last!

Tom Ford took the news home, and entered the room where his wife and Katharine were sitting, to blurt it out after his usual hasty fashion.

"Mark's done it now," he said; "he's off in earnest."

"Gone!" exclaimed Ellen, in great astonishment. "Why, where? What has happened?"

"He's going with them, I say," retorted Tom. "Can't you understand English, Nell?"

"What do you mean?" cried she, thoroughly exasperated. "Why don't you tell me what it is?"

"He is going with the regiment as lieutenant-colonel. Don't look so, Nell. He'll come back all the rage. I wish I could go, too!"

Poor little Ellen made a dash upon him, and held him in her arms with a great burst of tears, as if to guard and keep him fast.

"Don't say that again," she sobbed, "or you'll kill me! Is Mark really going?"

"Of course he is; they are off for Albany tomorrow; the other fellow was scared or sick, and Mark jumped at the chance, you better believe."

Ellen sat down, quite stunned by the suddenness of the blow; and, in the eagerness of her questions and her bewilderment, it was several moments before she remembered that Katharine was in the room.

She looked toward her—Katharine was sitting in the shadow, pale, but perfectly calm.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ellen. "Oh! Kate, can't we keep him?"

"We would not, if we could, Ellen," she answered, proudly, and the color came back to her cheek, and the bright flash of other days to her eye. "We would not, if we could. Don't

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let him see you crying, Ellen, it would only distress him."

"That's right, Nell!" said Tom. "See how Kate looks at it—that's quite right!"

"Mark isn't her cousin; it's easy to be calm when we don't care for people!" exclaimed Ellen, so indignant that she could not restrain herself.

While she was having her cry out on Tom's shoulder, Katharine softly quitted the room.

Alone in her chamber, with the door locked against the possibility of intrusion, she could be herself for once. Poor Katharine!

"And I have not even the right to be grieved," was the most painful thought of all; "not even that poor consolation. Oh! Mark, Mark!"

She heard the gallop of his horse up the avenue, and crept to the window to peer out from between the closed curtains.

There he was looking so pale and determined—there was no hope—no one tender feeling left in his heart.

She saw him dismount and fling the reins to a servant—saw Tom rush out to meet him, followed by Ellen, who threw her arms about his neck and blamed and praised him to her heart's content.

Katharine bore the sight as long as she was able; then she got away from the window as best she could, and lay upon the floor in a dreadful chill that had not even the blessing of insensibility.

Her life of self-control had developed all the energies of her nature; she aroused herself as a woman more accustomed to leaning upon others could not have done.

She must not remain up there alone—if any one should suspect—the thought was worse than death! He did not love her, and the bare idea of exposing herself to his pity smote her heart like a knife.

She heard Ellen call her, and, borne up by her indomitable will, she went down stairs and entered the library. She could not stop an instant lest she should give way. Straight she walked up to Mark Staunton, and, for the first time during those weeks, offered him her hand, while the very force she was exercising brought a feverish color to her cheeks.

"I congratulate you," she said.

He bowed coldly and let her hand drop.

"I thank you," he replied; "you must make Ellen have a little courage."

Katharine stood there unflinching and bore her spasm of agony without a sign. Tom and Ellen were talking eagerly; Mark, stately and cold, never once so much as looking toward Katharine, or seeming to include her among the friends a man relies upon at a time like that.

She knew that Ellen talked to her and that she answered; but all the while it seemed as if that chill at her heart was freezing her to ice. They got through the evening—people get through everything—and very early Mark went up to his room, as he had a good deal of writing to do before his hurried departure.

Katharine was free to betake herself to solitude at last. She only prayed for strength to live through the morrow, to bear that parting as she had borne all the other sorrows of her life, after that she did not think nor care—only strength to be cold and calm as he, and then she could creep away into her obscurity, and teach herself to make what she might of the poor broken fragments of her existence, unless God in His providence would release them from her keeping at once.

The next morning Katharine sat in the breakfast-room, assisting Ellen in such things as the little woman could think of, by way of showing her desire to serve him; while Mark and Tom walked up and down the halls, consulting upon certain matters which Mark wished to leave in his hands to settle after his departure.

Every now and then Mark's eyes wandered into the corner of the room where Katharine sat in her icy quiet, plying her needle as industriously as if she had no thought beyond the business of the moment.

The time came at last; the horse was led to the door, and Mark came into the room to say farewell, it having been decided that Ellen was not well enough to bear the excitement of accompanying them to the town.

She had shed her last tears upon her cousin's shoulder, and there Katharine stood clutching her hands in her long, loose sleeves, to keep back all outward sign of the agony that sight caused her.

Then Mark turned toward her—the very acuteness of her suffering kept her in possession of her senses. He had taken her hand—they both tried to speak—then she was conscious that he dropped it and turned away.

She stood there incapable of a movement—she knew that he was looking back at her from the door-way, and suddenly Ellen cried out in a voice full of wrath and misery,

"If you are human, Katharine, don't let him go so! Can't you see he loves you?"

At those words her false strength gave way—she heard his voice full of passionate tenderness calling,

"Katharine! Katharine!"

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She could not speak—she put out her hands blindly, and in that instant Mark read more clearly in her heart than he had done even in the old time.

"Katharine—my Katharine!"

She felt his arms fold themselves about her, and when she looked up they stood alone in the room—Ellen had taken Tom away blubbering like a great baby in spite of his six feet in height and his big whiskers.

There was no time for many words; but in those few moments that pair comprised happiness enough to have lived upon their memory for months.

It was not even the final parting. On the morrow Katharine and Tom would follow to Albany.

There was no time even to think of the long separation that would so soon follow—no time for anything but a consciousness of utter happiness; and, as Katharine watched him ride away, there was not even a fear at her heart. She felt that the greatness of her love must prove a shield even in the midst of all the dangers to which he was going, and she rested on that hope as upon some palpable assurance that would keep her heart strong during his absence.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Mine eye is full of Summer sights,
Mine ear is full of Summer sounds;
The long array of circling heights,
A world of song and glory bounds!

Below, rich beauties spring to birth,
Above, the gold-fringed shadows fly.
The sky grows brighter for the earth,
The earth woos brightness from the sky!

The sunshine floods the blue serene,
And trims with joy the white-winged sail;
Long revels with the mantling green
To feast with sweets the passing gale.

Ten thousand living censers breathe
In one full offering incense balm,
And with their varied beauty wreathe
Garlands to woo perpetual calm.

The wide world seems a garden bower,
Arrayed in sumptuous gorgeousness,
The vision of an Eden hour
Returned awhile to cheer and bless!

It cheers me with its freight of bliss,
Its power to bid rude passions cease,
The sweetness of its morning kiss,
The glory of a world at peace!

The wild-birds rend the leafy wood
With one glad jubilee of song,
The willing anthem of the good
In praise of right, in blame of wrong!

The busy wild bees fill the air
With gentle murmurs all the day;
Zephyrs, like saintly lips at prayer,
With holy pæans charm their way!

I deem the earth a shining way,
Ringing with one triumphal hymn,
Beauty and song at morning gray,
Beauty and song at evening dim!

So beautiful the Summer-time,
Embalmed in glory and in song!
How radiant, then, the blessed clime,
Where Summer lasts the whole life long!

AT REST.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

So early dead!—so early blest!
For the last time her eyelids close;
Fold her white hands in long repose,
And let her rest!

Her face is passionless and still—
Since His voice bade the struggle cease,
No earthly pang can move her peace,
Nor joyous thrill!

It is best so; the lips we kiss,
In a mute agony of pain,
Would say that death itself is gain,
And Heaven bliss!

It was not hers to watch the light,
In eyes beloved, die out for aye;
To see, with breaking heart, their day
Closing in night.

Nor was it her sad fate to feel
Those hearts estranged and careless grown,
Whose love she once had thought her own,
Through woe and weal.

For her dear sake we should not weep;
She in the golden sunshine moved,
Rich in all blessings lived and loved,
Then sunk to sleep!

It is best so; lost one, for thee
The glory of this lower life;
'Twere meeter far that pain and strife
Our lot should be.

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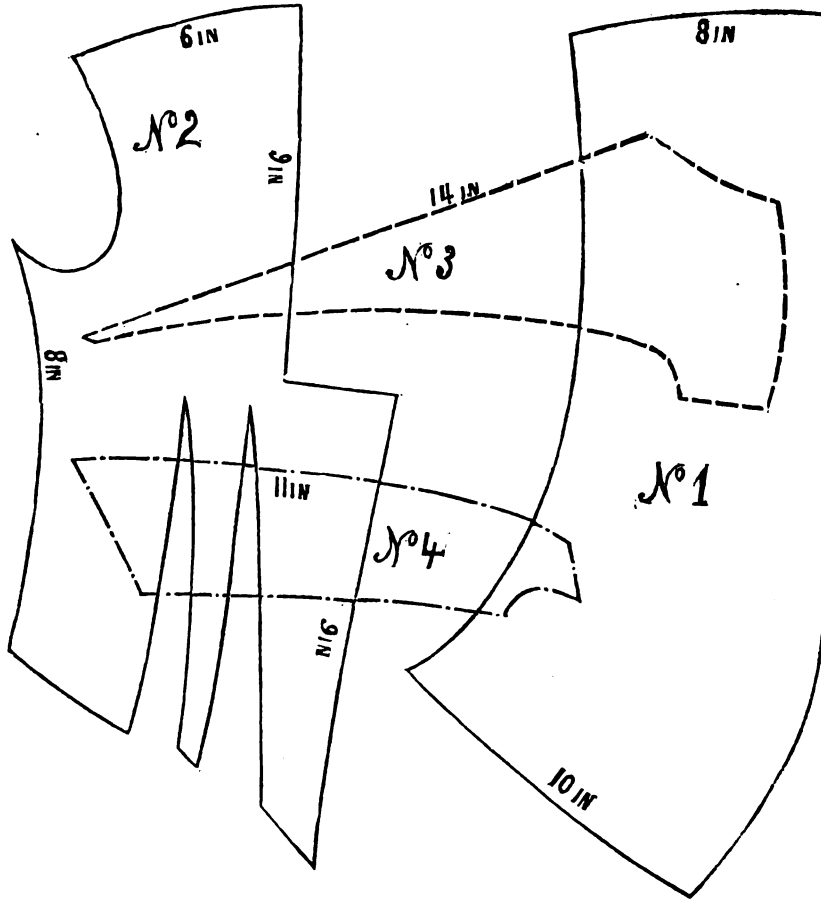
MARQUISE DRESS BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our pattern, this month, is that of a dress body in the *Marquise* style, three-quarters high at the back and square in the front; this style is suitable for a dinner dress, where quite an evening dress is not required: the neck may be finished by a *ruche* of ribbon or lace. We give diagrams for the front, back, side-body, and sleeve.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

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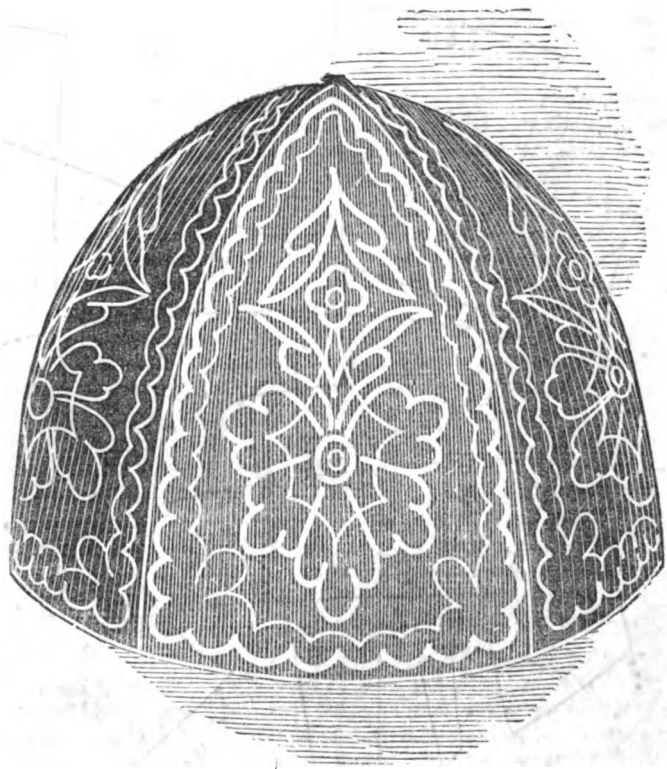
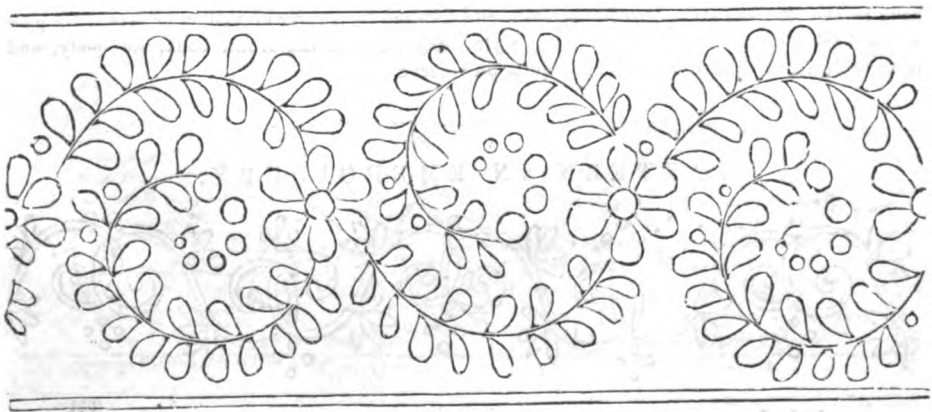
ALBERT SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The Albert Smoking-Cap is worked on a rich royal purple velvet. It is formed of six divisions, each having the same design braided on it in narrow gold braid and gold thread. The two materials differing in width, produce together a very good effect. The illustration shows which parts of the pattern are worked in the braid, and which are in the thread. The braiding must be executed with the finest gold-color silk, care being taken that the stitches are not visible. The six portions are joined together, a lining of silk is inserted in the inside, and a strip of leather, three inches wide, is laid round the bottom of the cap. This not only preserves the velvet from injury, but renders the cap more convenient for putting on and off. A handsome tassel to match, completes the article.

INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



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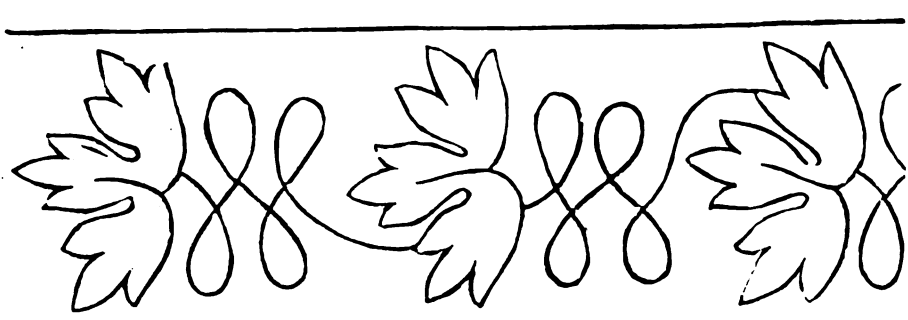
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is a very pretty design, which is to be worked in the different kind of embroidery stitches. The name may be inserted, if preferred, in red or blue.

PATTERN IN BRAIDING.



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PIN-CUSHION IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For illustration see pattern, in colors, in front of the number.

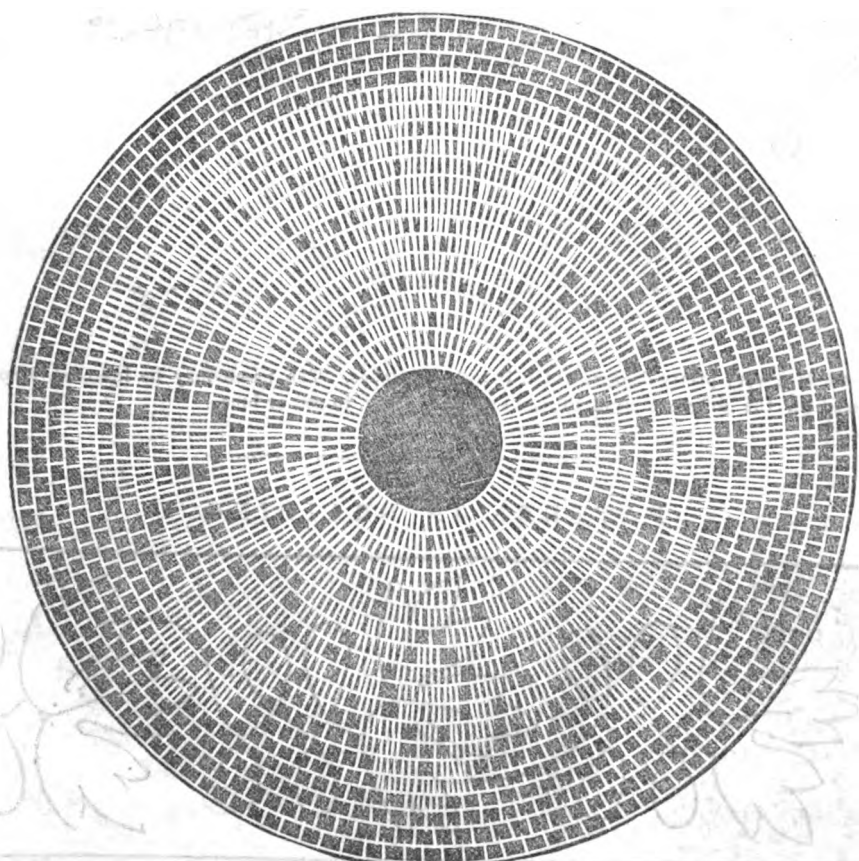
Materials.—¼ yard of blue silk; 1 bunch of white opaque beads; 1 bunch of jet beads; some pieces of blue, black, and white velvet.

Cut the upper side of the cushion out of the blue silk the proper size. The medallions are of black velvet, which must be cut very true, then slightly gummed on the under side, and then placed upon the silk at the corner, as seen in the design. The leaves in the center of the medallions are of blue velvet to be put on in the same way. The Maltese cross in the center of the cushion is of white velvet, or if preferred, it may be done in white beads. The edges of the medallions, leaves, and the spaces between, are finished by sewing alternately one jet and one white bead very closely together, so that all the raw edges of the velvet may be neatly covered. The cross, if made of velvet, must be finished in the same way, only omiting the jet beads. Finish the cushion with a loop fringe of white and black beads.

This design may be enlarged for a sofa cushion: any other combination of colors being substituted.

GREEK CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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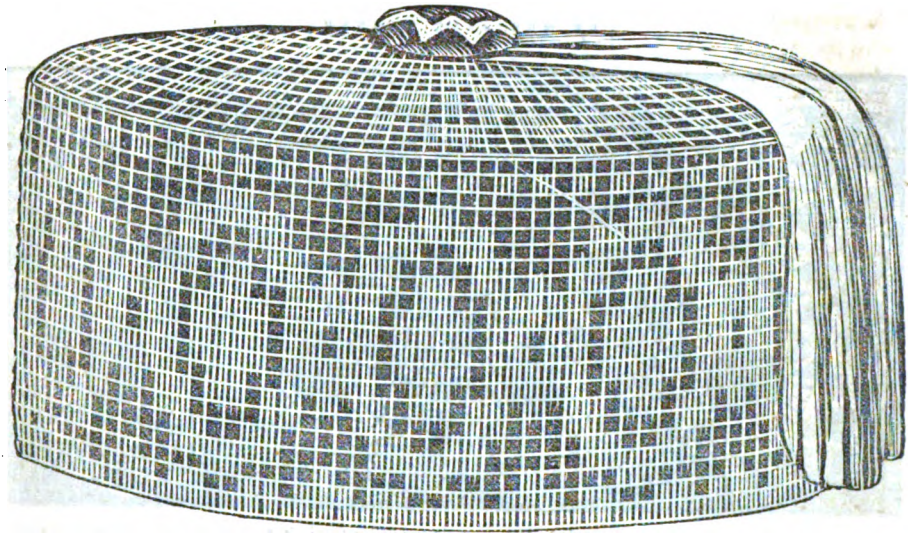
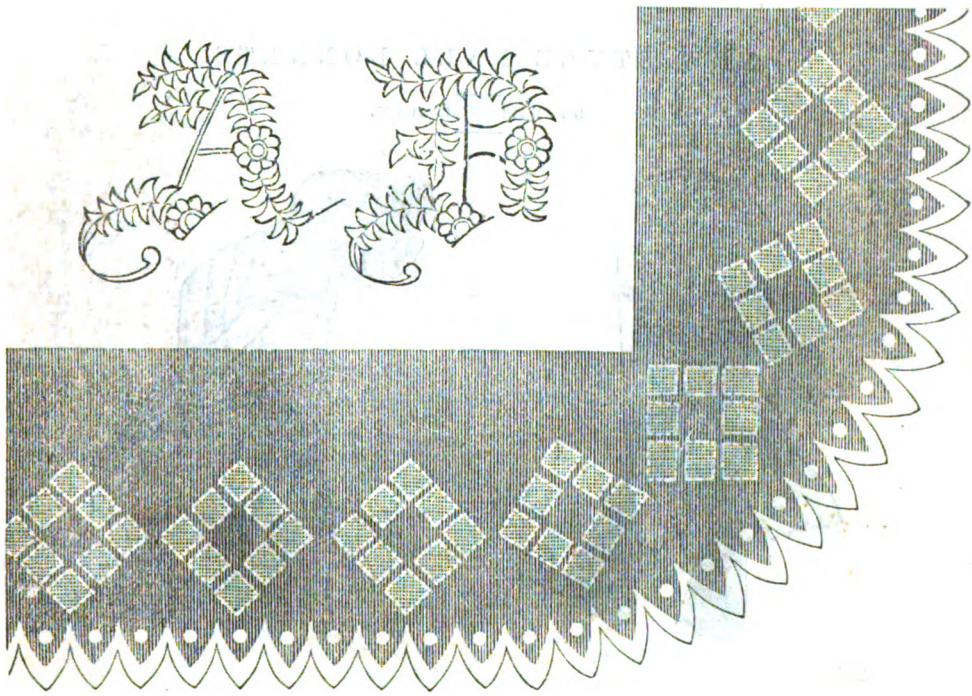
This cap is made in open crochet, of purse silk of the same or two different colors. It is commenced in the center by starting a chain of stitches. Join them, and then follow the design. No. 1 is the crown; No. 2 the side. Finish with a large button and tassel. The crown will serve as a pattern for a toilet mat if an edge is added.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND INITIALS.



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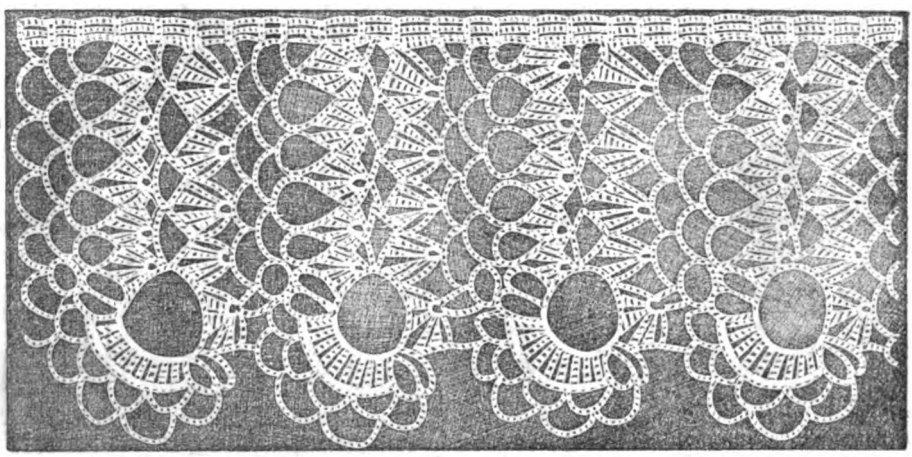
CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pattern requires no description; any person, familiar with crochet, can work from the engraving. These crochet laces are very convenient work to take out on an afternoon visit, or to pick up when a lady has a few moments of leisure.

NEW STYLE FALL BONNETS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

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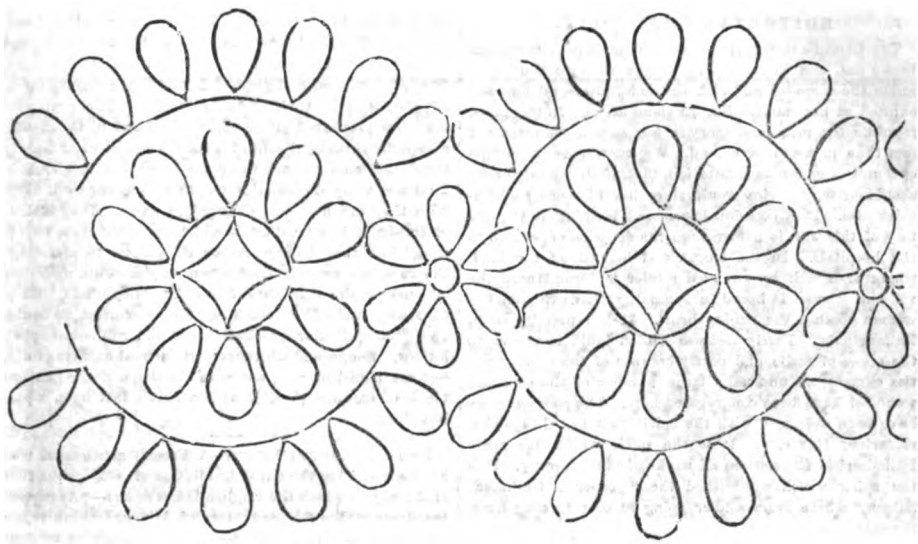
PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.

SILK EMBROIDERY IN FLANNEL.

SILK EMBROIDERY.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE LADIES AND THE HOSPITALS.—When the Crimean war broke out, and Florence Nightingale went to Scutari to nurse the wounded and sick in the hospitals, all England exulted at her name. Nor England alone. In this great republic the pride and glory in her as a woman was not less than in her native land. We knew then, from this outburst of generous admiration, that, if the occasion ever should arise, America would show her Florence Nightingales also. That occasion has come. Nothing, in the history of this war, is nobler than the devotion of women to the hospitals. In the length and breadth of the land, wherever a sick or wounded soldier is found, there the voice of woman is heard in sympathy, there the hand of woman soothes the aching brow. It is especially so in Philadelphia. Partly because Philadelphia is nearer to the scene of strife, and partly because of the salubrity of the climate, an unusually large number of the sick and wounded have been congregated here. The poor sufferers have been welcomed with the spirit that has always characterized this city. It is the spirit which has made Philadelphia foremost in all works of philanthropy. It is the spirit which established the "Cooper Refreshment Saloon," where every soldier, going to, or returning from, the seat of war, is cheered by a substantial meal. Indeed, the supply of luxuries, as well as necessaries, furnished to the hospitals here, has often exceeded the demand. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto ME."

We know one lady, who, for fourteen months, has devoted nine hours a day to the hospitals. We know many others, among them ladies of the highest wealth and position, who have taken home invalid soldiers to their own houses and nursed them there as brothers or sons. We know scores who have straitened themselves to purchase luxuries for the wounded. In every way the women of Philadelphia, rich and poor alike, have gone enthusiastically into this work. The dying hours of many a lonely soldier have been cheered by the kind hearts that received the last message and promised to execute the last wish. Future annalists, in writing the history of this sad war, will turn gladly from narratives of blood and strife, to dwell on things like these. What has happened in Philadelphia has happened everywhere else where hospitals have been established. We speak of our own city, particularly, because we have witnessed what woman has done here; but from all quarters the same noble testimony comes up to the sympathy and sacrifices of the sex. It has been the same, too, whether the wounded have been prisoners, or soldiers of the National army.

> "Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

HOOPS AND COSMETICS IN OUR GRANDMOTHERS' DAYS.—In some respects, hoops were better adapted to the costume of our grandmothers, than they are to the costume of today. When Mrs. Siddons was in the height of her popularity, George III. might be seen, on public occasions, in a suit of white velvet, with a rose-colored satin waistcoat, answering to his ruddy complexion somewhat oddly, on the whole very like a miller. The royal ladies, in huge towering head-dresses, were like so many priestesses of Cybele, turret-crowned. They then went to public places as to court in chairs, made high to receive their head-dresses without derangement. Their hoops were turned on one side to enter and sit at all, and the old dowagers, frizzled, powdered, and plumed, looked like exhumed mummies upright in their sycamore coffins. The protruded kerchiefs prevented all access of the hand to the mouth, except by turning the head sideways, and thus at a party they could only manage to sip their tea over the shoulder. That was a day of cosmetics, too, as well as our own. Perhaps they are now only changed in name. They had no Macassar, it is true, that would make hair grow on old shoes, but they had *pommade de graisse* to encourage the capillary growth, used when *en deshabille*, and they adopted *poudre d'Artois* to finish off. They used "Milk of Circassia," and "Balm of Lilies," the paternities, no doubt, of similar cuticular quackeries now under different appellations. Rouge and white were then used extravagantly, but are banished now, unless in the shape of the gentlest touch of carmine possible with a hare's foot upon a pale complexion.

DRESS OF ENGLISH LADIES.—A French gentleman, who has been visiting the Great Exhibition of 1862, speaks thus of the way in which the English ladies dress:—"As regards the dress of the fair daughters of Albion, I think it is a little improved since '51; but there is much to be done before they will approach the good taste which belongs especially to France. Englishwomen have no idea of the proper combination of colors. They do not purchase a bonnet, or a shawl, or a dress, calculating what will go well together; they do not study harmony of colors, or decided happy contrasts. They buy each portion of their toilet without design, study, or reference to articles of toilet already in their wardrobe. Another peculiarity is the practice of buying cheap chiffons, cheap silks, cheap finery: it is universal. Even a lady will put on sham lace, and sham India shawls, and sham furs. The more humble classes will not dress as such, but robe themselves in cheap silks, and wear cheap flowers in their bonnets. All women in England try to dress alike—cheap, showy toilets—always in bad taste. The English young lady does not walk or move about a salon with the ease and grace of our own countrywomen."

EXTINCTION OF FIRES.—The safety of the inhabitants being ascertained, the first object at a fire should be the exclusion of all fresh, and the confinement of all burnt air—*suffocate* the flames—remember that burnt air is as great, if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water; the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; the other, especially if poured on heated metal, is converted into its elements, the one hydrogen, in itself most inflammable, the other oxygen, the food of fire. For both purposes, of excluding the one air and confining the other, all openings should be kept as carefully closed as possible. An attempt should always be made to stop up the chimney-pots; wet rags, blankets, or an old carpet, will serve this purpose, and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles, unless stamps, to pre-pay the postage, have been forwarded with the MS. Nor can we undertake to write *why* articles are rejected. If we did, we should have to employ an extra clerk, solely for this purpose. Contributors have no idea how valuable time is to an editor.

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SUMMER PRUNING OR STOPPING OF THE GRAPEVINE.—Our attention has been called, by Mr. Phin's admirable work on Grape Culture, to the great importance of proper summer care of the fruiting vines—in order to secure a full and satisfactory yield of luscious grapes—by stopping, by which is meant pinching off the ends of the shoots. "If the lateral shoot is allowed to grow unchecked, it will consume its portion of food, in the production of many leaves and some grapes, and the more there is of the former the less will be the weight of the latter. But if the shoot is stopped after having formed two leaves, all that quantity of food which would have been consumed in the production of other leaves, is applied to the increase of size in the grapes and the two leaves that are left, which are to give flavor, sweetness, and color to the grapes. By summer pruning, we do not mean the removal of large quantities of leaves, as is often done to the injury of the fruit, as it is well known that the finest bunches grow and ripen under the shade of the leaves. But what is required is simply to break off the ends of the shoots, this should be attended to at this season. For full instructions in this most important branch of grape culture, we would refer our readers to the Sixth Chapter of Phin's Open Air Grape Culture," noticed by us last month.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.—The name of Parson Brownlow has become a household word in the United States. Everybody has heard of the bold manner in which he upheld the Union cause in East Tennessee, and of the sufferings of himself and family in consequence. Since his expatriation to the North, he has written an account of his imprisonment, which has been published in a neat duodecimo volume, illustrated with engravings. No book, probably, ever had so great a sale, in the short time that has elapsed since its appearance. At the time we write, seventy thousand copies have been ordered; and the number will probably be doubled before this article is in print. G. W. Childs, Philadelphia, is the publisher of the work, to whom all orders must be addressed. Price, $1.25.

A NEW BAROMETER.—M. Sauvageon, of Valence, has studied the different phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the result of those observations transforms the coffee-cup into a barometer. "If, in sweetening your coffee," says M. Sauvageon, "you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the center of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the center."

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKER.—There she is, unraveling her mother's crochet-work, and doing it as demurely as if there was no harm in the act. Isn't it a capital picture?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Morgesons. By Elizabeth Stoddard. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—It is not an exaggeration to say of this novel, as has been said of it by the publisher, that it exhibits much of the keen, subtle analysis of Balzac. What "The Miser's Daughter" is to other novels of provincial life in France, that "The Morgesons" is to other stories of our own New England. The granite coasts; the stubborn fields; the gossiping villagers; the hard materialism; the narrow social life; the false pride of blood; these, and other peculiarities of the land of the Puritans, are painted with the minute fidelity of a Pre-Raphaelite picture. Mrs. Somers, Temperance, Desmond, and many more of the characters of the story, are portraits that must have been drawn from the life. And yet, though an accurate picture so far as it goes, "The Morgesons" is hardly a true delineation of New England; for it brings the unlovely side of the Puritan life too much into the foreground, it fails to give the sunshine as well as the shade. Nearly all of the characters, to say the least, are unpleasing, and some are positively unnatural. We cannot regard the book, in any sense, as healthful in its influence. What is the matter with our late New England novelists? Even as a question of æsthetics, stories of this kind fall below the requirements of the highest art they affect—"Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Morgesons," even "The Marble Faun," and "Elsie Venner." If writers cannot introduce tragic interest into their works, without making girls fall in love with other people's husbands, or men desire to marry their own daughters, if the heroine must be a snake, or the hero a satyr, then it is high time that books without tragic interest had the field to themselves. There are things in morals and taste so deformed that no true artist will select them. Our common humanity revolts at them. Another fault characterizes this school: it is an utter want of faith, not only in religious affairs, but, it seems to us, in everything else also. We rise from reading books, written under this influence, sad at heart. Surely, New England culture should bear better fruit. We know, indeed, that it does. Mrs. Stowe is a case in point; and we might mention others. If it was not for these, however, we should almost begin to fear that the New England heart and intellect had run to seed, and that we must look elsewhere, and to such writers as the author of "Margret Howth," for the true products of American culture. It is not especially in reference to "The Morgesons" that we make this remark: the subject has been long upon our mind; and, in justice to Mrs. Stoddard, her novel exhibits less of these obnoxious traits than others we might name. But "The Morgesons," nevertheless, belongs to a bad school. And the very talent in the book makes us regret this fact the more. Why is it that things which so many reverence are almost continually sneered at? Granted that the novelist does not believe in orthodoxy; granted that many "professors" seem to lead hard, dry lives:—is that any reason why others should hold them up to scorn—is that any justification for want of charity on our part? What we complain of in "The Morgesons" is not dullness: it is that nearly everybody is unlovely and unloving. A true picture of New England life? God forbid! It is, indeed, less cynical than Swift's novel; but it is a terrible satire—or else, what is New England? But enough of fault-finding. Let us say that the style in which "The Morgesons" is written is terse; that the descriptions of scenery are vivid; that the imagination of the poet envelopes the book in an atmosphere of its own; and that there is freshness and originality in almost every chapter. It is a remarkable book, especially for a woman; for few women have exhibited such analytical power. In some respects, no novel of New England life has ever surpassed it, if we except that extraordinary book, "Margaret." The volume is not particularly well printed. But, we suppose, the desire to sell it at a low price had something to do with this; for "The Morgesons," though a copy-right novel, is retailed at fifty cents.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By N. Pembroke Fetridge. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a guide through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland. A map, embracing colored routes of travel in the countries described, accompanies the volume. The work is one of much research, and is unusually lucid and accurate. We should think it indispensable to persons about to travel in Europe.

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North America. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The writer of this work is the well-known novelist, author of "Dr. Thorne," "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," etc., etc. He is a son of that Mrs. Trollope, who, thirty years ago, published a somewhat abusive book of travels about the United States. Mr. Trollope arrived in this country in August, 1861, and remained six months, during which time he visited most of the principal cities in the northern states. Half a year is but a little time in which to study a great nation. But Mr. Trollope made the most of that time. He is comparatively accurate in his facts, liberal in his judgments, and not unfriendly in his sympathies. He is much less the slave of insular conventionalisms, we will not say prejudices, than most Englishmen. In parts of his book, he is severe; but it is not always an undeserved severity. There is a good deal of repetition, and not a few mistakes. It is evident that Mr. Trollope wishes to keep well with Americans, and that, therefore, he says as many agreeable things of us as he thinks he can. On the other hand, he is unable to divest himself entirely of his English self-sufficiency, so that it is often amusing to watch the struggle between his desire to praise, and his instinct to abuse. Of Philadelphia he saw but little, and of Pennsylvania less. Against the latter he brings up the stale old falsehood of repudiation. He considers New York the most American of our cities, when it is really that which the foreign element modifies the most. Still, in spite of these and other blunders, the book is fairer than we had expected, and, though it will not repay reading, will do to skim through on a summer afternoon.

Among the Pines. By E. Kirke. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: J. C. Gillmore.*—This is a narrative of a few weeks spent in the turpentine district of South Carolina, during the winter of 1860, '61. It can hardly be called a novel, for the characters are claimed to be real ones; but it is written with considerable dramatic power, and the story is not without interest. If a truthful account of the condition of society in the Carolinas, it is of great value, especially at this time; but if the author's political sentiments have colored his descriptions, of course the book, to the extent to which they are so colored, loses its chief merit. In general, however, Mr. Kirke agrees with Mr. Olmstead, who has usually been considered reliable. We have found the work exceedingly interesting.

The Flirt. By Mrs. Grey. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This lady is one of the most popular of the English female novelists. She is favorably known as the author of "The Gambler's Wife," "Duke and Cousin," "The Young Prima Donna," and numerous other fictions, all good, old-fashioned love-stories. "The Flirt" is equal to the best of these. Caroline Eversfield, the heroine, is especially well-drawn. But her character is not one that we can admire. Her sister, Geraldine, is properly introduced as a foil to this heartless flirt; and Linda is also very lovable. Justice is vindicated, however, in the sad fate of Caroline. "The Flirt" will be very popular. Price fifty cents in paper covers.

Les Miserables. Cosette. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—This is the second part of "Les Miserables." The first part, being the story of "Fantine," we noticed last month. "Cosette" is the story of Fantine's daughter. What we said of the earlier volume, we repeat in reference to this: it is a book of vast talent, and is destined to exercise a great influence. We may speak more at length of "Cosette" next month.

John Doe and Richard Roe. By Edward S. Gould. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This novel appeared originally in the "Home Journal," a sufficient guarantee for its excellence and originality. The scene is laid in the city of New York.

Game Fish of the Northern States of America and British Provinces. By Barnwell. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—A capital book, full of valuable information graphically told. The hints concerning trout and salmon are especially useful. The author tells not only how to angle for these fish, but also where to angle for them. Numerous engravings illustrate the volume.

Marrying for Money. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—These enterprising publishers, in order to be in unison with the times, have commenced printing cheap editions of new and popular novels. The present work is one of these. It is an excellent story, just the thing for summer reading, and is published for the low price of fifty cents.

Robinson's Progressive Table Book. For young children. Edited by G. D. W. Fish, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.*—Intended to present the first principles of arithmetic in such a form as to interest and instruct pupils in primary schools. It is profusely illustrated with cuts. An excellent book of its kind.

The Yellow Mask. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A powerfully told story, by the author of "The Woman In White." Though a cheap edition, it is printed on good paper. Price twenty-five cents.

Sister Rose. Or The Ominous Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A story of the first French revolution, and told with great dramatic effect. Price twenty-five cents.

The Trail Hunter. By Gustave Aimard. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A stirring tale of frontier life in America, published in a cheap, yet neat style. Price fifty cents.

RECEIPTS FOR PICKLING.

Pickles should be made at home, as both cheaper and better than if bought at pickling establishments, where they are invariably made up with pyroligneous acid—a species of vinegar which, though very strong, has a disagreeable flavor. The pickles should be kept either in bottles, or in stone or *unglazed* jars, as the vinegar, or even soured vegetables, will corrode the glazing of the jars, which, being made from lead, is poisonous.

Rules to be observed with Pickles.—Avoid as much as possible the use of metal vessels in preparing them. Acids dissolve the lead that is in the tinning of saucepans, and corrode copper and brass; consequently, if kept in such for any length of time, they become highly poisonous. When it is necessary to boil vinegar, do it in a *stone* jar on a stove.

Use also *wooden* spoons and forks.

See that the pickles are always completely covered with vinegar; and if any symptoms appear of their becoming mouldy, boil the vinegar again, adding a little more spice. It is a good rule to have two-thirds of the jar filled with pickles and one-third with vinegar; keep them also close stopped, as exposure to the air makes the pickles soft.

In greening pickles, keep them closely covered, so that none of the steam of the vinegar in which they are boiled be allowed to evaporate; and boil them only for a few minutes, or it will take away their strength.

A very small quantity of alum will make them firm and crisp, but too much will spoil them.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Gather the walnuts about the middle of July, or before the shell is at all formed; prick each with a needle several times, and put them in salt and water; let them stand two or three days, changing the water every day. Make a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg; boil and skim it; let it be quite cold before being used. To every hundred walnuts allow

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one gallon of water. Let the walnuts soak six days, then change the brine, and let them stand six more: then drain them, and expose them to the sun that they may turn black; pour over them, in a jar, a pickle of the best white-wine vinegar, with a good quantity of pepper, allspice, ginger, mace, cloves, mustard-seeds, and horseradish, all boiled together, but cold. To every hundred walnuts allow six spoonfuls of mustard-seed, with one ounce of whole black pepper, and two or three heads of garlic or shalot, but the latter is least strong; let them be quite covered with vinegar. This done, they will be good for several years, if closely covered. The air will soften them. They will not, however, be fit to eat under six months.

To Pickle Cauliflowers.—Cut them before they are too much blown, and upon a dry day; strip off the leaves, and quarter the stalk; scald them in salt and water, but do not allow them to boil; then lay them to cool, covering them that they may not lose their color; sprinkle them with salt and water; put them on a colander for twenty-four hours to drain. When dry, cut out the thick stalk, or, if it be large, divide it, give it a boil, and split the flower into eight or ten pieces; then put them carefully into jars, and cover them with cold vinegar which has been previously boiled with spices; or the cauliflowers may have one boil in salt and vinegar, and be taken out immediately, and put into cold vinegar previously boiled with spices—two ounces each of coriander-seed and turmeric, one ounce each of mustard-seed and ginger, with a half-ounce each of mace and nutmeg, or cinnamon, to every three quarts of vinegar; the spices may, however, be varied.

Brocoli and the tops of asparagus may be pickled in the same manner.

To Pickle Radish-Pods.—Gather the radish-pods when they are quite young, and put them into salt and water all night; then boil the salt and water, and pour it over the pods in jars, and cover them closely to keep in the steam. When the brine is cold boil it, and pour it hot upon the pods again, repeating the process until they are green; then put them in a sieve to drain, and make a pickle for them of white-wine vinegar, mace, ginger, long pepper, and horseradish; pour it boiling hot upon the pods, and when nearly cold boil it again, and pour it over them. When cold, tie down the jars.

Young Cucumbers.—Choose nice young gherkins, lay them upon dishes, sprinkle salt over them, let them lie a week, drain them off, and put them into stone jars; pour boiling white vinegar over them, place them near the fire, cover them well with vine leaves, and if not a good green, pour off the vinegar and boil it again; cover them with fresh vine leaves, and continue doing so until they are a good color. Use wooden spoons with holes to dish all pickles, keeping them always well covered, and free from air getting to them.

DESSERTS.

Rice Pancake.—Boil a half-pound of rice to a jelly, in a small quantity of water: when cold, mix it with a pint of cream, eight eggs, a bit of salt, and nutmeg; stir in eight ounces of butter just warmed, and add as much flour as will make the batter thick enough. Fry in as little lard or dripping as possible. *Or:*—Mix the yolks of two well-beaten eggs with a pint of cream, two ounces of sifted sugar, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and mace, or a few drops of oil of almonds. Rub the pan with a bit of butter, and fry the pancakes thin.

Potato Cheesecakes.—Four ounces of butter, the same of pounded sugar, six ounces of potatoes boiled and floured through a sieve, the rind of one lemon, and half the juice, unless acid is desirable; mix these ingredients well together, with two eggs, and fill the tart-pan and bake it.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Simmer a pint of milk with a few whole allspice, coriander-seed, and half a stick of cinnamon, for ten or fifteen minutes; then sweeten it with sugar, and strain it through a hair sieve into a basin to one ounce and a half of arrowroot (about one and a half tablespoonful), previously mixed with a little cold water, stirring it all the time. When cold, or as soon as the scalding heat is gone, add three large or four small eggs, well beaten, and stir until the whole is perfectly blended. It may then be boiled in a well-buttered mould or basin, or baked in a dish, with a puff-paste crust round the edge, and grated nutmeg on the top. From half to three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to boil or bake it. When boiled, serve it with wine-sauce. The flavor of the pudding may be occasionally varied, by using a few sweet and bitter almonds blanched and finely-pounded or chopped—about one ounce of sweet and half-ounce of bitter—or with brandy or rum, orange-flower water or vanilla. *Or:*—Mix one dessertspoonful of the powder in two of cold milk; pour upon it a pint of boiling milk, in which have been dissolved four ounces of butter and two of sugar, stirring all the time. Add a little nutmeg and five eggs. Bake half an hour in a dish lined with paste. Turn it out.

Preserved fruits of any kind, laid at the bottom, eat well. If to look clear, substitute water for milk.

Custard Pudding.—Flavor a pint of milk with the peel of one lemon, an inch of cinnamon, and a bay-leaf; when boiled sufficiently strain it, and sweeten to palate: break four eggs, beat them up, pour the milk to them; put it into a mould and boil for half an hour. Serve with wine-sauce. *Or:*—Mix one tablespoonful of flour into a pint of milk; add four eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of pounded loaf-sugar, and a little orange-flower water; put into a buttered basin, laying a paper over it before putting on the cloth; let it stand four minutes before turning it out. It should boil half an hour.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—Mix four ounces of sifted lump-sugar and four ounces of butter, and gently melt it; then add the yolks of two and the white of one egg, the rind of three lemons chopped fine, and the juice of one and a half, one Savoy biscuit, some blanched almonds pounded, three spoonfuls of brandy. *Or:*—Boil two large lemons, or three small ones, and after squeezing pound them well together in a mortar, taking out the inner skin; add four ounces of loaf-sugar, the yolks of six eggs, and eight ounces of fresh butter. Fill the pattypans half full.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Roast a Goose.—Scald four or six sage-leaves, according as they are fresh or dry, the fresh ones being the strongest; chop them fine; take one large or two small onions, chop them, and then pour boiling water over them to make them eat mild; mix the sage and onion with rather more than an equal quantity of fine bread-crumbs; season well with pepper and salt; put this inside the body of the goose; roast before a quick fire an hour or more, according to the size of the bird. In Ireland, geese are sometimes stuffed with potatoes, the whole body being filled with them either whole or mashed; but it absorbs so much of the gravy as to injure the richness of the bird. Apple-sauce and gravy are sent up with geese in separate tureens. *Green Geese* are roasted without any stuffing, being merely peppered on the inside. A lemon squeezed over a duck or a goose is a great improvement.

Sanders.—Mince beef or mutton small, with onion, pepper, and salt; add a little gravy, put it into scallop-shells or saucers, making them three parts full, and fill them up with potatoes mashed with a little cream; put a bit of butter on the top, and brown them in an oven, or before the fire, or with a salamander.

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Calves' Feet Fricasseed.—Boil the feet in water until the bones will come out, with an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs; take the bones out, and when the meat is cold stuff it nicely with a very fine *farce*, or forcemeat; make the pieces up into handsome shapes of an equal size; then take some of the stock in which the feet were boiled, removing the fat, and straining it when melted; make this into thick white sauce with cream and roux; warm up the calves' feet in it, and send it to table either plain or with a quantity of asparagus tops, previously boiled, and cut into small pieces. *Or:*—Boil tender two feet in a shallow pan, observing not to break them; throw them into cold water for an hour; divide, and lay them in a little weak veal broth, and simmer them half an hour, with a blade of mace and a bit of lemon-peel, which take out when you add half a teacupful of cream, and a bit of flour and butter.

Fried.—Take calves' feet which have been boiled until very tender, remove the bones, let them get cold, cut them into well-shaped pieces, season them with white pepper and salt, dip them into batter, fry them, and serve them up with a sharp sauce or garnish of pickles. Calves' feet may also be plainly boiled, and served with parsley and butter, or eaten cold with oil and vinegar.

To Roast a Ham.—Take a very fine ham (a Westphalia, if you can procure it), soak it in luke-warm water for a day or two, changing the water frequently. The day before you intend to cook it, take the ham out of the water, and, having removed the skin, trim it nicely, and pour over it a bottle of an inferior white wine; let it steep till next morning, frequently during the day washing the wine over it; put it in a cradle-spit in time to allow at least six hours for slowly roasting it; baste continually with hot water. When it is done, dredge it all over with fine bread-raspings, shaken on through the top of the dredging-box, and set it before the fire to brown.

For Gravy.—Take the wine in which the ham was steeped, and add to it the essence or juice which flowed from the meat when taken from the spit; squeeze in the juice of two lemons, put it into a saucepan, and boil and skim it; send it to table in a boat. Cover the shank of the ham (which should have been sawed short) with bunches of double parsley, and ornament it with any garnish you may think proper.

Minced Beef with Cucumbers.—Take a rump-steak undressed, and with a sharp knife shred it very fine. Put it into a stewpan with a little clarified butter and some salt; stir it over a quick fire for a few minutes, then add half a pint of good beef gravy; let it boil gently till it becomes of a proper thickness. Cut two fine cucumbers in slices the thickness of a quarter of a dollar, and put them with an onion sliced in a stewpan with some clarified butter, a little vinegar, and a lump of sugar; fry them of a fine brown color; put them into a stewpan with some plain gravy; let it simmer gently till sufficiently done; then lay the mince in the dish, and pour the cucumbers over it; thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter; add the squeeze of a lemon just before serving.

To Dress a Leg of Mutton with Oysters.—Parboil some well-fed oysters, take off the beards and horny parts; put to them some parsley, minced onion, and sweet herbs, boiled and chopped fine, and the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs. Mix all together, and cut five or six holes in the fleshy part of a leg of mutton, and put in the mixture; dress it in either of the following ways: Tie it up in a cloth, and let it boil gently two and a half or three hours, according to the size. *Or:*—Braise it, and serve with a pungent brown sauce.

Rose Jelly.—Make a clear apple jelly, color it with cochineal infused in double distilled rose-water, and just before the last boiling put in half a glass of the best double distilled rose-water.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Wine Decanters.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearl-ash; by well working this about the decanters, it will take off the crust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish. Where the decanters have been scratched, and the wine left to stand in them a long time, have a small cane with a bit of sponge tied tight at one end; by putting this into the decanter, any crust of the wine may be removed; when the decanters have been properly washed, let them be thoroughly dried, and turned down in a proper rack.

To Salt Butter.—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay being injurious. Having dried the salt in an oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter, in several waters, till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter; knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot. As this space admits the air, the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must, therefore, be further pressed till perfectly compact.

How to Destroy Snails and Slugs.—Salt and lime is a source of great annoyance to these intruders. A pinch of the former will very soon kill them, while a sprinkling of the latter, which they would not pass for a trifle, will keep them at a respectful distance. It is not an uncommon practice to sprinkle a little fresh lime over young crops, according to the old adage, "prevention is better than cure." It will, however, be necessary to repeat this operation two or three times a week, as, after it has been on the ground for a little time and become moist, it will lose all its properties, and the culprits would return and devour your plants with impunity.

Ginger Beer.—Take of ginger, bruised or sliced, an ounce and a half; cream of tartar, one ounce; loaf-sugar, one pound; one lemon sliced. Put them into a pan, and pour six quarts of boiling water upon them. When nearly cold, put in a little yeast, and stir it for about a minute. Let it stand till next day; then strain and bottle it. It is fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight. The corks should be tied down, and the bottles placed upright in a cool place.

To Make White Wax.—The white wax is nothing more than the yellow after it has passed through bleaching processes. This is done by allowing a thin stream of melted wax to flow into cold water, by means of which it gains a resemblance to thin wavy ribbons, which, being exposed to the joint action of water, air, and sunlight, gradually lose their yellow color, and, being remelted, at last assume the appearance of the bleached wax.

To Take the Stains out of Black Cloth.—Boil a large handful of fig-leaves in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint; squeeze the leaves quite dry, and put the liquor into a bottle for use. The article should be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor. The word "poison" should be written on the bottle, to prevent accident.

Tooth Powder.—We know of no better than finely-powdered charcoal; it cleans the mouth mechanically and chemically. But as, alone, it is dusty, and not easily mixed with water, it may, for this purpose, be mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, and, if requisite, scented with a drop or two of oil of cloves.

Camphor Liniment.—The proportions for mixing a camphor liniment are one ounce of camphor dissolved in four ounces of olive oil. It is a safe and simple application.

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To Prevent Shoes from Creaking.—Rub a little olive oil well into the sole of the shoe, especially about the ball and middle of the sole. In boots intended for out-of-door wear it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

To Clean Carpets.—Take up the carpet; let it be well beaten; then laid down, and brush on both sides with a hand-brush; turn it the right side upward, and scour it with ox-gall and soap and water very clean, and dry it with linen cloths. Then lay it on grass, or hang it up to dry.

To Remove Smarting from Sunburn.—Pour boiling water over fresh sage, and bathe the parts with the tea.

VARIOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Make nice Diet Bread Cake.—Six pounds of flour, three and a half-pounds of butter, three and a half-pounds of sugar, three pints of milk, six eggs, four pounds of fruit, a half-pint of yeast, three gills of wine, four nutmegs, and one and a quarter ounce of mace citron. Stir the butter and sugar to a froth, boil the milk, and turn in the wine; put the curds and whey warm, but not hot, into the flour; then add the eggs and yeast, and only one-third of the beaten butter and sugar; let it rise until very light, and then add the remainder of the butter and sugar, and let it rise again; when light, put in the spices, fruit, etc.; bake it in a moderate oven till thoroughly done.

Elder Wine.—Pour a gallon of boiling water over every gallon of berries, let it stand twelve hours; then draw it off, and boil it up with three pounds and a half of sugar; when boiling, beat up some whites of eggs, and clarify it; skim it clear, then add half an ounce of pounded ginger to every gallon of the wine; boil it a little longer, before you put it in the tub; when cool, put in a toast rubbed in yeast; let it ferment a day or two, after which put it into a barrel previously rinsed with brandy. All wines should be lukewarm when the yeast is added to it.

Kidney Toast.—Take a cold veal kidney, with a part of the fat, cut it into very small pieces; pound the fat in a mortar with a little salt, white pepper, and an onion previously boiled. Bind all together with the beaten whites of eggs. Heap it upon toast, cover the whole with the yolks beaten, dredge with bread-crumbs, and bake in the oven.

Hog's Lard should be carefully melted in a jar put into a kettle of water and boiled: run it into bladders that have been extremely well cleaned. The smaller they are the better the lard keeps, as, after the air reaches it, it becomes rank. This being a most useful article for frying fish, it should be prepared with care. Mixed with butter, it makes fine crust for tarts.

Coloring, to Stain Jellies, Ices, etc.—For a beautiful *red*, boil fifteen grains of cochineal in the finest powder, with one and a half dram of cream of tartar, in a half-pint of water, very slowly for half an hour. Add in boiling a bit of alum the size of a pea. Or use beet-root sliced, and some liquor poured over.

Another.—Cochineal, one ounce, cream of tartar, two ounces, alum, quarter of an ounce. Boil the above in a pint of water until reduced one-third; then shake in one ounce of American ashes when off the fire; strain through a napkin, and bottle for use.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. I.—Carriage Dress of Purple Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with two fluted ruffles, headed by a band of silk braided with black. The body is very close, and is covered by a Spanish jacket of the same material as the dress, and together with the sleeves is also heavily braided with black. The pointed belt corresponds with the jacket. Bonnet of white crepe, trimmed with white ostrich plumes and black velvet.

Fig. II.—Riding Habit of Blue Cashmere.—The skirt is three-eighths longer than an ordinary dress skirt. The body is made with a Hungarian basque. The sleeves are close to the wrist, but slashed about the middle of the arm, showing a white under-sleeve. Straw hat, trimmed with white and black plumes.

Fig. III.—Pompadour Pelisse, made of black silk. This garment consists of a flat shoulder piece to which the pelisse is sewed. On this piece are ruches of colored silk forming an almond. The ruche is braided with black. Another ruche, also of colored silk, borders the piece, the openings for the arms, and the edges of the pelisse. A braided design on the ruches. A deep lace forms a berthe. The two corners at bottom are braided.

Fig. IV.—Louis XV.—A silk pelisse trimmed with satined silk binding and guipure. This garment sits close in front and on the shoulders. It is fastened across the front with frogs. A plaiting of binding forms a scarf on the back, and in front a deep guipure accompanies it. This guipure is doubled on the back. On each side of the front there are a plaiting and a guipure which diverge a little as they descend. An opening for the arms is reserved under these plaitings.

Fig. V.—Irene Paletot.—The back of this paletot is only a deep basque, trimmed with a broad ruffle, and ornamented with a narrow lace put on in a Greek pattern. The front is cut in a sacque shape, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed to correspond with the back.

General Remarks.—Now varieties of color are being introduced daily, and one of the newest and prettiest for autumn wear is called, by the French, "*cuir*," on account of its resemblance to leather. A silk dress of this color is made with one very *deep* flounce, *not put on very full*, and this flounce is again trimmed with three narrow ones at the bottom, ornamented with black and white blonde alternately. The effect of the blonde on the pretty soft brown silk is exceedingly good. The body is pointed behind and before, and the sleeves are made very deep, lined with white, and ornamented with a quilling of ribbon.

Another dress, of black silk, which we have seen, was trimmed with three bands of a violet-color, placed at equal distances, and braided in a fretwork pattern with black. Violet braiding of the same kind was put on the black silk between the violet bands.

Also another dress, also of black silk, had a broad band of blue silk, decorated on each side with five or seven rows of black braid, and beyond the band were as many rows of blue braid. The body had lappels, and the sleeves had cuffs. Nearly all sleeves now are made something like those for men's coats, that is, they have elbows, whether open or close, and are bell-shaped at bottom.

Braiding is still in high favor. It is used on cloaks, dresses, and flounces. Light designs are best suited for this purpose, and those of the fret kind seem to be preferred. In some cases nothing more is done than putting numerous rows of braid one above the other as small velvets used to be formerly. A great many dresses and jackets made of white or buff quilting are braided with black. For juvenile costumes this style is very general.

To determine what style of sleeve is fashionable is really a difficult matter, as there are so many shapes now in vogue. For muslin dresses the simple bishop sleeve is very appropriate. The gigot sleeve still continues in favor, made in one piece, and trimmed up the elbow with a quilling. Closed sleeves, slashed in a pointed shape at the bottom, allowing the white sleeve to be pulled through, are very pretty for young ladies' light silk dresses; and for rich *robes*, such as moire antique or watered silk, the deep,

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hanging sleeve is certainly the most graceful and the most suitable shape to select. The sleeves *tight* to the elbow are now exploded, because there is no longer novelty in them. The demi-closed sleeves are likely to enjoy a degree of favor for some time, as they are suitable for almost any material; they are being made with a *seam at the elbow*, which gives a certain amount of style and shape to the garment.

We may here observe, that points are beginning to reassert their sway, and that ceintures and buckles have lost a little of the favor they enjoyed a short time ago.

A pretty new article of the Toilet consists of a broad band of white guipure lined with blue ribbon, which encircles the throat, and is then crossed in front; and after passing under the arms, the ends are linked together at the back of the waist. This is called the "Ceinture Diane," and it may be worn with any dress, or it may be made either of black or white guipure, and lined with any color. It has a very pretty effect.

The French ladies delight in inventing new combinations of color in their dress. The one that is now prevailing in Paris would, we think, never have been imagined by American ingenuity, being the union of dark blue with grass green. Allowing all due time for the traveling of the fashions, we shall expect by-and-by to see this curious mixture of colors in our store windows and on the streets.

In Embroideries we have observed several capes, fichus, pelerines, and under-sleeves of various kinds. Some of the new under-sleeves are shaped to the elbow, and slit up at the lower end. The opening made by the slit (which is on the outer part of the arm) is filled up by a puffing, enclosed on each side by a very narrow plaiting, with a heading of batiste. Sleeves of tarletane have been prepared for short-sleeved dresses, destined to be worn in the evening. They consist of three drooping puffs, separated one from another by a row of velvet, the velvet sitting closely to the arm. These sleeves are finished at the ends by frills of rich white lace.

The large Empress Collars (or capes we might almost call them) are appearing again, and, for stout figures, are very suitable and becoming. In this matter we appear to have gone from one extreme of fashion to the other, as the very tiny collars have been so much worn. Young ladies, however, will not give up the latter style very readily, as they are so much more appropriate for them than the huge collars reaching down to the shoulders.

We must not omit mentioning the tiny stand-up collars and cravats that are being worn with the short paletots or yachting jackets. They are being ornamented with beads and narrow lace, and are frequently made with gauntlets to match, mounted on stiff card-board. These gauntlets are very comfortable wear out-of-doors, as they lie close to the glove, and protect the wrist from the sun. They have, besides, another advantage, of not getting tumbled underneath a shawl or cloak, which white lace or muslin cuffs are so liable to do.

For Straw Bonnets, black ribbon continues to be very much used in combination with bright colors. In this particular the pertinacity of Fashion is remarkable. With regard to the shape of bonnets, we may safely predict that the projecting peak in front is not likely to continue much longer in favor. The Empress Eugenie, who is universally admitted to be the best-dressed woman in France, never allows herself to be betrayed into absurd exaggerations of fashion. A short time ago, when taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, her majesty wore a simple bonnet of white tulle, unadorned either by feathers or flowers. A few puffings of tulle, mixed with white ribbon, constituted the whole trimming But what was most of all remarkable, this bonnet had no point, and the front was very slightly raised. Again, at the *fete* of Trienou, the Empress, as well as the ladies in attendance, were dressed with exquisite taste, but with a strict avoidance of any of that exaggeration which so frequently mars the effect of the fashionable costume of the day. Black ribbon, as we have above stated, is much employed in trimming ordinary straw bonnets. For those of crin or any superior material, black lace is intermingled with the ribbon. This intermixture of black with colors is almost universal. It is also lavishly employed in trimming silk dresses, and it is always effective if tastefully arranged.

Straw Bonnets are also a good deal trimmed with flowers, and sometimes with a small tuft of curled feathers. A bonnet of white straw just received from Paris is ornamented with a blue feather, a bouquet of blue daisies and black lace. Another Parisian bonnet, composed of black and white crin, is trimmed with yellow roses and clusters of black grapes.

A Revolution in Shoes has just taken place in Paris. These articles have been so scrupulously plain of late years, that it will take some time to reconcile ourselves to the change, which as yet has not become very general. Shoes and boots of bronzed leather and lasting are recovering the vogue they formerly enjoyed, and, for in-doors, shoes of red, green, and violet morocco are worn. These shoes are accompanied by spotted stockings of the same color as the morocco, and satin or silk shoes by stockings with embroidered clocks.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—A little Girl of four or five, in a Blue Poplin Frock decorated with braid. The body is plain with a plait on each side; the back is cut with side-pieces. A bertha pointed both before and behind ornaments the body. The white puffed sleeve is surmounted by a pointed jockey. The skirt laps over from right to left under the bow of the sash. The small ruches on the body and skirt are made of silk ribbon.

Fig. II.—Child of three Years Old.—Frock of English quilting, embroidered with black worsted in *English stitch*. This embroidery presents pointed tabs on the body, an insertion at the neck, a fret ornament on the skirt, and insertions on the pockets and sleeves. These embroideries are enclosed between rows of black braid.

Fig. III.—A Boy of nine or ten.—A sailor's straw hat, an over-coat of light cassimere with embroideries and black braid.

General Remarks.—No material change has of late occurred in children's fashions. For little boys under the age of six or seven, a loose jacket and trousers of the same material are in favor. They are most frequently composed of a light kind of cloth, gray being the fashionable hue. The sleeves of the jacket are rather tight, open at the lower part, and the ends rounded. Both jacket and trousers are elegantly trimmed with grelot buttons. The dresses of little girls are made pretty much in the same way as those of their mammas. The corsages are frequently cut square, and a few will be made full, especially if the dress consists of some light material. These little dresses are ornamented with narrow fluted quillings, ruches, or plain bands of silk, etc., passing round the skirt. The same trimming is very generally employed for mohair dresses. A dress just completed for a little girl of eight years of age is composed of white and brown mohair. On the lower part of the skirt are five rows of silk of graduated widths, of the same tint of brown as that on the dress. The corsage, low and square, is trimmed on each side, both in front and behind, with narrow rows of brown silk. The sleeves consist merely of an epaulet, falling over short under-sleeves of white muslin, bordered with Valenciennes; these under-sleeves are fixed to a chemisette worn under the corsage.

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TIDY, IN CROCHET.

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THE VILLAGE GREEN AT NIGHT.

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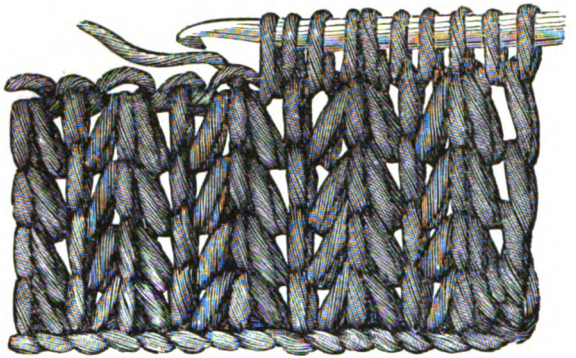
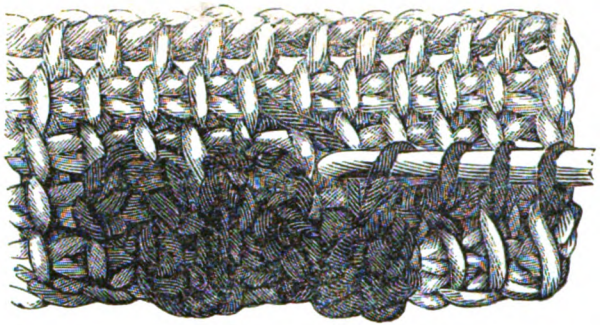
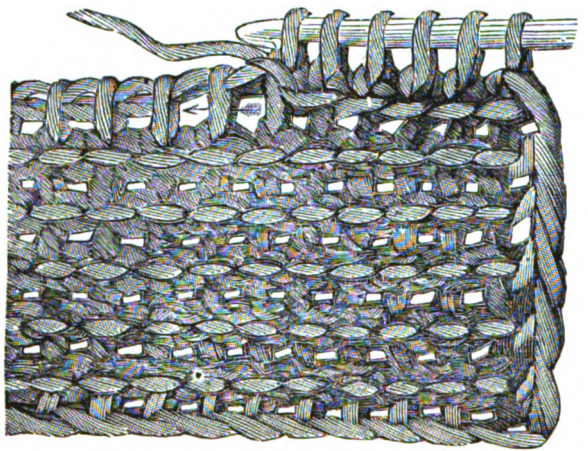
NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET.



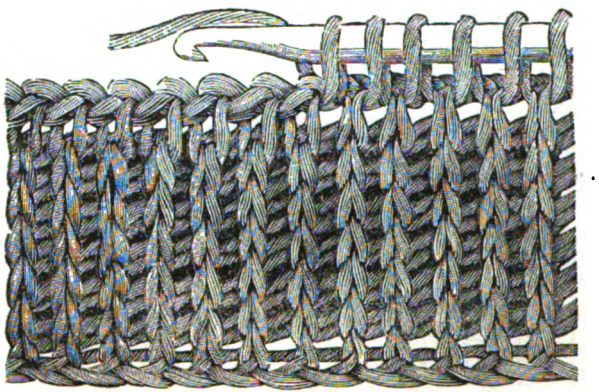
DOUBLE GOBELIN STITCH.



FUR STITCH.



WAVE STITCH.



SIMPLE RIB OR FOUNDATION STITCH.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

THE INDIANA.

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SPRIG FOR FLANNEL.

THE ILLINOIS.

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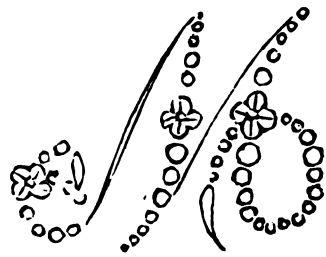
SHIRT FRONT.



LETTER FOR MARKING.

THE VERMONT.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

LETTER FOR MARKING.

THE KENTUCKY.

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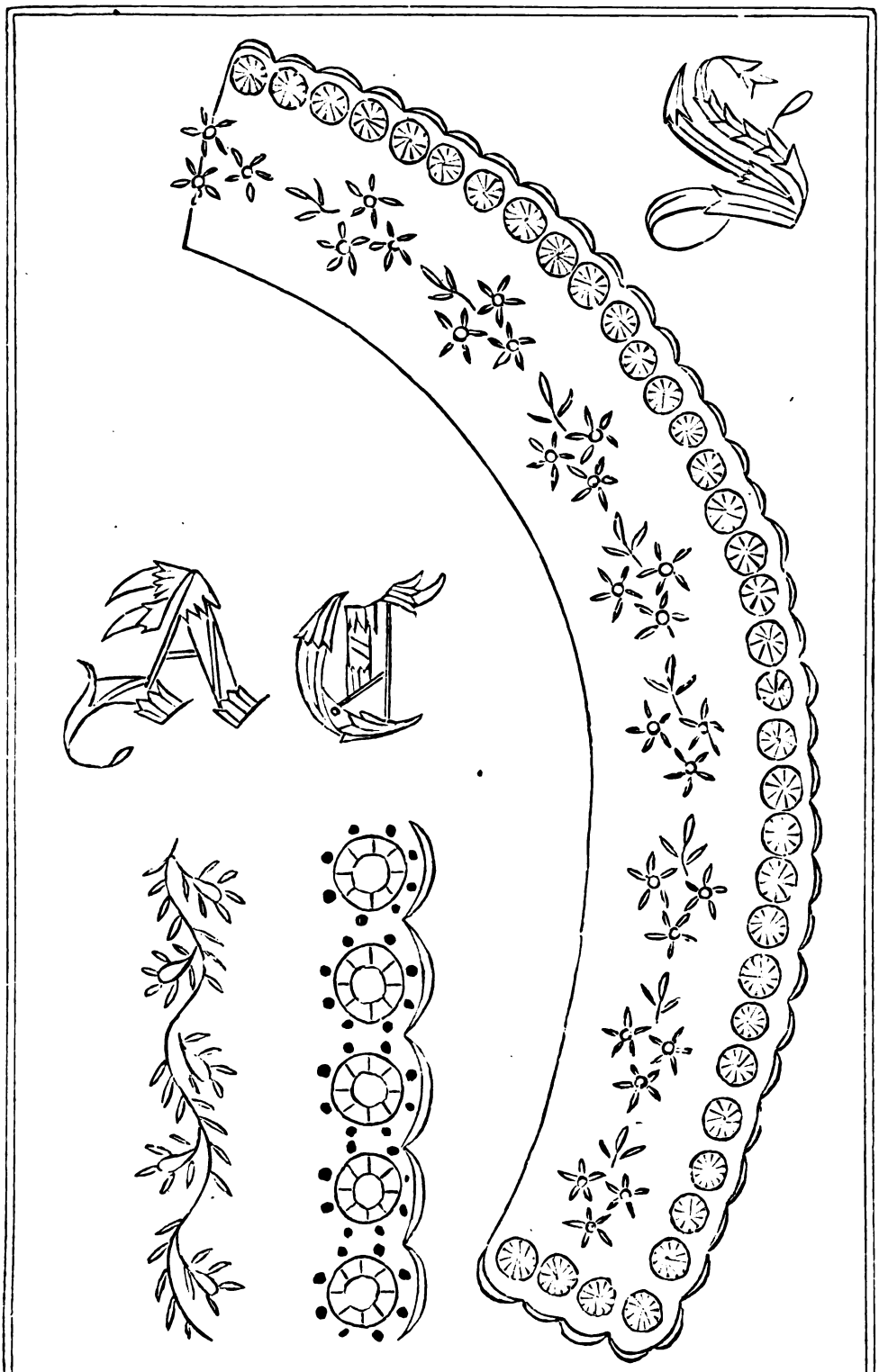

COLLAR; EDGING; AND INSERTING; AND INITIALS.

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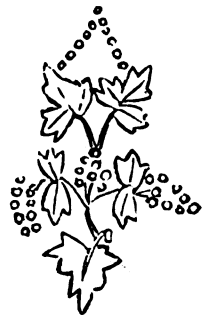
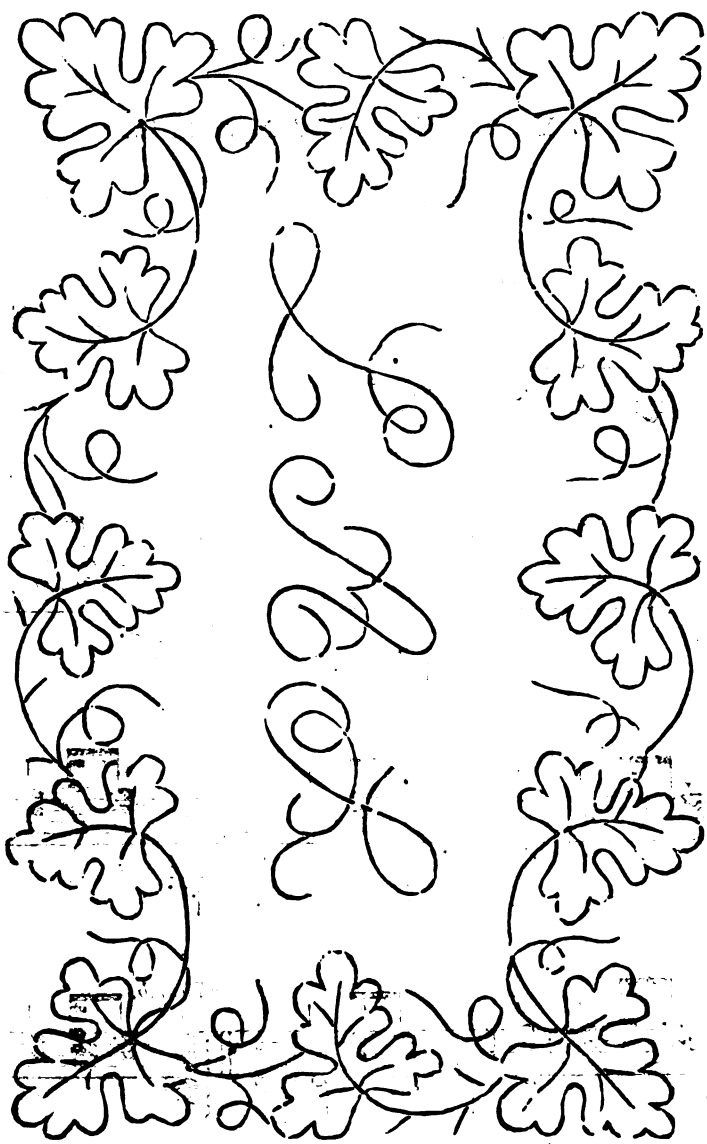


SHIRT FRONTS.



DESIGN FOR HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

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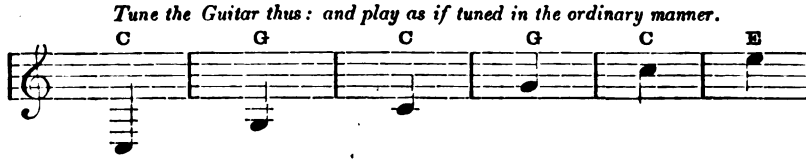
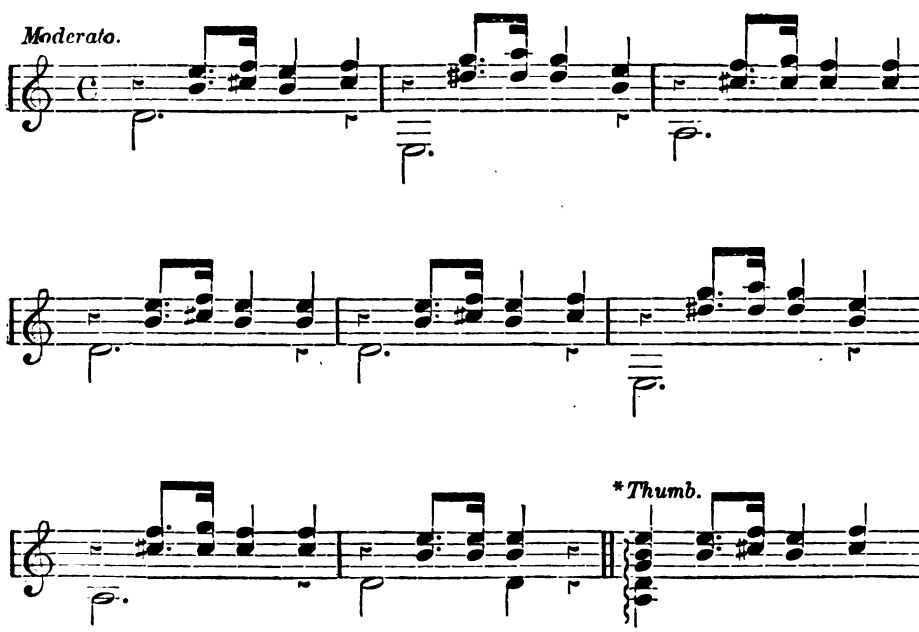
Spanish Grand March.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER.

Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if tuned in the ordinary manner.





* Sweep the Thumb across the strings.

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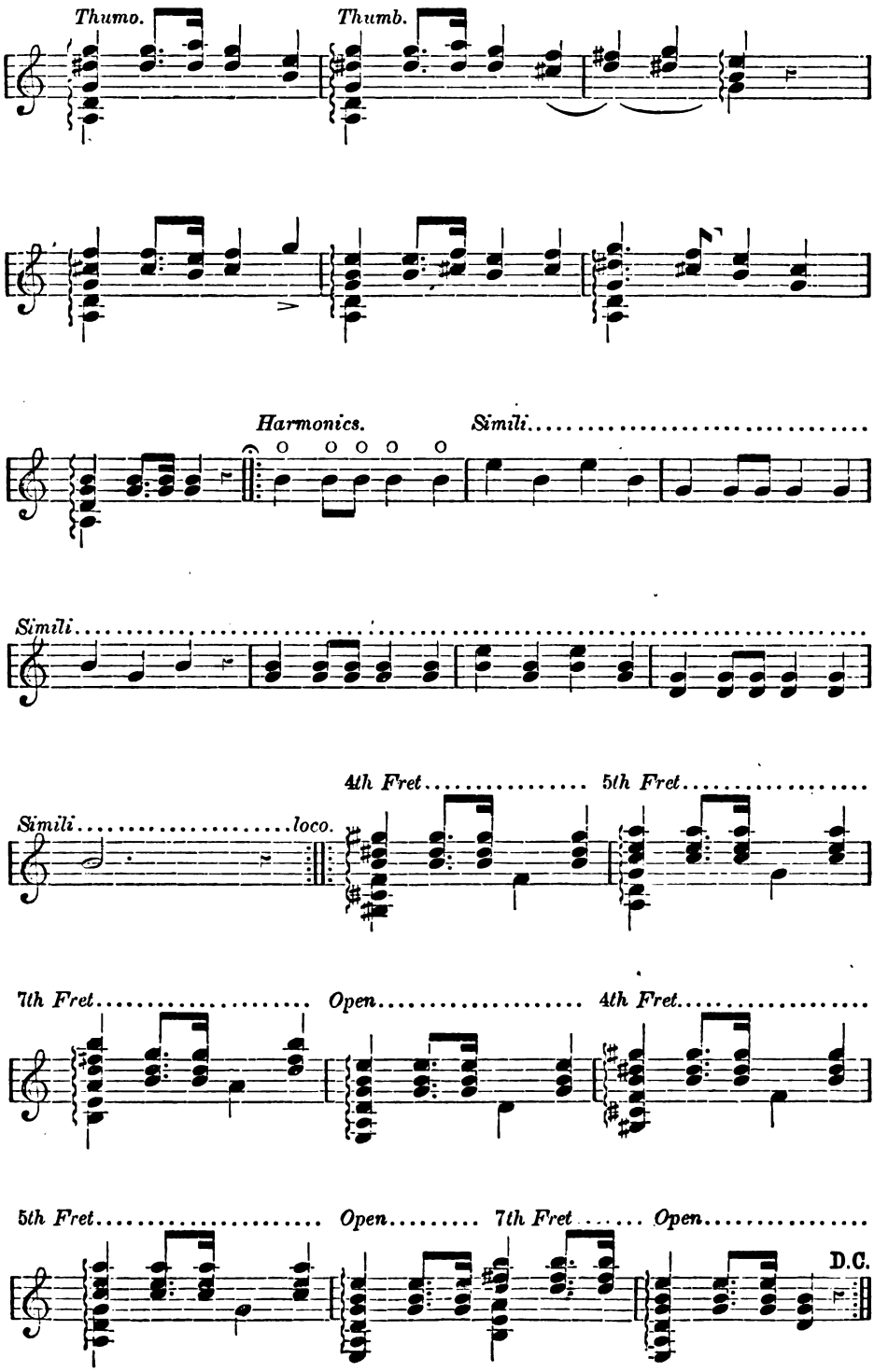
SPANISH GRAND MARCH.



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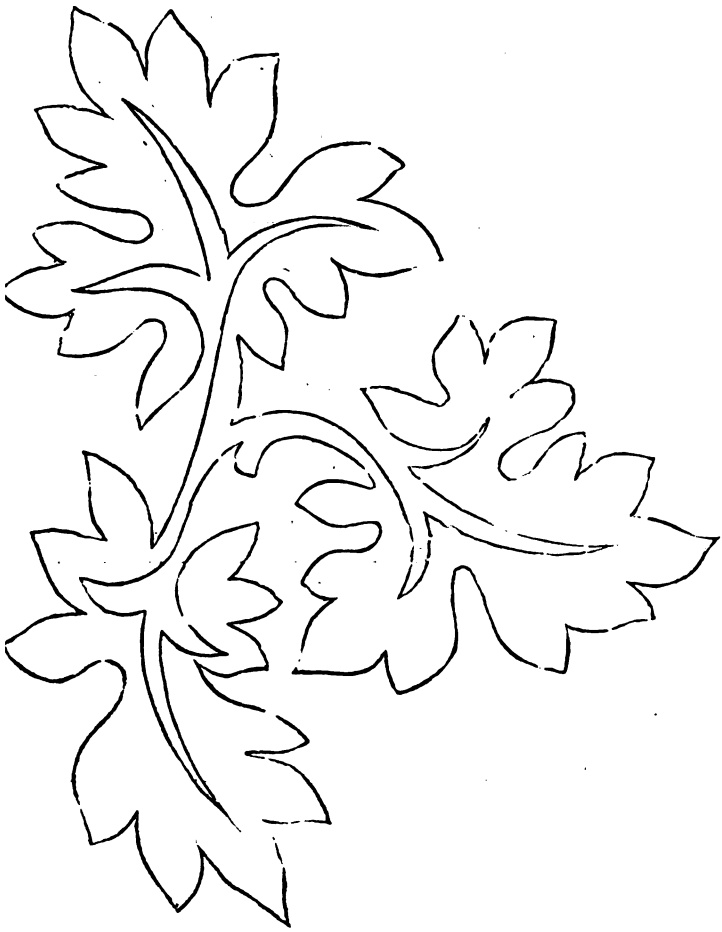
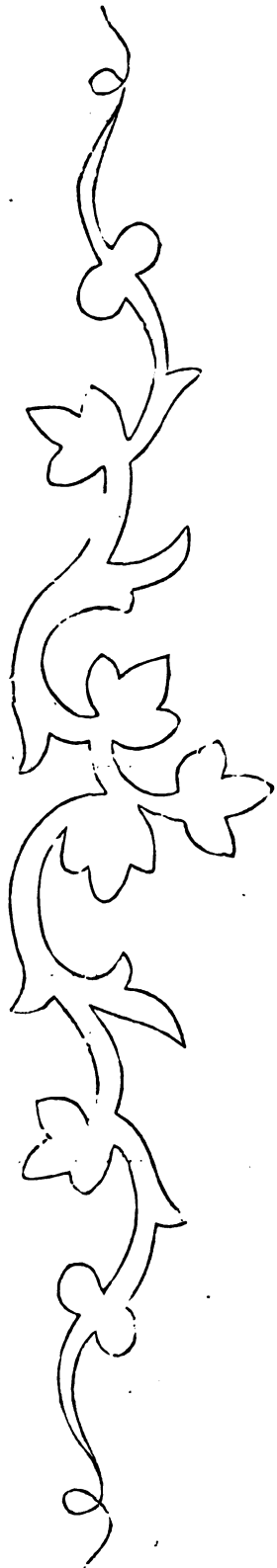
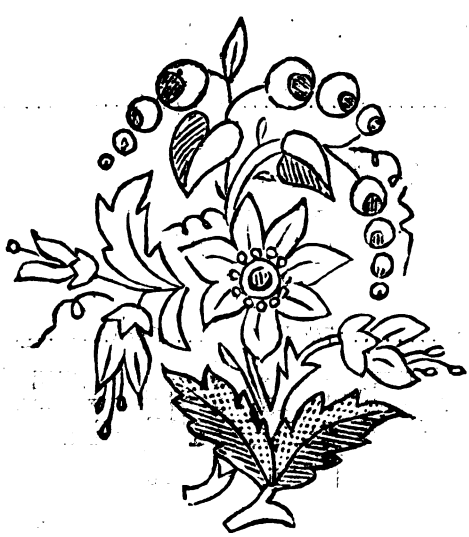


BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE.





EMBROIDERY.

BRAIDED SLIPPER: SIDE AND BACK.

(From J. Obersteller & Co., No. 123 New Street, Philadelphia: where all orders, by mail or otherwise, for Embroidery Patterns are promptly attended to.)

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1862. No. 4.

THAT HIDEOUS MAN.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER I.

"You know it is your father's wish, Luly."

"Only a wish, auntie, not a command, and I think it is cruel for you to try to force me to marry that hideous man!"

"He has been very ill, dear, and of course—he—that is——"

"You can't make an Adonis of him, auntie; so don't try. And if you could, he would not be much improved in my estimation. Such an uncouth mortal never crossed my path! If I speak to him, he colors to the hue of a boiled lobster, and fidgets his hands and feet as if he was afraid I wanted to run away with them; and his 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' are as broad and constrained as if I were his grandmother."

"And yet your uncle says he is very accomplished."

"Oh, auntie!"

"Quite true, my dear. You must take into consideration his disadvantages. His mother, one of the loveliest women whom I ever knew, died when Lionel was but five years old; and his father, inconsolable, shut himself up in that out-of-the-way country place of his and never went into society again. Lionel's education has been his whole care, and, a profound scholar himself, he has probably spared no pains to make his son his equal. Still the entirely recluse life was calculated to make the boy shy and nervous, and the long, severe illness which followed his father's death accounts for his pallid face."

"I hope his trip to France will restore his health," said Luly, rather coldly.

"And you?"

"I cannot go with him," cried the young girl, passionately. "My father's will only requests us to look upon each other as the children of such life-long friends as he and Mr. Carleton should do. He hopes we may love each other well enough to marry happily; otherwise he does not even desire our union. I do not love him, and I cannot flatter myself with the idea that he even admires me, so we had best part as good friends, but no more."

At that instant the subject of the conversation entered the room. A few commonplace remarks passed between him and Mrs. Raymond, and then she pleaded some household engagement and left the room. The lovers, per contract, sat in silence for some moments, and a greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than the two presented.

Luly Hazleton was a blonde of the most exquisite type. Of medium size, her form was graceful and symmetrical, and her fair curls and large blue eyes suited the Grecian profile and fair, delicately-tinted complexion. An expression of animation and high intellect saved her face from insipidity; and as she bent now over her sewing, the rich color mantling her cheeks proved her embarrassment. She was but seventeen, and not at her ease with the lover whom she intended to discard.

And Lionel Carleton, raising his dark eyes from the floor, saw in the large mirror this perfect form and face, and his own figure. He was very tall, and his height was exaggerated by the attenuation of long illness. The large features, which would have been manly and handsome in health, were actually monstrous in the thin, sallow face; and his dark eyes looked hollow and unnatural with the black rims which suffering had penciled round them. They were weak, too, and the pink tinge of the lids, and a certain straining look did not improve their beauty. A close-fitting black skull-cap, which concealed the loss of hair sacrificed in his illness, added to the grotesque and gaunt appearance of the young man. He smiled sadly, as he studied the group in the mirror; and then with the nervous tremor of his voice, and fluttering

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of the fingers which betokened his bashfulness, he said, in a low tone,

"Miss Hazleton, I have come to you, at your uncle's request, to tell you that I leave to-morrow, to ask you if I may take with me the hope that the engagement which your father made with mine will be fulfilled when I return?"

He tried to speak calmly; yet, had Louisa studied his face, she could have read in every line the longing hope, the deep love which made his voice tremble and blanched his sallow cheek.

"I regret," she said, quietly, yet not raising her eyes, "that we were so strangely bound to each other before we were old enough to know what the contract imposed. You feel yourself obliged——"

"You mistake," he said, eagerly; "there was no obligation on either side. I—I——"

She had raised her eyes to his face questioningly, and, while he colored deeply, he stammered and let his voice die away in silence.

Something in the look he gave her, in the attitude he took, told the woman's heart his love. This lonely boy in his orphanhood suddenly brought, for the first time, into familiar intercourse with a beautiful girl, loved her with the passionate ardor of first love, intensified by his previous life. Touched with a feeling of pity, Luly arose and came to his side,

"We are both very young, Mr. Carleton, and it is better that we should be free for some years at least. I will speak frankly. I do not love you!" The ghastly whiteness of his face almost frightened her, but she was acting a noble, true part, and she continued, "I will not trifle with you; and when you have met others with more power to win your love than I possess, you will thank me for it. Let us part as good friends, and, believe me, you will carry my most earnest wishes for your speedy recovery and happiness."

"Stay—one moment," he gasped, catching her hand; "you love no one else?"

"No one! I have just left school; I scarcely know what love means," she said, blushing.

"Then," he said, earnestly, "will you let the engagement stand as it is for one year? I shall then return, and, trust me, if you still feel as you do now, no word of mine shall again urge you to alter your decision. We are, as you say, young, and two weeks is but a short time to make a decision which affects a whole life time. Let me write to you, as a friend only if you desire it, and perhaps in a year——"

He raised his eyes again with a pleading, almost childlike look, which moved her deeply. His love conquered his shy manner, and the hope of his whole heart was mirrored in his large dark eyes.

"Be it so," she said, gently. "I will answer your letters, and in a year we shall meet again. Only," she said, earnestly, "if my heart remains untouched, you must acquit me of any charge of coquetry."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Believe me," he said, "no thought that is not born of love and respect can ever cross my mind regarding you," and rising, he left her alone.

CHAPTER II.

"And pray, uncle William, who is this irresistible Adonis? I quite long to meet him."

"Your desire will be granted then, for I have invited him to pass some weeks at Milton, and he has accepted my invitation. He will be here to-day or to-morrow. Take care of your heart, or poor Lionel will soon have cause to be jealous."

"Mr. Carleton has no right to be jealous," said Louisa Hazleton, quickly; "nor is my heart as susceptible as you insinuate. By-the-way, it is now eighteen months since Lionel went abroad; and it is several weeks since he has written. Can he be coming home?"

"Not at all unlikely. He writes well, Luly!"

"Well! He writes the most charming letters I ever read. No published account of a European trip that I have ever read compares with his letters for interest, wit, or grace. His familiarity with the modern languages gives him an insight into the manners of each country; while his ready pen, his keen observation, and alternations of gravity and wit, make his letters perfect models of composition, interesting narrative, and graceful address."

"Well done, Lou!" cried her uncle, laughing.

She blushed a little, and then said,

"If he was not such a fright!"

"Well, you can't make that charge against the guest I expect to-morrow. He is one of the handsomest men I ever have seen. I am not very expert at portrait painting, Lou, but I can give you some idea of him. He is tall, with broad shoulders, full chest, and an erect, manly carriage. A symmetrical Hercules. His features are regular, and he has the most expressive dark eyes. His hair is very dark, almost black, and curls in thick, strong little curls all over his head, and his mouth and teeth are faultless. His smile is the most winning I ever saw."

"Mr. Murray, sir," said a servant, entering the drawing-room.

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"Ah! Show him in, James. He hoped to get here to-day, but was afraid he would be detained until to-morrow," he added, turning to Mrs. Raymond.

"We are glad to welcome him at any time," said that lady, smiling, and rising at the same moment to meet the stranger as he entered.

Louisa acknowledged that her uncle had not overdrawn the portrait, as she raised her eyes to return his graceful, courteous greeting.

"Well might uncle William warn me to guard my heart!" she said to herself, as the afternoon wore on. "I never saw such fascinating manners."

"Now, Luly, some music," said her uncle, as they returned to the drawing-room after tea.

"But, uncle——"

"Oh! Mr. Murray is a musician himself; so open the piano!"

"Permit me," said the gentleman, taking Louisa's place at the heavy lid of the grand piano.

"And now that it is open," she said, gayly, "let me hear you prove my uncle's assertion."

"Willingly! This is just the light for the dreamy German music which I prefer above all others. Have you ever heard this, Miss Hazleton?" and he began to play a waltz which exactly answered his description.

Louisa listened to it with crimson cheeks, for the air was one which she herself had often played for Lionel, and which he had always asked for, when the choice of the music lay with him.

Mr. Murray had not been many days at Milton, when Louisa perceived that the young gentleman was making love to her. There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every hour was filled with the thousand attentions which a lover offers to the fair lady whose heart he hopes to win; and the delicacy of his manner, his grace, and courtesy, and the mixture of devoted respect with manly protection, made every hour in his presence delightful; and Louisa whispered to herself, that, if her conjectures were true, and he loved her, he should be no despairing swain. She sighed sometimes when Lionel's letters came under her notice; but one thought of his face and manner brought the contrasting Mr. Murray, and she was glad, the year being over without his return, to feel that she was free.

They were in the library one morning, Mr. Murray reading aloud, while Louisa and her aunt were sewing, when Mr. Raymond came in.

"Luly, I have a letter here which I want copied, and I am very busy. Will you do it for me?"

"If I can be useful," said Mr. Murray, "pray command me."

"Thank you, my dear fellow. Louey, get Mr. Murray some paper."

She lingered a moment near him, as he commenced his task, and, as he wrote, she followed the motion of his hand as if fascinated. Her uncle and aunt both left the room; still he wrote and she watched him. The letter was a short one, and, as he wrote the last word, he pushed away the paper, and for the first time looked up.

"Miss Hazleton! I thought you went out with Mr. Raymond. You—I——"

She was looking at him earnestly, and he colored, hesitated, and finally stopped speaking. After a moment of silence, he raised his eyes again with a mute, imploring expression.

"I thought the handwriting was familiar," she said; "and now your eyes betray you. Yet you are much altered, Lionel!"

"Only inasmuch as I have regained my health and become more accustomed to society. Believe me, Louisa, my heart is unchanged, true always to you. You have discovered me. Your uncle and aunt knew who was their guest before he landed, and gave their consent to his trying to win his wife, unprejudiced by her old indifference or dislike. Louey, you know, you have long known, my love. Can you now give me, what you once refused, a word of hope?"

There, reader, you and I will leave, only reentering with Mrs. Raymond, an hour later, to find Louey, all smiles and blushes, the promised wife of THAT HIDEOUS MAN!

A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

THE snows were gone, and Spring had come again,
The ground was covered with a freshening sod;
May flowers bloomed along the sunny glen,
And there the sparrow hymned her prayers to God.
Then came the blossoms, redolent and bright,
Clustering their delicate pledges on the spray,
Till leaf by leaf, through day and tranquil night,
They dropped and perished on the breast of May!
Perished! for they were born alone to die,
And dying to replace the blight with bloom,
As souls we love grow radiant in the sky
When their pale clay glides softly to the tomb;
Like one who, when the blossoms on the turf decayed,
Closed her sweet being for a life in joy arrayed!

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ONE SHEAF FROM STEPHEN WEST'S HARVEST.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

I.

GRACE WORDEN, aged twenty, pretty and winning as every Grace should be, went, the summer after her school life ended, to spend a couple of months with a childless uncle and aunt, who lived in a little village by the sea-side. Next door to Mr. Worden was the home of an old college friend, Hamilton, or more frequently Milton West. Mrs. West and Mrs. Worden were as inseparable as their liege lords, so little was done in one family without the knowledge and consent of the other. A brother of Mr. West, some twenty years his junior, was visiting in Uptonleigh when Grace arrived. He was a well-formed, well-looking man of twenty-eight or thirty, agreeable enough in conversation and manners, but in no respect overpowering.

Stephen West had heard Grace Worden's praises rung in his ears until he was tired of the name; nevertheless, immediately upon her appearance, he commenced a series of the most assiduous attentions. Grace rather liked him. At first he neither repelled nor attracted her very decidedly, but every day gained him something of her regard. In the face of a devotion so delicate yet earnest, any other result would have been unnatural.

They were together every day. In the morning riding or walking, in the evening reading, or perhaps with books thrown aside they talked, finding in conversation a keener, and to Grace, at least, a more dangerous pleasure.

Mrs. Worden and Mrs. West looked on complacently. Grace and Stephen were favorites with both ladies, and a union between them a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

So a couple of weeks went by, and unconsciously Grace was beginning to dream of Stephen West. She had learned to watch for his coming; his absence was marked by a sense of loneliness; his words were remembered and dwelt upon with strange pleasure. It was nothing very serious as yet; how soon it would be was another question.

One morning her uncle Worden brought her a letter. No one thought of associating with it the headache, which confined her to her room all day, nor her unusually quiet demeanor for a day or two subsequent, yet both might have been traced directly to its influence.

"You mention Stephen West," so wrote Charlotte Haskins, "little thinking, I suppose, that the name or its owner is known to me. I wish you had spoken more explicitly, for I do not half like your being thrown into his society. I know how it will be. Aunt Worden and sister West will put their heads together and decide that you and Stephen were made for each other. They will praise him to you and you to him in the endeavor to make each believe the other as near perfection as mortals usually come. Don't you believe them, Gracie. Stephen West is a vain, selfish man; heartless, I was on the point of calling him, but he is not quite that. At best, however, his love for any other is but the reflection of his self-love. To gratify that, he would sacrifice the most devoted affection. Do you doubt it? Let me tell you a thing or two concerning him. You have heard me mention a very dear friend, Margaret Lake that was, Mrs. Wayne that is now. Five years ago she was a young girl, beautiful, intellectual, and blest, so she conceived, above the ordinary lot of women, for she was betrothed to Stephen West. She was taken ill with erysipelas, which brought her to death's door, and when at last she recovered, the disease had somewhat disfigured her face. It marred without destroying her beauty. What did Stephen West? He broke his engagement with her, and in less than a month was deep in a flirtation with a little, black-eyed coquette, no more to be compared to Margaret Lake than a rush-light to the moon. Since then he can count his flirtations by the score. There is no excuse for him. His trifling is not even thoughtless. He is deliberately a flirt."

As I have intimated, this letter cost Grace a headache and low spirits for a day or two; but by the third she was ready for a ride in the morning with Mr. West, and in the evening she walked with him upon the beach, after which they read Tennyson; rather he read—Mr. West was a fine reader—and she listened.

Nevertheless, from this time Stephen West dated a change in Miss Worden's manner. No one else saw it; he could not explain in what it consisted, could not grapple with it. When he sought to do so, he found nothing, yet the change was there. The knowledge piqued him,

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and he redoubled his assiduities. Without success, however. She repelled his efforts at love making with a calm self-possession, which left him in doubt how far he was understood. Stephen West was perplexed. He remained away from Mr. Worden's three whole days, and each morning Grace saw him ride past, accompanied by a young lady whom she had met several times in the village. When he came back Grace received him as impassively as ever. Evidently it was nothing to her whether he went or stayed.

One warm evening in August they strolled out on the beach, walking idly along, laughing, jesting, tossing pebbles into the water, and turning once and again to watch the sunset clouds. Purple and gold faded at last from the western sky, and Grace's spirits, which had been at their highest, seemed suddenly to ebb away. She was to leave in the morning.

"The sunshine has all gone," Stephen West said, breaking a full five minutes' silence, "and," dropping his voice to a low key, almost a whisper, "I feel to-night that the sunshine is leaving my heart, too. I cannot tell you what these past two months have been to me. I did not dream, when I came in May, that the summer would bring me such happiness as I have found in your society. Grace," he added, "let me feel that you will think with pleasure of the hours we have passed together—that you will not quite forget me. Look up, Grace, and let me see it in your face."

Miss Worden's hat had effectually shaded her countenance from his gaze; but she lifted her eyes now brimful of merriment. Something in Stephen West's glance, deliberately sentimental that it was, overcame her self-control, and a burst of laughter, clear and ringing, broke on his astonished ears. Mr. West looked injured.

"I don't see anything very amusing," he said, rather sullenly, when Grace's merriment had partially subsided.

"Don't you?" she asked, mockingly, and laughed again until, if I must confess it, Stephen West was provoked enough to have given her a sound shaking.

"Pray excuse me," she said, when she found her breath. "You would make an excellent actor; but, after all, the sentimental is not your style; and, besides, I was quite unprepared for that affecting valedictory. Now forgive me, won't you? and tell me what I should reply. Had you given me notice what was coming, I could have written something neat and appropriate by way of answer."

Stephen West bit his lip angrily. What could the man say in answer to her ridicule? Yet it made him only the more determined that she should believe him. "I wish it were all a jest!" he said, mournfully; "you can go away and forget all the hours which have been so pleasant to me, while I——"

"Go on," interrupted Grace, "you improve."

Stephen West was thoroughly exasperated. "I had not expected this ridicule from you, Miss Worden. Has all our intercourse gained me none of your regard?"

"Why should it? We both wanted pleasure, and tried to find it. If we sought it for awhile together, it was for self's sake, and what more can you ask?"

"Much more. I want you to think of me as a friend—to have faith in me," he answered, warmed into earnestness by her indifference.

"I shall when you prove that the tide at its highest will not ebb."

"Heartless!"

Grace turned upon him with flashing eyes. "It is well for me if I *am* heartless," she retorted. "Two months of such intimate companionship as these have been would prove dangerous unless the parties met on equal terms. Mr. West," she continued, "you have been making love to me ever since I came here, not because you care the snap of your finger for me, but as other idlers hunt and fish—for sport. Few girls would not have been deceived by your attentions. God's mercy, not my discernment, saved *me*. Do you think such trifling is nothing? Never mind, the day will come when you will rue it." She had spoken vehemently, her face showing how deeply she felt. "Come," she added, by a powerful effort resuming her usual manner, "I must go in; the dew is falling."

They walked the few steps in silence. At the gate Grace stopped. "I shall not ask you to come in," she said, "for I am in no mood to make the time pleasant for you. I spoke plainly just now, and you will like me none the better for it; but if what I said was severe, it was the truth, and you brought it on yourself. Not a word," seeing him about to speak, "denials will be useless, and excuses additional insults."

Stephen West went home in a maze. Young ladies were not accustomed to talk to him in the style Grace Worden had used. He had experienced a new sensation, and if it was not altogether pleasurable, he had only himself to thank. His wounded vanity, however, was not sufficient to blind him to the memory, that Grace Worden had never looked so pretty as when giving him that spirited lecture, and had she

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but known it she had never so nearly touched his heart.

II.

Two years later.

"Ashby Station! Change cars for the East," shouted the conductor of an express train about the middle of a pleasant June afternoon. "What, sir?" bending his ear to an old gentleman who had attracted his attention. "Yes, you leave the train here for North Hanna. It is nine miles across the country; but you will find a stage in waiting at the other side of the depot."

Just at that moment the train came to a full stop, and the old gentleman rising went out of the car, followed by a lady closely veiled. They found the stage waiting as the conductor had said, and, after assisting the lady to a seat in it, and attending to various articles of luggage, all evidently appropriated to feminine belongings, the old gentleman bade her a hurried good-by, and went back to his place on the cars.

The stage had but one other occupant, a gentleman, who watched these proceedings rather critically, and looked at the close veil as if he desired to extend his observations. The lady saw nothing of this. Her eyes were fixed upon the empty space beyond the depot, and when the train came in sight, she bent forward drawing her veil aside. Some one waved a handkerchief from a window; she answered the salutation, and then leaning back, lifted her eyes for the first time to the face opposite.

A slight start, a mutual exclamation of surprise followed.

"Mr. West!"

"Miss Worden!"

"So you are going to North Hanna?" she asked, after they had shaken hands cordially.

He smiled. "I live there."

"Do you? Then perhaps you know my friend Mrs. Wilson?"

"Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?" he asked, in evident astonishment.

"Indeed, yes. A very old friend, I assure you, but we have not met often of late. I have not seen her since——" Some consciousness prevented the conclusion of her remark. Since what? Mr. West lazily wondered.

The silence was becoming rather embarrassing. Grace broke it by introducing an all-absorbing subject—the war. They could talk well enough so long as the conversation was not on personal topics; and talk they did until about sunset the stage entered North Hanna.

"I met an old acquaintance to-day, Mary," Grace said to Mrs. Wilson, after the doctor had left the tea-table, being called away in haste on some professional business.

"Who was it?"

"Mr. West."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. West?"

"Precisely the tone in which he asked me this afternoon, 'Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?' Of course I know him. Better than you do, I'll warrant."

That night, in Grace's room, Mrs. Wilson and she had a long and confidential talk, much after the fashion of their school-days.

"You will invite him then?" Grace asked, as Mrs. Wilson rose to go.

"Certainly. Won't George open his eyes when he hears it all?"

The next morning, Mr. West called to see if Miss Worden was sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of her journey to ride with him; but Grace pleaded pre-engagement as an excuse for not accepting his invitation. As some compensation for his disappointment, however, Mrs. Wilson asked him to spend the ensuing evening there. He did so, and every succeeding one found him in the doctor's parlor. Grace's visit was limited to a week. From North Hanna she was going to Harleyford. She had a friend there, Miss Haskins, as she mentioned casually in conversation with Mr. West.

An uneasy flush suffused his face. Had she ever been in Harleyford? If so, did she know the Lakes? He did not dare to ask, he had not the courage to make any remarks about her journey, though he was aching to know with whom she was acquainted, and whether she had heard of him there. Her frankness saved him all trouble.

"Were you ever in Harleyford, Mr. West?" she asked, in a tone of grave inquiry, and then went on without waiting for a reply. "It is a very pleasant place, and the society far better than you generally find in towns of its size. I spent several months there the winter after I was in Uptonleigh, and I shall never forget them. I have been happier ever since for having known the joy they brought me."

For some reason her thoughts and conversation recurred to Harleyford very frequently. They were out in the yard one evening, Mrs. Wilson, Stephen West, and Grace. The latter was standing by a bush covered with dark crimson, velvet-petaled roses.

"I always think of Mrs. Wayne when I see these, Mary," she said, speaking to Mrs. Wilson. "You remember how often Charlotte used to mention her; but she was only Margaret Lake then. Such a lovely woman as she is, and Mr.

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Wayne is quite worthy of her. It is very rare to see husband and wife so perfectly happy in their domestic relations. I am sure *you* would admire her, Mr. West."

Stephen West had not a word to say. The guilty flush on his face must have betrayed him; but Grace had bent her head toward the flowers, and Mrs. Wilson was apparently unobservant.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of human fancy. This man, who had been in Grace Worden's society daily for two months, who had sought to win her affection, just for sport, as she had told him, without one serious thought of making her his wife, now loved her deeply. He marveled at the blindness which had made him indifferent to her excellencies. Yet it did not seem to his heart that this love, which, for the time being, absorbed all other emotions, was of recent birth.

The germ was planted that evening by the sea-side. Since that interview, mortifying as it was, Grace had been something more and better than one among the many pretty girls he had met, flirted with, and forgotten. In silence and in darkness his love had grown, only revealing itself to his consciousness when he met her again.

There must surely have been the germ of better things in Stephen West's nature. A meaner soul, which had felt the sting of Grace Worden's brave, outspoken indignation, would have remembered her with a feeling of petty spite. Each wrong act is one step toward utter bankruptcy, and Stephen West realized it during that week.

Trifler as he had been before, and probably would be again, he was in earnest for once. Grace was more openly reserved with him than ever before. Was the omen good or bad? Had he quite sinned away his day of grace?

One evening, it was the last of her visit, Mrs. Wilson invited him to take tea with them. The doctor had not come in, and his wife was busy in the dining-room. Grace, for some reason best known to herself, was stationed by the window, her intent gaze upon the street, which, the yard being deep, was almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery. Stephen West stood near her, leaning against the window-sill and looking down into her face with a glance, which, had it been able, would have read her very soul.

"So you go to-morrow?" he asked, at length, more to break the silence than because not fully assured of the fact.

"I suppose so." A mischievous impulse was upon her, and she obeyed its promptings, lifting a demure face to his. "Have you no valedictory to deliver?"

Mr. West's face crimsoned to his temples. "I was a fool!" he broke out, impetuously, "and did not discover it until it was too late. If I was trifling then, I am not now, for I love you, Grace Worden, with all my heart."

As if fascinated, she had watched him through this speech. She knew that he spoke the truth, but the idea was too painful. She would not ever seem to believe it.

"Don't talk nonsense to me," she answered, sharply. "You know I do not like it. I will not listen."

"You *shall* listen this once if never again. It is not *nonsense*. I do love you as I never loved another, as I never can——"

But Grace was gone. She had seen something, or some one, and flown out of the room and down the walk. Before Mr. West had recovered from his amazement at her sudden exit, she was half-way to the gate in the arms of a gentleman, whose bearded lips were covering her face with kisses. He saw it all from his station by the window, and could have gnashed his teeth with rage.

A moment after, Grace entered the room, leaning upon the arm of a fine-looking man, whose countenance, even in that first glance, seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Excuse me for leaving you so abruptly," she said, hurriedly, and Mr. West saw a look of pain underlying her blushes, "and permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my husband, Mr. Lake. You should not seem quite strangers, though you have never met before, for I believe you were once a friend of his sister Margaret."

A moment's pause, one full of meaning, and then, utterly confounded, Stephen West wheeled about and left the room, left the house, too, without even the ceremony of an adieu.

The surprise, of which Grace had conceived the idea immediately upon discovering that Mr. West was still in ignorance of her marriage, was more unpleasant than she had anticipated. She had not intended to manifest the slightest acquaintance with his previous history; but the painful avowal to which she had listened brought with it such anxiety to get him out of her sight, that she impulsively revealed the identity of each to the other.

Almost maddened by mortification and disappointment, Stephen West was never very certain how he reached home that night. In his bitter humiliation he wished that the earth

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would open and swallow him out of sight. His sin had found him out, and be you very sure, my reader, that no Scripture truth is more frequently verified by human experience than this, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

LUELLA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A SAD refrain
Her mournful life, breathing and passing on. The prismal rain,
Bright as it falls through each unclouded ray,
Lost in the stagnant pool—such was her day.

And was she fair?
Go ask the fairy wind that lingered in her shadowy hair;
And called the fresh carnation to embrace
The delicate lily of her sweet young face!

The mystic lore
Of Nature's truths, as the Summer hours stole on, she pondered o'er,
Gleaning a purified light from their revealing,
The while a deathless gloom was o'er her stealing.

This was her grief;
Guiltless, she stood in the cold world, alone—the intrusive leaf
Of a vile weed—too pure to love her kin,
Yet could not rise—she was the child of sin.

The very name
Of home was shrouded in the haunts of infamy and shame;
Yet infamy, with all malicious art,
Unharmed the virtue of her innocent heart.

Ah! well did Eve
Unto her weary, sin-stained race, a path of rescue leave;
Who but the just, yet tortured Son of woe,
The living pain of that grieved one might know?

That blessed word
The gentle "Come," to many a child of earth-born hope unheard,
Was healing balm to her, she learned to rest
Her aching heart on Love's compassionate breast.

And when her eye
Grew dim from constant pain, and the fevered pulse moved languidly,
And coldness gathered on her solemn brow—
That holy, triumph-smile—I see it now.

Even as Death
Chilled the warm current in her veins; and her last waning breath
Welcomed the clasp of that dissolving hand,
Which, parting earth, unbarred the shining land!

In the lone vale
We lay her, pale as the star-flower. Angels might hear the tale
And weep o'er her dark life-path to that shore,
Where, glorified, she weepeth never more!

THE GROVE OF PINES.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

I KNOW of a grove of desolate pines,
Through whose gothic gloom the sun never shines;
Where the faint, muffled breeze complains all the day
Like a child that is sobbing its life away.

'Twas a terrible night in the hot July,
When the stars looked sick in the sultry sky,
And the red moon stared through the dark pine-wood
Like a beautiful face all stained with blood:

There was fire in my body, and fire in my soul,
And a madness possessed me I could not control:
I rushed to this grove for a breath of pure air—
Ah, God! what demon had tempted her there?

She had broken her vows in the days of old,
And bartered her love for pitiful gold;
She had blighted my manhood, and maddened my brain,
Then why should she darken my pathway again?

I spurned her, at first, as a venomous thing,
For the love she had crushed left a deadly sting;
But ah! there was that in her piteous gaze
Which awoke all the yearnings of happier days.

She said, that her life-fever soon would be past,
And her poor, broken heart would be quiet at last;
But, ere her long journey, she prayed God to see
One sweet look of love and forgiveness from me.

We had parted in anger, in sorrow, and pain,
And the thoughts of that parting still burned in her brain;
And when her poor soul from its body had flown,
My spirit would hang like a weight on her own!

Then she sank to the earth with a low moan of pain.
Which thawed all the ice from my heart and my brain!
I told her I pardoned her all she had done,
And I hoped that in Heaven our souls would be one.

Then a beautiful light gleamed out of her eye,
Like the loveliest tints in a soft Summer sky;
And she whispered so sweetly, ere yielding her breath,
She knew that our love would be stronger than death!

O'er her cold, marble form, through that terrible night,
I watched and wept till the morn's early light;
While the red moon stared through the dark pine-wood,
Like a beautiful face all stained with blood!

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MR. HOBSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

One day, mamma, aunt Lois, and I sat sewing and talking politics, when we suddenly heard a great pull at the door-bell, heard Biddy scrambling along the hall to let the person in, and, in a moment, saw Mr. Hobson standing in the door of our sitting-room, nodding, with considerable confusion, one way and another, handling his whipstock, and saying, "How d'do, Miss Hastin's? How d'do, all? Fine day! Where's the squire, if I may be ser bold as ter ask?"

I offered him a seat, offered to take the hat he had just pulled off.

"No, guess not, Juley. Guess can't stop ter-day, anyhow. Is yer father—yes, I see 'im comin'. How d'do, squire?"

I remember what a shake of the hand it was, in which pa's hand seemed trying to go up, whenever Mr. Hobson's was on its way down.

"Fine day, squire! Fine day!"

"Very fine! Be seated, Mr. Hobson." And, after having waited awhile, as if for the opening of Mr. Hobson's errand, "We've had fine weather all along," he added.

"Pooty fine. Ruther ketchin', though; most o' the time through hayin', ha'n't it been?"

"Well, rather, *perhaps*." Then there was another pause, which pa broke by asking, "Any news up your way, to-day?"

"Wal, not in pertikerler up *our* way. There's sunthin' somewhere, though, 't per'aps ye ha'n't heerd on," handling his cap, rubbing the end of his nose up, scratching his head.

Seeing his confusion, mamma and aunt Lois resumed their sewing and their conversation, which, as I said before, was upon politics; that is, upon political men. They were incidentally praising the honesty and decision of General Jackson's character. Having listened to them a moment to catch their low tones, Mr. Hobson began to laugh in a forced manner, to shake his head one way and another, and to say, "Ye must be a leetle carefle, mustn't ye, squire, how ye let *your* women-folks praise Gin'ral Jackson? Some o' our folks 're easy made s'picious, now-days, even 'f they don't hear nothin' but the women-folks of a family like yourn praisin' the big men o' t'other parties."

Pa, looking a little anxious, said,

"I suppose so; but——"

"Oh! we know *you're* sound, squire. I wa'n't adoubtin' that," tipping his chair against the wall, and, in other respects, disposing of himself comfortably. "No doubt yer women-folks air too; but there's ben such goin'-overs, from our side ter theirn, an' from theirn ter ourn, within a year er two, that, sometimes, there don't seem ter be any head ner tail *to* the parties, anyway. An' so we are carefle, some of us; we're obleeged ter be. An', perhaps, you ha'n't got a hint on't yet; but it's what I was thinkin' on when you asked me 'f there was any news up our way; it's what I was thinkin' on, an' wantin' ter be one o' the fust ter tell ye, when I come—it's that you're more likely 'n any other man we've got ter be our fust rep'sent'tive in a year from this time. Col. Chase 'n I were talkin' on't, no longer ago 'n yesterday, an' we both come ter the 'clusion that you stan' a better chance than any other man o' gittin' the nomination another year. We both 'cluded *we'd* go in for't, 'like a thousan' brick' 's they say."

Pa thanked him, told him to present his thanks to Col. Chase also, and invited him to go out and see how his hay looked now he had got it all into the barn.

Standing in the doorway, his body leaning against one side of the doorway, while his one hand was so stretched as to rest on the other side, Mr. Hobson paid mamma, aunt Lois, and me his parting compliments.

"I told my wife, Miss Hastin's, she'd better spruce up an' come down with me an' 'make a call,' as you women-folks say; but she 'bjected. You're ser much smarter 'n she knows *how* ter be. She's afeared, I believe; an' will be, pro'bly, 'f ye don't come up ter see her fust. So come up, some time," heavily dropping his hand. "We shall be takin' our honey, one hive on't, afore long. Ye shall have some ter eat and ter bring home, if ye'll come up. Bring 'em up, squire. It'll be a help ter ye, perhaps; for it'll show our farmers up there that ye put yerself on an equil with 'em; an' nawthin' suits 'em any better 'n that does. Come up!"

"Yes," replied pa, "we will certainly try to

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go up, some day, Mr. Hobson." His looks, in saying it, appealed to mamma.

"Certainly, Mr. Hobson," said mamma, dropping her eyes when they alighted upon his figure in the doorway. "If Mr. Hastings thinks it proper for me to make the first visit, that is."

"As Mr. Hastings does, Mr. Hobson, in this case, where such old friends are concerned," said pa, bowing and speaking with great politeness. Pa was elated with his prospects in politics, I saw. I saw that pa was almost ready to take, not only Mr. Hobson, but every Hobson, on his shoulders and carry them from that time—until the next election was over.

"An' I sh'd like ter have this beau o' yourn, Juley, Mr.—what's 'is name?—come up. Take yer car'yall, squire, an' bring 'em all up. Tell this Mr.—I never can think o' 'is name——"

"Mr. Singleton," interposed pa.

"Tell him ter come. Tell 'im 'f 'e settles here, his turn'll come, by'm-by, ter be our re-p'sent'tive. The colonel an' I spoke 'bout it yest'd'y. The colonel seems ter think *I* ought ter be sillikmen; but I laffed well, an' told 'im I guessed the' wouldn't anybody else besides he think o' that." He again laughed a forced laugh, and colored—colored more deeply when pa politely replied, "I don't know about that, Mr. Hobson. You've been faithful to the party, and the party knows it."

Yes, he knew he had, Mr. Hobson said; said, "Good arternune, back there;" meaning back in the sitting-room where mamma, aunt Lois, and I were; for his head and shoulders were already out-of-doors. "Be sure an' come up, all." And then he went past the windows on his way to the barn with pa.

When we were at tea, and mamma was trying to describe Mr. Hobson to her brother, pa said, "Yes; but there was something in the man, after all. He was wealthy, shrewd in his way, very independent, and somehow had considerable—a good deal of influence, over a certain portion of the party—men that he hired, all or a part of the time, and farmers who lived still farther out than he did. It would be good policy to keep the right side of such a man, just then"—his looks appealing to mamma and Singleton.

Yes; mamma could understand that, she said; with no little hesitation adding, that perhaps we had better just drive up, some day, as the man wished. We could stop at the door, and go in if they insisted on it; but she really would not like to have it known in the village, that we started for the very purpose of calling on just such people as the Hobsons were.

No; well; nobody need know that we started for that, pa said—very well pleased with mamma, offering her more raspberries, more cream and sugar, more cake.

CHAPTER II.

We were talking about Apollo, I remember, when a loud knock came at the inner door; and before Biddy, with all her scrambling, could reach the door, it was opened from without, and Mr. Hobson's thin, brown face, brown frock, and big oaken whipstock were in the doorway.

"How d'do, squire?" said he, giving the front of his hat a shove that set it back farther into his neck. "No, no, squire! don't git up!" We were at tea. "Keep yer settin', all on ye, fer I can't stop long; I've left my hoss on-hitched; but I come in ter let ye know 't I've took one hive o' my honey, an' it come out grand! Ride up Wednesday an' git some on't, can't ye?"

"Come in, Mr. Hobson," said pa, stuck fast in thoughts of the party mamma was to give the next Wednesday, of which not a word must be said, since, influential as Mr. Hobson was in some quarters, it was impossible that he and his family should be invited. "Yes; you're very kind, Mr. Hobson. I *wish* you'd walk in and be seated." He looked the table over, I remember, looked at mamma, as he concluded. Mamma seemed to understand his thoughts; for she also looked the table over; looked at that part of the table where Mr. Hobson's plate would go, if it were brought. Mr. Hobson was looking the table over, when we again directed our attention to him, to see if he was going to accept pa's invitation to enter.

"No; guess I won't stop. That is, not if ye can tell me, right off, whe'er ye'll come up a-Wednesday, er not."

"Come in and eat some supper with us, Mr. Hobson," said pa, beginning with doubt, but ending with a good degree of complacency, gathered from mamma's assenting looks. "Sit right down here with us, and have some supper! Biddy shall bring you a plate. Julia has already placed your chair, you see. That is right, Mr. Hobson; you've put your hat and whip in just the right place."

He had deposited them on our work-table, across mamma's fine needle-work.

Mr. Hobson's eyes went uneasily from one to another on his difficult way to the table. He seemed to tumble into his chair, at last, saying—as if ashamed still, although a little relieved—

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"There, I've got here! I'm pooty awk'ard 's ye'll have a chance ter find out 'f ye see me many times."

"Never mind that, Mr. Hobson. Let me help you to some of this nice beef that Julia has brought on purpose for you."

"No, squire! don't go fer ter passin' things ter me. I tell folks 'f they go ter bein' perlite ter me, 't nawthin' puts me out like perliteness. I tell 'em I can stan' anything else better'n I can stan' perliteness."

Meantime he was reaching out toward butter, bread; which, meantime, mamma and I were making haste to place, together with other dishes, in his immediate neighborhood, saying, "There, now you shall have the pleasure of helping yourself, Mr. Hobson."

"That's jest what I allers want ter do. When folks come ter my house, a-visitin', I say, 'Now, here's the victuals; you've got 'as long arms 's I've got; now jest help yerselves.'"

He looked to pa for pa's approval, and of course got it. "That was just the right thing to do, Mr. Hobson," pa assured him.

"*I* think 'tis, squire. 'Cordin' ter *my* notion 't don't belong ter *any* man here in this country that's dem'cratic an' 'publican too, (both on 'em!) ter wait an' tend 'pon 'nother man; I don't care *who* he is! If Gin'ral Jackson, now"—raising his right hand with his knife in it, and growing red in the face—"er Gin'ral Wash'n'ton 'imself was out here in the road, an' if 'e told me ter hold 'is hoss fer 'im, I'd lunge my han's down ter my laigs like this! an' speak right up afore 'im, an' say, 'If you'll hold my hoss, sir, I'll hold yourn, an' not a minute afore!' I'd do it, quicker'n I'd wink! *See* 'f I don't do it, squire, 'f I ever have a chanee to! Fer, as I look at it, the fact 's jest here; it don't belong ter a man, here in this country where we've all got the right ter be equil, an' air equil in the sight o' the lor an' the constitootion, ter bear one arbit'ary word from 'nother man; 'spccially 'f that man's got it into 'is head somehow that he's a leetle, perhaps consid'able, more 'n equil. He'n! I'd knock a man down fer thinkin' he wus more'n equil, afore I'd knock 'im down fer anythin' else under the sun! I would, *so*, squire!"

And I thought he looked as though he really would.

"Yes;" pa said, "yes;" and kept also nodding assent.

"An' what der *you* say, Mr.—Mr.—I allus furgit yer name——"

"Mr. Singleton"—suavely explained pa, smiling at that which Mr. Hobson was rather obstreperously laughing at—the start with which Singleton received his loud address. "What der ye say ter all men bein' equil in this country? Ye think they air, don't ye?"

Singleton, after some hesitation, answered that he thought all men had the right to be equal if they could.

"Some more of this cake, Mr. Hobson?" now interposed pa, just as the man was preparing, after a little puzzled thinking, to open his mouth.

After he was gone, pa said he purposely interrupted the conversation there, lest something should be said about education, or something of the sort. Mr. Hobson had no faith in education, he told mamma and Singleton; no patience if one spoke of it. He despised it, (or pretended to; he supposed he did really despise it,) just as he despised varnish on a carriage, a glossy coat on a horse, fine broadcloth on a man, silks on a woman; although, if the truth was known, pa added, Mr. Hobson was a great deal prouder of his homespun frock and cowhide boots, than the majority of men are of the finest cloth and handsomest boots they can find. He was, in fact, one of the proudest men in the world, although he was far enough from knowing it.

Mamma presumed so; hoped he wouldn't be angry when he found out why we could not go up the day he first mentioned. Pa thought we could make it all right when we went up Thursday. Looking a little anxiously out where Singleton was silently surveying—his pencil, pa hoped that *he* would feel like going.

"Jerome? you don't know him so well as I do," said mamma. "He'd go to Mount Carmel, (isn't it Carmel, Julia?) for a good eat of honey just out of the hive, any time. Julia—I wonder what Julia will go for?" looking at me with one of the smiles that daily were growing more friendly.

"She will go," replied pa, a little sternly, "because it is for my interest at this time, that, if there should be any feeling of dislike, or pride, or anything of the sort, to prevent her going, at another time, it must, for the present, be put aside. The Hobsons must at present be treated well."

I did not reply. He did not seem to expect me to; but, hunting after my sewing implements, which Mr. Hobson's hat and whip had scattered, I thought that *I* was not the one who then, or at any other time, was most likely to treat the Hobsons either with dislike or pride.

CHAPTER III.

"LAND! if they a'n't here! *so* soon!" we heard some one say, as we drove up toward Mr.

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Hobson's front door. Next, we heard a great running and hurrying; and, through the open doors and windows, saw flitting forms and flitting shadows. A little dog, whose hairs all looked as if they grew the wrong way, came rushing round the corner of the house, lifted his nose in the air and protested against us, altogether. A slow dog came so far that we could see his big, round head, but could see nothing more of him, and there he protested; sonorously. Two white geese came trotting to hiss us; another white goose took modest steps away from us, toward the corner of the garden, her head turned a little so as to look at us. Singleton told her she was a lady. A straggling company of hens were stepping about, pecking, before the kitchen door; each gave a light cackle and lifted one bright yellow claw to lay it against the feathers.

By this time, I mean by the time pa and Singleton had fastened the horses, and mamma and I had taken our stand upon the broad, flat doorstone, Mr. Hobson came bursting out upon us, saying, "How d'do, squire? how d'do all the rest on ye? Walk right in, squire! walk in, all! Bose!" tipping his head back almost into our faces, as he was leading us in, to speak to the head of the big dog. "Behave yerself, can't ye, Bose? when ye're afore folks, 'f ye don't any other time!"

Chuckling at what he had said, he gave us chairs, saying he "Guessed his woman wa'n't quite ready. He s'posed," kinking his eye in a queer way to look at the old clock in the corner, "he s'posed 'f the truth was told, she didn't 'xpect us quite ser airly, bein' we lived in the village, where he'd understood folks were ser perlite, they didn't *begin* ter go visitin' t'll 'bout the time when them that lived out o' the villages was puttin' their things on ter go home ter milkin'! If we'd make ourselves ter home, he'd go an' see 'f 'e could hunt 'er up."

Mrs. Hobson was a tired, sickly-looking person, like so many of our women! Her chest was thin, her form tall and stooping. Her head was small, handsomely shaped, and was farther improved by the abundance of black hair, brushed smoothly across her temples and put up in a knot behind. Her eyes were large, black, and as they rapidly surveyed our party, wore a simple look of uneasiness and dignified self-respect. Her accost was gentle, but her language, when she spoke, betrayed a lack of culture nearly equal to her husband's. She kept moving about awhile, to put things in place; then, at a motion of my hand, she came and seated herself near me. Her husband, meantime, was already engaged in telling pa that, "'Cordin' 's the sillikmen 'ad made out 'is taxes the last year, he had the valleybleest farm an' the valleybleest stock o' cattle, an' the most money out ter int'rest, of any man in town;" and pa, meantime, sat listening with assiduity, with assiduity nodding his admissions, and also saying, "Yes, Mr. Hobson! yes; we all know Mr. Hobson is one of our heaviest men."

"Wal," with a brisk inflexion upward, "I've worked hard enough ter git it; and when I've got a dollar, I've held on to 't. I've worked *hard.* I've screwed, an' twisted, an' pulled, an' shoved, airly an' late; an' I've done it with orl mer might. I ha'n't saved mer strength a mite, ner tried to; fer I found out 't this 's the only way ter git yer money—the only way ter keep it, arter ye've got it. An' what's the use o' gittin' on't, I sh'd like ter know, 'f ye don't keep it? Mr. Bell, up here, now, 's got 's good a farm 's mine is; I do' know but better, in the fust of it. I do' know but 'e works 's hard 's I do. He's a hard-workin' man, anyway. I do' know but Miss Bell works 's hard 's my woman doos; but 'e spen's every cent 'e gits 's 'e goes along, an' is *allus* behind-hand, allus! Can't hardly pay 'is taxes. An' he doos it tryin' ter edicate them two boys o' his; it's nawthin' else doos it—nawthin'! For they *live* a good deal prudenter 'n we do. I've seen their table when it didn't look 's though 't had *anything* on it compared with ourn. Fer I will have a good livin', an' the men that work fer me shall. I allus tell my woman ter git 'nough of it, an' that that's good 'nough. I tell 'er ter put a good lot o' short'nin' in her doughnuts, 'f *doos* make 'em soak up the fat. *She* don't 'xactly like the way 't takes the fat off. *I* tell 'er ter let it take it off, sence 't makes the nuts ser much better. It kind o' scares 'er, too, I reckon, arter she's ben an' cooked orl the forenune, ter see the victuals go off so. But I laugh. I like ter see 'em eat. I tell 'em ter lay to; an' the way they do lay to ain't slow, 'specially the youngsters that work fer me." He was looking at his wife, laughing to see her recoil from his picture of her hardships. "But, arter all this, I won't have no waste. If there's one thing under God's heaven I'm principled ag'in, it's ag'in waste, of orl kinds. If I was ter see ser much 's er kernel o' corn, er a pea, er a bean, layin' there on the floor, this minute, I sh'd leave right off, in the middle of talkin', an' go an' put it in the peck-measure in the shed afore I said any more ter any on ye; for waste 's sunthin' I never did have, an' never

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will, in the house where I'm marster! But I allus did approve o' folks eatin' what they wanted, an' 's much 's they wanted. Don't you say so, squire?"

"Well, that would do as a general rule," pa said.

"Yes, as a gin'ral thing; that's what I mean. Oh! there *is* folks, of course, that ha'n't got it, an' so can't eat it; but, as a gin'ral rool, I mean."

I remember that Mrs. Hobson, looking upon him, sighed, with an air of weariness and discouragement that went to my heart. Mr. Hobson himself seemed to see something of it, for he colored; and, coming to his feet in the abrupt manner peculiar to him, he told his wife—with a wink round on us all, I remember—that, "Perhaps, she'd better be fetchin' some o' that honey in, afore long;" and then, speaking to pa, said, "S'pose ye come out, squire, an' see my hay, while she's gittin' on't; you showed me yourn t'other day when I was down there. I s'pose Mr. What's-'is-name—fer I can't think o' nawthin' else ter call 'im by—'d ruther stay here pooty near Juley than ter go."

After we had partaken of the honey, and the nutty bread made from wheat of his own raising, in quantities "so light and unsat'sfactory" to Mr. Hobson, I remember that he gave orders to his wife to put up a two-quart pailful for us to bring home. And when we were ready to leave, he took us out to the vegetable garden to see his bees at work. I was walking beside him and his wife; and, when we were crossing the ample "green" surrounding his house on the front, and used, all of it, for a carriage-sweep, I said to them that they needed a yard there, with some shrubs, trees, and flowers in it.

"But you don't think o' the time it takes!" said he, evidently regarding the argument as what he would call "a clincher."

"Oh! but time! What was time given us for?" I asked him.

"Wal, as ter that, 's near 's *he* could make out, a man that was a farmer, an' nawthin' else, like him, needed 'is time ter raise pervisions; an' the woman 't was a farmer's wife, an' wa'n't anythin' else, needed her time, pooty much, ter cook it, an' git on the table, an' clean it off ag'in. That was the way 't seemed ter him. How did it seem ter me?"

With the gravity I thought the subject demanded I replied, that to me it seemed that the man who was a farmer, and the woman who was a farmer's wife, had spirits as well as bodies. Their spirits were to live on and on forever and forever, near God or far off from Him, according as they were fit or unfit for His holy presence; and to me it seemed that a good deal of improvement and refreshment should be given to them; that their bodies should be taken excellent care of, to be sure; but it should be that kind of care which would best fit them to be the abodes of their spirits here in this life.

"That's what I've said to 'im!" said Mrs. Hobson, kindling before us. "Only I wa'n't capable of sayin' it in your way."

"That's it! that's jest it!" he replied. "But it was wuth jest 's much, I s'pose. I s'pose I ort ter 'tended to't, orl the same. She's ben a good woman, Juley, whatever *I've* ben. I sh'd 'a ben a good deal better 'n I am now, 'f I'd 'tended ter *orl* she's said."

When he was handing pa the reins, he said,

"Obleeged ter ye fer comin' *this* time. If ye come up ag'in, Juley, somewhere 'bout the fust o' Meay, another spring, p'r'aps ye'll find a yard here where we be now. I shouldn't wonder 'f ye did. Ride up, anyway; an' 'f there is a yard, my woman 'll like pooty well ter have ye tell 'er what kind o' posy seeds ter sow, I s'pose, an' how ter sow 'em; an' about her rutes, an' booshes. Will ye come?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Hobson. And I will bring a good many things from our own overfull garden."

And so, next summer, the poor man shall have a chance to hear what morning and evening lectures the flowers will deliver before him. She, poor woman! walking in their midst, shall sometimes feel as if she were walking with angels.

NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden cord,
Severed the silken tie;
Never again will the old days come,
Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful past!
Why should we strive to win
One of the olden days to cheer
Our wretchedness and sin?

Memories? Fold them up—
Lay them sacred by.
What are dreams of the past to us?
The future for you and I!

The future hard and stern,
Dark as the day of doom!
Better we, with our olden faith,
Were slumbering in the tomb.

Broken the silken cord,
Severed the golden chain,
Linking us with the beautiful days
That never can come again!

M. A. K.

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JUST LIKE AN OLD FAIRY TALE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Oh, uncle Rolfe! dear, dear uncle Rolfe! How glad I am to see you! Sit down here by me and let me look at you. Not altered a bit in all this long three years. Oh! how glad I am that you have come home!" and Rosa Carter finished her warm welcome by a loving embrace.

Rolfe Henderson took the slight, graceful little figure very close to his breast, as he pressed a warm kiss on the upraised face, and there was a dimness in the full brown eye that rested on his niece.

"Why, Rosa, my darling, I can't echo your words," he said, after a few moments of most "eloquent silence," "you have altered. You are quite a young lady now."

"Eighteen next spring."

"Yes, yes. Poor Luly! how proud she would have been of you!"

"Am I like my mother, uncle Rolfe?"

"Very! The same soft brown hair and eyes; the same clear complexion and slender figure, and the same delicate, regular features; you are my darling sister restored to me again, Rosa. And now tell me about this marriage. Your letter was not very satisfactory, but as I was coming home so soon, I did not think it necessary to write for further particulars."

"I wrote all that I knew. I was still at boarding-school last August, when my father wrote to me to come home in October to meet my step-mother. He was to be married in Paris, and return by the steamer in September; and he wrote to aunt Rachel to open the house, and have everything ready for himself, my step-mother, and her two daughters. When I came home they were here."

"Well?"

"That is all. Father wished me to be introduced into society this winter; but my step-mother thinks I am too young."

"You do not call her mother?"

"I! uncle Rolfe! I call her mother!"

"Hush! Why, Rosa, I did not think you could speak so passionately;" his face darkened. "Is she unkind to you, little one?"

"No, not actively unkind; only entirely indifferent. I am as much alone here as if there were not a relative of mine in the house. Father, having been for eight years in Europe, has pretty much forgotten me, and I cannot find him alone much now. He is very proud of Josephine and Marian. They are like their mother, tall, handsome brunettes, one thirty, the other twenty-seven years old, very highly accomplished, and very demonstrative in their affection. I cannot fight the battle with them, so I have given way, hoping for brighter days. And they will come, now, for *you* are here. You love me, uncle."

The heavy frown that had come on Rolfe Henderson's face, broke up like a cloud before sunlight, as Rosa whispered her last sentence, and he turned to her a face full of loving light.

"Patience," he said. "If trouble comes, I will be here. I will not go away again."

"Not go away!" cried Rosa, in a joyful tone.

"No. I am a rich man now, and will give up traveling and settle down here. My old landlady will be glad enough to have me for a permanent boarder, so I can be always near you."

"They are coming. I hear the carriage!"

A moment later, three ladies came into the drawing-room, and Rosa advanced to meet them and introduce her uncle.

"My uncle, Mr. Henderson," she said, as he arose and bowed, "Mrs. Carter, Miss Lewison, and Miss Marian Lewison. The ladies acknowledged the introduction, and then a torrent of small talk took the place of the former confidential conversation. The weather, the new exhibition of pictures, the opera, and the last new novel, all came under discussion; and Mr. Henderson's fine, graceful figure, his handsome face and animated manner, were quite sufficient to make the young ladies exert their choicest powers of pleasing.

"We have been ordering dresses for the Opera House Ball," said Josephine. "You will be there, Mr. Henderson?"

"I have but just arrived from Chicago, and have not heard of the latest gayeties, Miss Lewison. When and where is it?"

"Three weeks from to day at the opera house. I met one of the Misses Gray at Stewart's in the depths of despair, because all the hair-dressers are engaged; we fortunately can trust to Lisette, mamma's French maid, who has exquisite taste. By-the-way, Rosa, how is she?"

"Better, this morning. Dr. Williams thinks she may sit up to-morrow."

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"She must be well by the seventeenth," said Josephine, positively.

"What are you going to wear to the ball?" said Mr. Henderson, turning to his niece.

"Rosa is too young to go to balls," said Mrs. Carter, rather sharply. "But you have probably a thousand things to discuss after your long separation," she added, more sweetly, "so we will not interrupt you any longer;" and with her two daughters following her, the lady sailed away.

"So you are not to go?" said Mr. Henderson.

"Not until the Misses Lewison are married, I believe. Oh! I should like to go! I never went to anything but a dancing-school ball in my life."

"Then why don't you speak to your father?"

"It would be useless, if I did. Besides, I am like Flora McFlimsey, with nothing to wear."

"Oh!"

"You see I have not come out, and I have not an evening dress in the world, except one white muslin."

"What was Miss Lewison asking about her maid, Rosa?"

"Oh! poor Lisette! she has been very ill. She was taken sick in my room, so I would not let them move her, and for nearly a fortnight she has had chills and fever; I put up a little cot for myself and took care of her. Poor child! she is so patient and grateful that it is a pleasure to wait upon her. She promised yesterday, in a violent attack of gratitude, to dress my hair fifty times a day when she gets well."

While Mr. Henderson and Rosa passed on to other topics, Mrs. Carter and her daughters went to the former lady's room.

"Girls," she said, throwing aside her heavy velvet cloak, "that is one of the best matches in Philadelphia."

"Who, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes; your step-father told me about him. He is the brother of the first Mrs. Carter; he is about forty-five, though, as you see, he looks ten years younger."

"And very handsome," said Josephine.

"He has been a civil engineer, and is very wealthy—immensely so, in fact, for his father left his money, in the English fashion, to his son. Now, he will be coming here constantly to see Rosa; and as Mr. Carter can't be expected to take care of you forever, you had better not let him slip through your fingers."

"Widower?" asked Marian.

"Yes; his wife died of heart disease four months after they were married, twenty or thirty years ago; so of course all the romance of that is over long ago."

Perhaps if Mrs. Carter could have seen the little gold locket, with its miniature picture and lock of golden hair, which rested night and day on Rolfe Henderson's heart, she might have changed her mind.

"Well, Josy, you are the eldest, you may make love to Mr. Henderson," said Marian; "for my part, I am determined to keep my heart free until I see this Mr. Lorimer that Mrs. Grey talks of so much."

"Mr. Grant's heir, the young millionaire, as Mrs. Grey calls him?"

"Yes; he has been in New Orleans for some years, but is expected here soon, and is to stay with Mrs. Grey; she hopes he will come in time for the ball."

The eventful seventeenth had come, and passed, until evening; Mr. and Mrs. Carter, with Josephine and Marian, had left the house, and Rosa was heroically trying to forget her longings in a book. Lisette, who had been in a state of great excitement all day, was fussing about the dressing-room, arranging pins, combs, and brushes, and finally spreading out a number of clothes on the bed.

"What are you doing, Lisette?" said Rosa.

"Only clearing away the room. Ah!" she cried, as a violent ring came at the door-bell, "at last!"

She flew down chairs, and soon returned with a large bandbox and a tiny note, directed,

"Miss Rosa Carter," and containing these words:

"My Pet—If uncle Rolfe is not too old an escort for such a little fairy, be dressed at ten o'clock, and he will call for you to go to the Opera House Ball."

"Dressed!" cried Rosa.

"*Mais! oui!*" said Lisette, opening the bandbox. "Monsieur Henderson did tell Lisette he want measure for dress, for slipper, for glove! Oh!" And the voluble little French woman poured forth her admiration in her own tongue, as she lifted from the box a dress of soft white lace made over blue silk, and exquisitely trimmed with lilies and forget-me-nots. A head-dress of these flowers in its white box came next, and then the satin slippers, gloves, lace handkerchief, and even the costly fan to complete the dress. Nothing was wanting; even the delicate lace trimming of the gloves, the thousand little finishing touches which every dress receives, were all complete.

Lisette was rapid in her movements, and the long, silky brown hair was braided low on the rosy cheek, and arranged to accommodate the head-dress; the whole dress was put on artisti-

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cally in a short time, and Rosa stood blushing before the long glass, astonished at her own loveliness heightened by the becoming dress.

"May I come in?" cried Mr. Henderson's laughing voice at the door. "I have been hiding in the parlor ever since I sent up the finery."

The door flew open, and Rosa stood making a deep courtesy before him.

"Stand still!" he said, gently, and upon the snowy throat and round arms he clasped a set of pearls, and then presented a bouquet. From the depths of the bandbox Lisette fished out a long white merino opera cloak and hood, which she threw over the whole.

"Ah! Lisette, you are an able conspirator," said Mr. Henderson, laughing. "I should never have remembered half these things without your aid."

Lisette gave a merry little laugh that showed her pleasure, and then pointed to the clock.

"Nearly eleven!" cried Mr. Henderson. "Come, blue-bird!"

The gayety was at its height, and Marian Lewison was standing in one of the boxes, presenting Mr. Lorimer to her mother, when Josephine said suddenly,

"Who is that just entering with Mr. Henderson? It is Rosa!"

"Rosa!" cried her mother and sister, leaning forward.

"Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed Mr. Lorimer. "It is he. Excuse me, Miss Lewison," and with a bow he was off.

"Rolfe Henderson, my kind friend!"

"Wilfred Lorimer, the young pickle!" This was the greeting the gentlemen exchanged.

"Rosa, let me introduce Mr. Lorimer, one of my life torments," said Mr. Henderson. "Miss Carter, Will."

"Who hopes the unfavorable report will not prevent Miss Carter's honoring him with her hand for the next set."

"Bring her to me afterward, I will be in this box," and, turning from the floor, Mr. Henderson left them together.

"I know you so well from report, that I cannot feel that we are strangers," said Mr. Lorimer. "I was your uncle's pupil in engineering for five years in his New York office, and I heard of little Rosa very often."

"Not oftener than she did of you. Every one of uncle Rolfe's letters were full of his friend Will, his torment, his familiar, as he called you."

"I did bother him; but we were the best of friends. I shall find out his quarters to-morrow, and board in the next room that he may not forget me."

Such a ball! Rosa never thought she could be so happy. Mr. Henderson was well known, and his friends were not any more backward in claiming his notice, when they saw the lovely girl on his arm. Lorimer was first, and the most attentive; but others claimed the fair hand for many sets, and the time glided away rapidly. A few words from uncle Rolfe disarmed Mr. Carter's anger, and the ladies of his party were too polite to display ill-temper in a ball-room.

Like other earthly pleasures it came to an end at last; and a very sleepy little Rosa kissed her uncle at the door and ran up stairs to bed.

Wilfred Lorimer could not get the fair face out of his mind. He had read many of her letters to his friend, and had often wished for an affectionate, intelligent sister, like Rosa; but now, somehow, his ideas changed, and he began to wish for a beautiful, witty, graceful wife, but still, like Rosa. But for uncle Rolfe the wooing would have fared ill, for Marian would think it was she whom Mr. Lorimer came to see, and appropriated his bouquets without remorse; but uncle Rolfe watched quietly and effectively. It was amazing how many times, when Rosa and Mr. Henderson drove out, they met Mr. Lorimer; and not an evening did they spend together at concert, theatre, or in his own cosy parlor, but Mr. Wilfred's handsome face and tall figure made the couple a trio. So at last Mr. Carter received a call, and was informed that his consent alone was wanting to make a wedding party, and he gave it.

"Rosa, it is just like an old fairy tale," said uncle Rolfe, "there is the step-mother with the two handsome daughters, and the poor Cinderella who can't go to the ball. Suddenly appeared the fairy god-mother, in the form of an old uncle, who, with the wand of a bank-note, produces dress, jewels, and equipage, and takes the poor child to the ball, where she meets the prince——"

"Who," interrupted Wilfred, "falls desperately in love, and kneels now for the favor of the fair Cinderella!"

As he spoke, he bent on one knee before Rosa, who, with a bright blush, placed her little hand in his.

"Captured and chained!" cried the wooer, gaily, as he slipped a ring upon her finger. "Uncle Rolfe!"

But uncle Rolfe had vanished, and Wilfred was left alone with Rosa.

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UNDER THE SHADOW.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

CHAPTER I.

My father having died when I was quite young, the property he left me was placed in the hands of my guardian, and accumulated considerably before I attained my majority. I had been practicing law for several years in the town of W——; and, though my clients were few, I had, by dint of prudence and economy, eked out a sufficient income. My wants never exceeded my means; and, having little or no fondness for society, that clamorous maiden made but little demand on my purse or person.

But the old routine became monotonous. I felt the need of change; and, while I was musing one day, I happened to think of a use to which I might put my patrimony. I immediately wrote to my former guardian, for whom I still retained a sincere friendship, stating my wishes, and, in due time, received the following answer to my communication:—

"Dear Dudley—Your letter came in the 'nick of time.' A little cottage, just out of our village, has been for some time to let. The ominous shingle has been waving in the wind for several months. I bought it at a bargain; and, as you gave me *carte blanche*, I have also secured the services of a housekeeper, and a maid of all work, who have been duly installed and are awaiting your arrival. Hoping to see you soon, I am, as ever, yours,

Preston Lee."

I had such confidence in my guardian that I felt sure he had done the best he could, and all that was necessary. He had ever looked upon me as his son, having had none of his own; and, though I had seldom visited him, I felt certain that the house which held him was a home for me, if ever I was in need. I determined to leave W—— the day after the receipt of his letter, and take immediate possession of of my home.

The idea of having a house of my own! Master of an establishment! I already began to feel the dignity of my position, and was as consequential as it is possible for a modest lawyer to be.

Having packed up and despatched the small stock of furniture I possessed, with the addition of a few necessary articles, and bid my landlady "Good-by," I turned my back on the town of W—— and took the cars for Stanhope Village. I stopped at my guardian's, to inquire the way, and then followed the direction to the cottage, in order to superintend the arrival of my household goods.

The place took me by surprise. I had expected to find the grounds, if there were any, in a neglected state: the walks strewn with the *debris* of summer foliage, and the house itself wearing a look of desolation. Instead of this, autumn flowers were blooming gaily; the walks, though not extensive, were smoothly swept and graveled; even the windows of the house were open, and over all was an air of comfort and cheerfulness.

I thought there must be some mistake. But while I stood in a state of doubt, who should come forward but Mr. Lee, the good man, to welcome the bachelor to his home?

"It's all right, Dudley," he said. "The girls have been at work. Miss Allen, the housekeeper, has a good deal of taste in such matters, and, between them, they have quite transformed the place. Come in, come in!" he added, without waiting for me to speak; and I am sure I could not have spoken just then. "The girls are only waiting to see the proprietor, and we must travel home."

We entered the house together, and, in the room which was to be especially my own, and where the familiar look of things made me feel quite at home, I found two females, rather advanced in years to be termed "girls," but real sensible, and real good-hearted, as I had ample reason to confess.

I saw nothing of Miss Allen, however; but, as the opportunity for doing so would necessarily be frequent, I concluded to say nothing about her.

Well, the deeds were made over to me, and the surplus fund—which was more than I anticipated—was deposited in the bank to my credit.

I met Miss Allen, for the first time, at supper. She was rather younger than I expected; and if I had been a susceptible man, I might have

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blushed to the roots of my hair. But I did nothing of the kind.

She was one of those cold, quiet individuals that you sometimes meet with, and she actually imparted a chill to every mouthful I ate. I overcame the feeling after awhile, and attempted to draw her into conversation; but as her replies were mostly in monosyllables, I soon grew discouraged. I went twice a week to W——; for I did not intend, by any means, giving up my practice—and it was so pleasant to come home in the evenings and find a light burning and some one waiting for my return. The house being small, there were many hours when Miss Allen was free to sit down with her needlework, which she did every afternoon, in the dining-room, opposite my "sanctum." I thought it strange that I never heard her singing at her work; always the same stern, dignified composure. She knew her position, however, and I had no fault to find. But human icicles are not very pleasant company; and the more she chilled me, the more I felt determined to thaw her out.

I was busy at my desk, one morning in October. The waving of the vines that were festooned about the window made flickering shadows over the manuscript I was copying. I looked toward the dining-room. It was warm and cheerful in comparison. Gathering up the articles I was using, I moved toward that apartment and transferred them to a convenient place by the vacant window.

I could see Miss Allen's hand flutter over her seam; otherwise she manifested no concern.

"I found the light extremely unpleasant in the west room," I merely remarked, as I seated myself, pen in hand, to resume my copying.

I could see that she felt the awkwardness of her position; and the more embarrassed she grew, the more determined I became. She was preparing for a move. Feigning irritation over some intricate portion of my work, I "pshawed" every now and then. This decided her, and she arose.

"Ah! Miss Allen," I said, as she was about passing me, "I am sorry to trouble you, or call you off from any of your duties. But, would you mind lending me your assistance?" She halted. I handed her the manuscript, with the request that she would dictate while I wrote. She could not well refuse, so drew her chair near and commenced reading. Her voice was very sweet, though mournful, and wavered considerably at first. But as she continued, it grew firmer, and we succeeded admirably. I thanked her.

"I am glad to be useful," she said, and resumed her sewing.

I grew to looking forward, with pleased anticipation, to this time; for it became a regular duty with us; and as the evenings lengthened, I read aloud to her, while she sewed. I never thought there was any danger in this way of living.

About mid-winter, a case came on of unusual interest. The best legal talent of the state was engaged, and my mind was so absorbed by it that I gave but little thought to anything else. In fact, I was absent from home much oftener than usual.

The prisoner was a noted counterfeiter. For years he had eluded the vigilance of the authorities; but now he was arrested on a charge of forgery, so boldly and yet so skillfully accomplished that one could not but admire the genius of the man, while condemning his principles.

I was called on to assist in the proceedings under lawyer Harvey, and had, of course, much writing to do. At first I had not felt the necessity of asking Miss Allen; but time was pressing, and, my duties becoming arduous, I summoned her to my assistance.

She began reading, at first slowly, and with distinct enunciation; then, as she proceeded, her voice grew husky, her breath came short and quick.

In the midst there came a dead silence. I did not look up, merely nodding to her to continue; but there was no sound. I glanced at her. She had turned to marble, I thought; her eyes were fixed and glaring, her arms rigid, her hands clenched.

I called Jane, the cook, from her work; for I was frightened, and could not think of a single restorative.

"Poor thing!" said Jane, coming in quietly, but flushed from her exertions over the fire. "Poor thing! She's a bit feeble, Mr. Evans, and she can't stand much."

That was a cruel stab! But I forgave Jane when she went vigorously to work, and, by certain manipulations, the efficacy of which I might appreciate, though I could not understand, she brought the sufferer back to consciousness. After the first bewilderment of surprise, Miss Allen fixed her eyes on me, with an expression I shall never forget, glanced at the paper from which she had been reading, shuddered, gasped, and, avoiding Jane's look of anxiety, and mine of inquiry, hurriedly left the room.

"Well," I muttered, as I resumed my pen, with nerves somewhat unsteady, "she has feeling, I perceive; so there is hope of her."

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Perhaps the attack was the effect of sympathy; and the more I thought of it, the more I felt convinced that such was the case.

I knew nothing of her history. And yet, from her manners and appearance, I felt justified in supposing her the victim of a heart-sorrow that had crushed out the sweets of her existence.

I left home the next morning shortly after sunrise; for the trial came on early in the afternoon. As I passed through the garden, turning my eyes in the direction of the large elm-tree, which stood in one corner of the ground, I fancied I saw a gray-looking object. Miss Allen's dresses were of neutral tints, and it flashed across my mind that it was she, lying prone on the bench at the foot of the noble elm.

I went toward her; for I did not know how long she had been there, and common humanity required that I should have a little interest in her health. Nothing more, I assured myself. The noise of my coming aroused her, and she sat upright.

Her hair had fallen around her face and was damp with dew.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"Ill?" she said, pushing the hair from her white forehead, as though to bring back recollection. "Oh! no."

"You are in trouble, Miss Allen. If you do not care to give me your confidence, I hope you will, at least, consider me your friend."

She rose; her composure returned, her lips parted, but I heard no sound, and she looked, not at me, but far, far beyond. Though I knew this suppressed emotion was killing her, I felt I must not meddle with her grief; so, after giving her a few necessary orders, I left her. The memory of that white face, the calm, despairing look, haunted me during the days the trial continued.

The very features of the prisoner possessed for me a sort of fascination.

When the excitement seemed at its height, and the counsel, on either side, were about to crush the other by a weight of evidence too powerful to be resisted, there came a sudden pause, like the lull in a mighty tempest.

The prisoner was dead!

He had, with his own hand, defeated the ends of justice, and with an adroitness that had characterized every action of his life.

The trial was over. There was no longer any criminal in court; only a dead body! We had brought him before the bar where even-handed justice was supposed to preside; he had voluntarily sought a higher tribunal, and a Judge who "seeth not as man seeth."

CHAPTER II.

I INVITED my friend, Dexter, home with me, for I wanted some one to talk with; I could talk *to* Miss Allen, but just now, after the excitement, I felt unequal to more than my share of conversation.

He was glad of the chance to breathe the fresh air, and, being excellent company, as well as a first-rate lawyer, I felt rather proud of the acquisition to my little circle.

"Well," said George, with a sigh of relief, during the evening of our return home, "I can't say I'm sorry Elworthy killed himself; I should have hated to have that man hung."

"What a wreck he was!" I responded. "With his talents properly applied he would have been an ornament to any society. How often we see men brought to the gallows by perverted genius!"

"Too true," said George; "and, having no particular fancy for such an elevated sphere, I shall remain a blockhead!"

I noticed how cheerful Miss Allen became after this trifling conversation. There was a perceptible flush in her cheek, and a color in her lips. I attributed it to the charm of Dexter's manner. He was full of life and animation; I was rather quiet and reserved by nature. The contrast was striking, and especially annoying to me.

Since that morning in the garden, I had felt a new interest in my housekeeper, which absence from her had rather increased than diminished. I was a little jealous that a stranger could exert over her such an influence. Dexter actually warmed her into life; gave her the society she needed, directed her taste for horticulture, and, during the week he remained, made her very happy, and me very miserable. I was glad when he took his departure; and was not surprised, but pained somewhat, when two days after, Miss Allen came to tell me she must resign her position in my household.

I could not question her concerning her resolve, I could not ask her to reconsider it; she was at liberty to act her own pleasure. I did ask her to give me a week's time to supply her place.

Supply her place! Just as we had become used to each other's ways. How provoking!

There shot through my heart the consciousness of how necessary she was to my existence. I felt too much interested in her to give her up

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entirely; a sense of delicacy prevented my offering her increased wages, a sense of honor forbade my interfering with any of her plans. And yet to think that she must go! But I had a week's grace; seven whole days! and then——

Three days passed; most of which were spent at my office in town, with George Dexter as my frequent companion. On the afternoon of the fourth day, George dashed into my office, rather unceremoniously, his usual way, however, and, seating himself in the only vacant chair, blew clouds of fragrant smoke from a well colored "meerschaum."

I knew by the way he puffed that he had something to communicate. So I put myself in convenient attitude, by turning round and resting my elbows on the desk behind me, prepared to listen.

"You know, Dudley, that I took an unaccountable interest in that Elworthy who escaped us so nicely; I have been for some time trying to find out who he was, and where he came from. I tracked him after awhile, however, and imagine my surprise at ascertaining that he was once an influential citizen; and within a few years the owner and occupant of the very cottage in which you dwell."

"Singular coincidence!" I remarked.

"Rather," said George; "but, I further learned that he had but one daughter, a very attractive and finely educated young girl. Her father becoming more and more deeply involved in his nefarious schemes, and, fearful of being traced to his den, suddenly absconded. The property had been heavily mortgaged, and no interest paid to the holders. So the poor daughter was left without a home; and, in fact, without friends, for who would associate with the child of a fugitive from justice?"

"What has become of the girl? Did you find out that? The man's dead, so we can do nothing with him. It would be a charity to find the girl, and restore her to society. She may be in abject want."

"I have a suspicion of her whereabouts, not yet fully confirmed; I am waiting for you to invite me home with you."

"Come; and right welcome," I said, beginning to make preparations for an instant departure; "my old guardian is well acquainted in the village, and the barber, I am sure, is posted in all the ancient records."

"Indeed!" he sententiously remarked.

It was night when we arrived at the cottage; and Miss Allen, not anticipating my arrival, had retired early. There was not a light in any window. I opened the door, and we entered noiselessly. Groping my way to the dining-room, I struck a match and lit the lamp. On the table stood Miss Allen's work-basket, into which George began immediately to poke, disarranging everything. I urged him to desist, it seemed a profanation. He paid no attention to my entreaties; merely remarking that he had a "taste for the useful," and continuing his objectless manipulations.

Presently I was started by the exclamation,

"By Jove! the very thing; proof positive."

"What is it, George? You've no right to meddle with such things."

"But I'm sure Providence directed my steps toward this identical work-basket. Look at this;" and he placed in my hand a small miniature set in gold.

"How familiar!" I started. "Elworthy, the forger!"

"And in her work-basket! Man alive! don't you see the resemblance? Miss Allen, your housekeeper——"

"Is Elworthy's daughter."

The mystery was solved. Poor thing! No wonder she was cold and reserved. The world had pointed its finger of scorn at her, and the sins of the father had been visited too cruelly on the child. My sympathy for her bade fair to stir up a warmer passion; and all that night I was devising plans for her comfort and assistance. I arose early, leaving George in an unmistakable state of somnolency and descended the stairs. I met Miss Allen at the door of the dining-room. She started at seeing me, and her face flushed—whether with surprise or joy, I could not tell.

"I have a few words to say to you, Miss Allen; will you oblige me?" and I led the way back into the room.

"You spoke of leaving me," I began, not without some trepidation, "and I had fully intended you should do so without being embarrassed by any questions from me; well knowing you must have good reasons for taking such a step."

She bent her head low over her hands.

"Yesterday I heard that which has induced me to urge you to prolong your stay in the house which was once your home, and which has been a shelter for you for the past few months."

She did not seem surprised that I knew her sorrow, but she covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers. They were the first I had ever seen her shed, and they softened my heart so that I could easily have wept with her.

She grew calm, but was still determined. "I

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must go," she said; "I could not resist leaving my hiding-place when I heard that a housekeeper was wanted. The old home had attractions for me. I had wandered about from one place to another, but some prying eye would discover me and bring my secret to the light. Here I was among friends; the trees, the flowers, the very walls were familiar. It has been an asylum for a wretched outcast; I have endeavored to do my duty—you have been very kind."

"Show me that you appreciate my kindness by continuing your duties as heretofore."

"It may not be," she said, sadly; "the dread of meeting one, whose existence has been a curse to me, is over. Those who reviled the living, will surely hold sacred the memory of the dead."

CHAPTER III.

The leaves may be closely folded over the heart of the rose, but let the warm sunshine diffuse its regenerating influence, and lo! the change.

You will not suppose that, having felt the effect of love's delicious sunshine, I was willing to return to the loneliness of my former life, and without a sigh relinquish all my hopes of happiness.

No. Edith left me; and, though she had not deemed it necessary to let me know her whereabouts, she was often in my thoughts. "*Nil desperandum*," was my motto, and I waited in hope.

The summer vacation was rapidly approaching, and I had made up my mind to visit the White Mountains, and revel in the enjoyment of all that was beautiful in nature. It is characteristic of me that whatever affects me most deeply is the subject least spoken of. Love, with me, was a solemn thing—a passion, deep, and enduring; so you will not wonder that I had no confidant in this "*affaire du cœur*." I think, from my very silence, George mistrusted how matters stood; but wisely kept his own counsel.

The day the sessions closed he came to my room, and, rather authoritatively, demanded that I should accompany him home. I was very tractable just then. I knew it would be much pleasanter for me to be in George's society, than wandering off alone in search of amusement or adventure. So I readily yielded acquiescence.

I have endeavored quite often to recall my first impressions on entering the town where George resided. I have a vague recollection of the place, and am confident his home was the abode of contentment and happiness.

After leaving the cars, we walked through a broad street, plentifully shaded with trees. Cottages stood back from the road; and court-yards, rich with the wealth of summer, diffused their fragrance and beauty to charm the passers by.

George and I sauntered along, enjoying all; the sunshine, the delicious air, the quiet, which could only be truly appreciated by those who, like us, sought and required mental relaxation.

The country was nothing new to us; but what we most enjoyed, was the prospect before us of perfect freedom of mind and body.

Presently we came to a row of cottages so exactly similar in every respect, that it was difficult to distinguish the dividing line between them.

As I walked along, taking in everything in a general way, my attention was attracted to a female form bending among the flowers in one of the gardens. As we came opposite to her she arose; and, dropping the gardening tool she had in her hand, stood transfixed.

It was Edith.

I was thoroughly bewildered; George looked innocently unconscious.

There was a gate, and a few feet of ground between Edith and myself; a moment's delay, and I was by her side. George leaned nonchalantly over the railing; not with the air of a Tantalus, however, but as one perfectly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and quite willing to be excluded from any participation therein. I began to be a little suspicious of him; though the idea of his having been an agent in working out my destiny, had never occurred to me before.

What I said to Edith matters not.

I learned from George that she was a companion for a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, and had all the comforts of a home. But there was a lingering trace of the shadow around her yet. Should I ever have power to dispel it!

I saw her frequently during my stay in the place; and I think she gave me more of her confidence than I had ever imagined she would. Under genial influences her nature was gradually expanding into a warmth and tenderness which had formerly seemed foreign to it. She was so impenetrable, however, that with all my astuteness I could not determine how I stood in her regard. I determined to make a bold stroke and so decide my fate.

"Give me the right to shelter and protect you," I urged, "the right of a husband, Edith. Is it too much?"

A thrill passed through her frame; a moment's

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hesitation, and she raised her face to mine. There was a world of meaning in the glance she gave me, though no word was spoken. My hope would not prove a delusion!

I suspect that Mr. Lee anticipated this denouement from the first. He seems delighted with the idea, and has promised to give the bride away.

George has claimed the honor of being first groomsman. So, by a hand which I trust will never fail in kindness to her, I led my Edith from under the shadow of a great grief out into the broad sunlight of love and happiness.

Nor do I care what the world will say if I marry my housekeeper.

WORD-PORTRAIT.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

She seems as one to whom the stars
  Some softer charm have given,
Or one who had, with upturned brow,
  Stood gazing into Heaven,
Till, flashing from the pearly gates,
  The radiance had rifted
The shadows through, until it fell
  Upon her face uplifted;
And from her brow, and lip, and eye
  The pearly gleam had never
Gone out again, but lingered there,
  In lines of light, forever;
Or but the fair unfolding of
  Some angel-tended blossom;
And guarding seraphs keep secure
  The portals of her bosom,
That into its most holy place
  Naught, save the pure, may enter,
Where all of thought's most beautiful,
  And feeling's best do center.
She hath such dignity and grace,
  Such majesty and sweetness—
The blending of each earthly charm,
  With more of Heaven's completeness;
Enough to rev'rence of divine,
  Enough to clasp of human;
An angel in her purity,
  Yet in her loving—woman!
Her life 's one blest evangel full
  Of tenderness and beauty,
Wherein are writ the sweetest lines
  That ever called to duty;
And meekness, wisdom, love, and truth
  Illumine it forever;
And, reading, we grow strong like her,
  For every high endeavor.
When we, in all of woman-kind,
  May find such Heavenly teachers
To call us back to virtue's ways,
  We'll have less need of preachers—
Less need of bolts and prison-bars;
  The haunts of vice and passion
Will be less crowded, and the songs
  Of folly and of fashion
Will silent grow, as loving lips,
  Beside each fire-side altar,
Take up the hymn, and through its length
  Of rhythmed sweetness falter.
Man, aiding still to make it such,
  Will seek his home, and find it
The port of peace, the type of Heaven—
  Which God Himself designed it.

WHERE IS NOW THE QUEENLY BEAUTY?

BY ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Where is now the queenly beauty
  That I loved in youth's dear day,
Whose bright smile of joy and sunshine
  Chased my clouds of gloom away?
Where is now the eye whose lustre
  Shed o'er life a radiant gleam,
Like the glorious Summer sunlight
  Dancing on the crystal stream?
Where is now the voice whose sweetness
  Gently o'er my spirit stole,
And could lull each rising passion
  With a fairy-like control?
Where is now the snow-white forehead
  Which lay pillowed on my breast—
And the heart which beat so gladly
  When unto my bosom pressed?
    Lost, lost in Lethe's stream!
    Fled, fled like a sweet dream!
Yes, the cheek hath lost its freshness,
  In the cold and cheerless tomb—
And the eye hath lost its brilliance,
  In the murky shades of gloom;
Yes, the heart hath ceased its throbbings,
  And the brow is marble cold—
And the voice no longer warbles
  Unto others, as of old.
Yet, I hear it sweetly singing,
  In a soft and liquid tone,
Like the harp-sounds that come floating
  From the mermaid's emerald throne;
And her form is ling'ring round me—
  Ling'ring round me night and day;
And she whispers, whispers gently,
  Of a land that's far away:
    Calling me to come and rest
    In that clime forever blest!

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THE HAUNTED WELL.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

It was no spring round which the fairies danced their midnight measure; no Lady of Avenel flitted about its waters in robe of snow and gleaming cincture; nor nymph nor naiad had her home therein. It was an old well, far away in the fields, and used for no more romantic purpose than to water the cattle which were housed at night in the barn near by. How it came to be the subject of my story, you will presently discern.

Fifty years ago, Deacon Ransom was one of the richest farmers of the midland counties. A stern old man to whom the irreverent did not fail to point, when they argued how little good religion did its possessors, and one whom his fellow Christians, perhaps, regarded as likely to be saved, if saved at all, as it were, "by fire." Never actually putting himself within the grasp of the law, he wandered so frequently in the border-land that lies between honesty and roguery that few could be found who did not consider that he had at some time overstepped the limits. An adept in that neat work of surgery, removing the cuticle from flints; apt in compressing sixpences till they cried out in remonstrance. By means of such proficiency, by strict parsimony in his family expenses, and by a long run of that sort of secular Providence which we denominate "luck," he had joined house to house, and field to field, and was now, in his hale old age, the largest landholder and the most "forehanded" resident of his native town of Bridgwater.

But if the deacon were universally regarded with dislike, not to say execration; if he heard, at town-meeting and the general election, such frank allusion to many circumstances in his past career, and such candid characterization of them that, at times, he was fain to forego the privilege of a freeman and remain at home instead of voting; if his dog, his horse, his "shay" endured a kind of village infamy as belonging to him—still he had one possession toward which malice never directed her shafts, nor the most graceless urchin his pebbles; which all the girls admired and liked, and all the rustic beaux adored—his daughter.

Clarissa—or, as she was more commonly called, Clary—Ransom was the prettiest girl in Bridgwater. It is difficult to make the airy little flirts of the present day believe that any one could have been handsome fifty years ago, or that the kindly old faces they are in the habit of seeing beneath wide cap-borders, and the eyes that look out on them through spectacles, were once blooming and bright, and, perhaps, far more lovely than their own. But it is true, nevertheless, and, moreover, theirs were native graces, How much do you owe, Miss Minnie, to your mantua-maker and your crinoline? or you, Lenora, to your silken robes and sparkling jewels? Your grandmothers had none of these. Their dresses, made, by their own fingers, of coarse material and simple fashion, imparted no fictitious beauty to their forms; if the shape were good, it so revealed itself; if faulty, no skillful device repaired or concealed the fact. Fortunately a plain diet, and active, healthy habits did so much in their behalf that they could better afford to trust to nature than many a modern belle.

Clary Ransom's best dress was a plaided flannel, such as old people will remember; it was made without fringe, or ribbon, or fancy button; and her sole decoration was the string of gold beads wherewith her mother had adorned her own neck in former years, and which, mother-like, the good lady had made over to Clary, as better suited to her period of youth and bloom. But she had the ornaments that are never out of fashion: ripe lips, brown, clustering curls and smiling eyes, and a plump little form that filled out the plaided flannel most bewitchingly. She had few accomplishments, I must own. She could make sweet bread, and golden butter; could get you a dinner in the shortest time and nicest manner; could spin and brew, and keep a house in perfect order; but of all that modern dames call education she was totally, lamentably ignorant. She sang a good deal, however, and with a very sweet and pleasant voice, the music that was prevalent in her day: old church tunes and tender Scottish airs that touched the heart and sometimes brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. And it was to promote her advancement in this branch of harmony that she went one winter to the singing-school. The deacon

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remonstrated against the proceeding as useless and extravagant, seeing that Clary sang already as clear as a bob-o-link in strawberry time; but the maiden was "wild" to go, and she had her mother to back her. To such combined forces the deacon was obliged to yield.

Can the young people of the present day imagine what the singing-school was to rustic neighborhoods in those times? There were the newest and smartest clothes exhibited; there tender or coquettish glances interchanged, and flirtations carried on with greatest spice and vigor; there did love-affairs of all kinds, from the incipient sentiment to the full-grown passion, thrive luxuriantly. During the recess, when even the master unbent his brow severe, and held with the older pupils converse dignified, yet urbane; when the youth of both sexes, divided hitherto by the width of the room and the engrossing practice of their *fa*, *sol*, *la*, met around the stove, or sat or stood in more secluded corners; where apples were eaten, nuts and "pop-corn" passed about, and lively sallies interchanged; there did Cupid hold his special court. What a field for graceful acquiescence or coquettish coolness was there when, the school dismissed, ensued the choice of a companion home! how triumphantly did the successful querist march away with his prize! how crest-fallen did he who "got the mitten" stand aside! And those rides from singing-school! when the air was crisp with frost, the moon shone bright, and the young hearts beat a measure lively as the chime of the jingling bells! Many a hand-pressure was there ere the farm-yard gate was reached; sometimes even a kiss snatched by the bolder spirits; and often and often did the sweet, but dreadful question, delayed before by doubt and shamefacedness, make its way and receive its answer, as the good steed sped over the sparkling snow. No wonder that singing-school was a combination of Almack's and the Opera to the young of those days.

Clary was soon the best "air" singer of her set, and had the greatest number of rustic beaux at her command, all eager for the privilege of escorting her homeward. But it was not long ere they began to move off and leave the field clear to a tall, handsome youth; and it might be observed that Clary's frank, innocent gaze became downcast as he approached her, and her clear tones so low that he must have been puzzled to understand whether she accepted or refused his company. These and many kindred symptoms soon marked it as a settled case, and many were the comments thereon; many the surmises as to what the deacon would say when he knew that George Delong was making love to his daughter. For between old Jacob Delong and Deacon Ransom existed a terrible feud of many years standing; beginning in some horse-trade, where, the former alleged, he had been outrageously cheated by his thrifty neighbor, and maintained by a series of injuries and affronts on both sides, which had proved a source of great gossip in the neighborhood and great scandal in the church. Every one believed the deacon in fault; not only that he was generally disliked, but because they knew how great a trial a horse-trade is to even brighter Christian graces than he had ever boasted. In consequence of these difficulties Jacob Delong had forsaken the Presbyterian church, of which, though not a member, he had been a constant attendant and liberal "supporter," and worshiped with the Baptists from that time forward; and for the same reason all intercourse between the families was suspended.

It was certainly very unlucky that, among all the pretty girls of his acquaintance, George Delong must needs fix on Clary as the only one whom, by any possibility, he could ever fancy; equally unfortunate that she should find no attentions so pleasing as those of her father's hereditary foe. But love, since the days of the Montagues and Capulets, (and perhaps before that time,) has laughed at traditionary enmities and scorned to yield to ancient prejudice; and our young people loved each other fondly and faithfully as did Romeo and Juliet, though well aware that their parents' hatred was cordial as their own affection. Clary was both timid and prudent; she confided to her mother the secret of her attachment, and the twain endeavored to concert schemes for bringing the deacon around; but George had never been allowed to enter the house, nor did she dare even hint to her father the name of her attendant at all the youthful gatherings.

But one Saturday afternoon when the deacon had been, as usual, to the post-office, he heard the news, and, coming home, his face dark with wrath, summoned his offending child before him. Clary came, trembling, frightened, yet with a certain firm resolution in her heart never to give up George, never to marry anybody else, let her father say what he might.

And then there was a scene! Quite as stormy as when the stern parent in a novel of the first water threatens the beauteous heroine with curses and disinheritance, if she does not at once renounce all thought of that generous, gallant lover who has won her heart, and plight

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her troth to the hateful earl or baron of his choice. Clary's resolution, if not frightened out of her, did not venture to declare itself; she stood mute and pale before the deacon's fury.

"Mind what I say, Miss!" were his concluding words; "don't let me hear of that young whelp coming about the place or speaking to you, no matter where you meet him. If he does, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life—and you too for that matter. I'll show you that I'm master in my own house, and not to be conquered whenever a little hussy that I could shake to pieces with one hand chooses to set up her will against me!"

Such was the fierceness of the deacon's wrath, that even his good wife, who in a quiet, subtle way that even Count Cavour might have taken a lesson from, often governed him, unsuspecting, dared not interpose a word, and Clary sobbed herself to sleep that night in the most approved state of misery and despair. Nor were George's feelings much less poignant when, in some unrecorded fashion, he learned of the decree the deacon had promulged. To be sure, he indulged in a little scornful mirth at the idea of the contemplated "thrashing," so far as it concerned his own person; but he was by no means sure that Clary would be equally able to defend herself, should her father attempt to chastise her for disobedience. Various wild ideas of assaulting the house and carrying her off by main force entered his mind, and were dismissed as impracticable; then he planned to meet her by stealth, persuade her to go at once before a magistrate, and thenceforth defy the deacon's wrath. But such a meeting was impossible. If Clary ever ventured beyond the door-yard, she was sure to have a companion, either in the person of her father or Timothy Yates, the hired man, armed with the stoutest of cudgels. However George might trust to his powers of putting the enemy *hors de combat*, he felt that such a conflict would not be a favorable preliminary to an interview with the fair mistress of his heart. So time passed wearily on to the divided lovers, till at last a small ray of hope penetrated their gloom and cheered their souls within them.

II.

The luminous body whence this ray proceeded was generally thought to have fellowship with the works of darkness rather than of light. He was a good-looking, harum-scarum, graceless youth, set down in the baptismal register as Joseph Bloomfield, but hailed as "Jo" by the lips of all who knew him. Practical jokes he delighted in, as well as every species of mischief and "deviltry." He was feared and detested by that portion of the community which imagines wisdom to consist in sour looks and sober movements; adored by the girls, and well liked by one of the best conducted youths in that section of country: to wit, our young friend George Delong. He was, moreover, an excellent dancer, played the violin fairly, and was possessed of a considerable property, among which was the field containing the Haunted Well of our story.

One Sunday night in June, as the deacon's household was about retiring to rest, two young men rushed in, pale with excitement and alarm. They had set out on the usual Sunday evening expedition of "sparking," and were proceeding leisurely across the fields, conversing as they went. It was a cloudy night, and darkness had fallen unusually early, but they were too familiar with the country to have any difficulty in finding their way. They had gone half-through Jo Bloomfield's pasture-land, when they were startled by groans of the most terrible description, proceeding, as it seemed, from one in the extreme of agony. Thinking at first that a person badly injured, or taken with sudden and violent illness, lay somewhere near them, they called again and again without receiving any reply, save the continuance of the fearful sounds. Guided by these, they gradually neared the old well, and found that the groans proceeded from within it. They shouted once or twice, conjuring the person, whoever he might be, to say how they could help him, but got no answer; only the groans grew deeper and more appalling than ever. Then sudden and overmastering fear came upon them, and they fled as for their lives, staying not till they reached the friendly shelter of the deacon's roof. Here they told their story, and no one laughed at it; those were the days when ghosts and witches, and all other supernatural doings still kept a hold upon the popular faith, and the deacon's household listened to the narration with wonder, not unmixed with awe.

"And now," said Sim Brown, the elder of the two youths, "I've told all there is to tell. You can't scare me with anything living; but them sounds was awful! No critter in his senses could have fallen into that well; and if he did, and had strength left to hold on to the sides and groan like that, he would have answered when we spoke to him. What is your opinion, deacon?"

'There's nobody can have but one opinion, Simeon," solemnly returned the worthy man.

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"There's been some dreadful wickedness done in secret, and this is the Lord's way of bringing it to light. I've always mistrusted Joseph Bloomfield; he's always withstood religion and cast a slight on professors. It's my mind that he and his evil companions will soon be brought to shame." Everybody shuddered at the thought.

The next day there were plenty of curious people about the field, and well eager to see if there were any trace of the last night's singular occurrence. Nothing was visible; all remained quiet and undisturbed, and the well, when searched, exhibited nothing more alarming than its usual contents of mossy stones and cool, clear water. Meanwhile the story of a supernatural visitation spread far and wide; the whole country was aroused, and multitudes flocked to the scene. By Tuesday evening hundreds were on the ground, awaiting the fall of night and the sound of the mysterious groans. A few, indeed, made light of the matter, and called Sim Brown and his companion fools and cowards. Conspicuous among them was a certain Major Jones, a swelling, pompous individual, who conceived that his militia honors entitled him to lay down the law to all about him. He spoke very bravely of the absurdity of a belief in ghosts; the whole thing was a hoax, or a fancy of Sim Brown's; *he* wasn't afraid; if there *was* a ghost, he'd fight him, etc., etc. His boasts were received with enthusiasm by a few kindred spirits; but the majority shuddered at this reckless defiance of powers that might even then be gathering around. And all looked with that intense, yet horrified interest which the supernatural awakens for the first sound from the Haunted Well.

The sun had been down an hour; darkness settled on the face of nature. A few pine knots cast their lurid, flaring light over the assembly, revealing to each other the faces of friends and neighbors. Conspicuous amid the throng was the deacon's family; Clary, as usual, under the protection of her parents and the stout cudgel. In a distant part of the field stood George Delong; poor fellow! he dared not approach the fair object of his affections.

Suddenly, from the very bottom of the well, arose a groan—and at the sound a thrill went through every bosom. Fast they came, and faster, as of one suffering the extremest limit of mortal anguish. The whole multitude stood as if petrified; the unusual scene, the strange noises breaking on the stillness of night, and the strong belief in invisible powers about them chilled all hearts with horror. Even the boastful major and his friends grew pale; but when, after a minute or two, the groans ceased, he recovered his spirits.

"It's all a trick," he cried, derisively; "there's some one hidden among the willows, and speaking through the logs to frighten a pack of fools and old women. If any of you have got the pluck to come with me, we'll soon ferret him out."

Nobody felt very anxious for the expedition; but two or three at last were found. They explored the little clump of willows, but no intruder was discovered; they essayed to speak through the logs and counterfeit the groans, but their voices were inaudible to the throng around the well. Discomfited and alarmed, they returned to their friends—and no sooner had they resumed their places than the sounds were renewed with terrific violence.

New fear fell upon all save the valiant major—but he was determined to maintain the position to the end. "I tell you what, boys," he cried, "do you let me down into the well, and I'll soon rout your ghost for you!"

Exclamations of horror arose from all sides. The men declared that it was a "tempting of Providence;" and the women raised a universal chorus of, "Oh! Major, don't! Don't Major!" But the dauntless major, not a whit deterred by their lamentations, proceeded to the well, and, grasping the chain, was about to descend into the darkness below, when such sounds arose—such horrible, unearthly noises—that even his stout heart gave way and he receded trembling from the brink; no jeers passed around at the failure of his courage; all sympathized in his feelings too thoroughly to deride them.

A deep and solemn stillness now pervaded the assembly. It was broken by Father Mack, an aged minister, whose hair had been whitened by eighty winters.

"My friends," he said, in a tremulous, but impressive voice, "the Lord has called us together to make manifest by His power some dark and cruel deed. At such a time it is fitting that we should implore His blessing and guidance. Let us pray."

He knelt, and the multitude with him—earnestly imploring the divine aid in the work before him; and that this testimony that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, and that He will bring hidden things to light, might be the means of convincing and saving many who had hitherto resisted His authority. Prayer ended, all rose from their knees, and Father Mack, approaching the well, said in solemn tones, "In the name of God, who are you?"

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At this the groans, which, during the prayer, had been of the most terrific description, ceased entirely; and a moment after a voice, low and muffled, as if speaking from deep within the earth, responded, "Israel Chapin."

Exclamations of horror broke from the crowd. Israel Chapin was well known to many of the older people, and all had heard his name, and the gloomy suspicions connected with it. He had been a thriving pedler twenty years before and had suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. The circumstance of his leaving many debts uncollected among the country people, led to the belief that he had been "made away with;" and a dissolute vagabond, who disappeared about the same time, was universally suspected as the cause of his death. But nothing had ever been known with certainty about the matter, and in the course of twenty years it had been almost forgotten. Now, however, the memory of the missing man revived; all who had once been familiar with him seemed to behold him again before them, and listened with breathless anxiety for his words.

"How came you in this place?" was the next query of the aged Father Mack.

"Nat Herrick murdered me and put me here," was the reply.

Another thrill amid the throng! Nat Herrick was the very man long since suspected of the crime!

In answer to further questioning, the spirit of the murdered man declared that he had been attacked and killed by Herrick near the clump of willow trees; he had been struck from behind, as his skull would show when disinterred. The first blow had proved fatal, and the murderer had then proceeded to rifle his person and pack of money and portable articles of value. He had then buried the body near at hand and made his way to the coast, where he took passage for England; but a storm coming up the ship was destroyed, and he had sunk with his ill-gotten treasure beneath the waves. This recital, considerably amplified, was listened to with eager interest by the horrified crowd.

"And now what is it that you wish?" again demanded Father Mack; "and why have you troubled the peace of this neighborhood?"

"I wish," replied the spirit, "that my bones may be taken up and receive Christian burial. If that is done, I shall trouble you no more."

The voice ceased, nor did further questions meet with any notice.

After tarrying awhile to return thanks for this marvelous exposure of the hidden works of darkness, and to converse on the strange and solemn incident of being brought, as it were, face to face with the invisible world, the crowd separated, agreeing to come together on the following day and dig for the remains of the unfortunate pedler. They were then to be placed in a suitable coffin and interred with appropriate ceremonies in the nearest burying-ground. Some impatient spirits were for beginning the work at once, but it was decided that it would be better to wait till the morrow —and full of eager anticipation the throng dispersed. So occupied were the deacon and his spouse in discussing the events of the night, that they did not once perceive that one of their party was missing. It was not till the good steed paused at their own door and Mrs. Ransom had alighted, that she exclaimed with a sudden start of recollection,

"My senses, deacon! *Where's Clary?*"

Where indeed? No one had thought of her, so engrossed were all minds with the great event of the evening; and now it was midnight, and they knew not where to look.

"Perhaps she went home with Sairey Jones or Belindy Smith," said the mother; "yet I should think she would ha' spoke to me about it. It's very strange; I can't account for it no way."

Neither could the deacon, though he rode from house to house, despite the lateness of the hour, inquiring everywhere for his missing child. Nobody had seen her; nobody could give him any news.

But we are happily better informed. About the time of Father Mack's prayer, when all heads were bowed in silent devotion, two dark figures might have been seen to separate themselves from the crowd and glide stealthily along beyond the willows, where they were met by a third.

"The horses are hitched just outside the bars," said this last, in a low voice; the parson is ready, and you can have the whole thing over in five minutes when once you are there. Ride for your lives, and I'll keep the folks entertained for an hour or two longer."

He was as good as his word, and George and Clary had been man and wife for the space of full forty minutes ere Jo Bloomfield deserted the ground, and, mounting his black horse Bouncer, made his way to Brighton, where the ceremony had been performed. Clary had to receive a bridal kiss and numerous congratulations. It seemed, poor child! that she stood in need of them. She felt sadly frightened at the daring step they had taken, and at the possibility that the deacon might refuse to forgive

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them. Jo thought to cheer her by referring to the details of his ruse.

"Didn't I do it well?" he inquired, exultingly. "It wasn't so much the first night; the fellows were soon frightened and took to their heels. They didn't stop long to investigate. But this time it was worse. The major had real pluck; I thought it was all over with me when he and his aids came down to the logs. I had scant time to poke in my bundle of tow and scramble up a tree before they were down on me."

"A bundle of tow? What was that for?" said Clary.

"To stop the sound of their voices, so they should think it wasn't possible that any one should be heard through the logs. But, poor old father Mack! how serious he took it all! I thought I should die laughing, as I lay there and groaned at him, sinner that I am! But, all is fair in love and war, you know. Now, Miss Clary," he continued, "or Mrs. Delong, I *should* say, don't look so downhearted; don't make George think you are sorry he has got you."

"It is not that, indeed!" said Clary, turning a beaming glance on the handsome youth at her side. "But I feel bad to think of my father. He was always good to me; at least till lately; and he'll grieve so to think I've disobeyed him. Perhaps he'll never forgive me!" And the tears broke forth.

"Don't you fear for that," said Jo, in a cheery tone. "When the deacon finds it's done with, he'll take it all well enough, and thank you for giving him such a son, even if he did not particularly want him. Besides, you know what your mother said." Perhaps this last remark justified a belief that subsequently prevailed in the neighborhood—that Mrs. Ransom knew more of her daughter's plans than she chose to divulge, and had encouraged her in them.

It was not long ere the story of the hoax and its consequences spread through Bridgwater and the adjoining towns. The diggers for the remains of the late unfortunate Mr. Chapin threw down their spades in disgust and hastened homeward, and the funeral ceremonies were indefinitely postponed.

The deacon in time forgave his erring children, and, not long after the birth of the first grandchild, he and old Jacob Delong shook hands and buried the hatchet. This event did not, however, restore Mr. Delong's patronage to the Presbyterians. He remarked, confidentially, to his wife, that he would have nothing to do with a church that "fellowshiped" a man that would cheat in a horse-trade. His personal animosity was overcome; but his sense of right, you see, remained unaltered.

George and Clary were happy and prosperous. Jo Bloomfield was their firm friend through life, trotting on his knee many juvenile Delongs, and bequeathing his substance to them, when, in the fiftieth year of his jovial bachelorhood, he bade farewell to this lower world.

LABOR IS HONORABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. B. DAVIS.

CHILD of toil, why hang thy head,
Ashamed to labor for thy bread?
Toil brings honor—heed this truth—
Joy comes not to the idle youth:
Busy hands, and busy brains
Do sow and reap the golden grains!

Envy not the child of ease,
Seeking his darling self to please;
His dark hours must come at last,
And bring regrets for moments past—
When his course of life is run,
He dies—and has no honor won.

Merchants in the busy mart,
Scholar proud, with beating heart;
Statesmen in the senate-hall,
Gathered there at freedom's call—
Know, the world your deeds will bless;
Ye have your spheres of usefulness.

House-wife, weary with thy cares,
Mark the fond smile thy husband wears,
When, his daily toil now o'er,
He seeks his well-known cottage-door—
Read the story it will tell!
For labor thou art honored well.

Maiden, at thy busy loom,
Toiling hard, in noisy room,
Think, when weary grows thy hand,
Thy labors each will bless the land,
Clothe the monarch and the slave,
From products brought o'er land and wave!

Seamstress, bending o'er thy toil,
Earning bread by midnight oil;
Poorly clad and poorly fed,
Pressing thy weary, aching head—
Know, the world thy efforts need,
And thy toil its wants doth feed!

Child of labor, raise thy head,
Blush not to earn thy daily bread;
In the Spring-time of thy youth
Seek labor's walks or halls of truth;
Sloth will lead to vice and crime—
Labor and toil to deeds sublime!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214.

CHAPTER XVII.

The tramp of armed men filled the streets of Edinburgh with war tumult. The clash of firelocks—the ringing of iron hoofs upon rough stones—the shrill cry of bagpipes rendered the town a scene of wild commotion. Never was a town evacuated with more warlike clangor—never did troops go forth with greater enthusiasm.

Katharine Fraser heard it in her chamber, where she had fled to weep after her separation from Clanranald. Flora Macdonald heard it as she paced up and down her pretty bower-chamber, bewildered by the love of two passionate hearts that had been poured forth so unexpectedly upon her that morning. Lady Clanranald heard it as she knelt in her oratory with her mother, and prayed for the noble son she might never see again. But the martial sound penetrated even farther than this: it reached Dougal Carr in his sick-chamber. In vain had Luke closed the heavy shutters, and dropped the heavy curtains over them, hoping to shut out the sound. In vain he had striven to distract his brother's attention by reading aloud, and recounting wild adventures gathered from his previous research in Lord Lovat's library. The bagpipes were too numerous and shrill for these attempts to avail anything. With the first united outburst, Dougal sprang from his bed, half-dressed, as had seemed most comfortable for his progressing convalescence, and, with scarlet cheeks and eyes eagerly bright, called for his sword.

"Be quick, be quick!" he cried. "It is the Frasers passing by. Here comes Lochiel—here—be quick, good brother; bring forth my arms."

Luke stood up aghast and laid hands on his brother, striving to check the dangerous ardor; but Dougal shook him off, and, seizing his garments, proceeded to complete his dress.

"Do not speak to me, Luke. I charge you, be silent!" he cried. "It is our country, our Prince—and, oh! Luke, a battle-field lies near on which knighthood is to be won. Be quick, be quick! I feel the spurs on my heel even now! If ever mortal man won a woman from her high estate, I will win this beautiful maiden before another sun dawns!"

"But you are ill; the wound is scarcely healed. It will be your death!"

"Death! What then? She will weep for me——"

"No, no!"

"No? I tell you she will; for she loves me!"

"Oh! Dougal, this is self-deception. She never did—never will love you!"

Dougal was untangling the leathern thongs attached to his sword. He paused quickly, and looked at the distressed face of his brother with a puzzled smile.

"You are mistaken, Luke."

"No, no; there is certainty. She will come and see you—she will be humane; but her heart is cold as ice."

"You have not seen her with the glow of roses on her cheek, with the love-light in her eyes, Luke, to call her cold! Out upon you, laddie, she is an angel!"

Luke lost his patience. The task of undeceiving his brother was a bitter one, and he writhed under a dread of the pain he must inflict. This made him curt and rude, like a surgeon that chides the patient he would die to save.

"I tell you she is proud as Lucifer, hard as rock."

"How churlish!" said Dougal. "I thought better of you, laddie. But then, what can you know about it?"

"I know that she does not care the value of an oat-straw for you or any other person."

"Nay, nay, Luke. You are well-read in books; but when it comes to a fair lady——"

"Then I am blind—a mole—a blind house-dog. Well, be it so. But when a fair lady says, with her own lips, "I do not love the laddie Dougal Carr, the son of Dame Carr, and will not forgive his presumption in dreaming the thing possible—why, then I believe her."

"And has she said this to you?"

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"Even to me, bat and mole as I am."

Dougal laid down his sword and stood looking at his brother in wild bewilderment.

"She said this to you?"

"Yes; ask again and I shall make the same answer."

"But when and where?"

"Not an hour ago."

"Oh!"

"When Mistress Flora Macdonald was watching by you here."

Dougal sat down on the bed, drew a deep, deep breath, and looked on his brother with one of the brightest smiles that ever lighted a human face.

Luke opened his black eyes wide and wildly.

"Why, you seem pleased. I thought it would wound you worse than the arrow."

"You are speaking of Mistress Fraser," answered Dougal. "I know well enough she never cared for me, except when, like a dog, I joined in her sports; but I do not grieve about that; perhaps, Luke, I have found out that—that I did not so much love her as the fancies she awoke."

"Then you are reconciled? You will not break your heart, or fall on that sword?"

"Not so long as a brighter and more beautiful being than she——"

"Oh! ha, you know it—you have read all. Flora Macdonald! You love her and not this proud Fraser. Dougal, Dougal, I shall go wild. This joy strengthens me into a comely man. Truly, truly she loves you. I have known it from the first. It was her lips that——"

Luke broke off, remembering his promise.

"Her lips, her dear lips! Well, Luke, tell me what it was?"

"Not now. Let her tell you herself. The rosy shame will be beautiful to look upon."

"Luke, dear Luke, tell me what she said. Not that she loved me, and to you?" cried Dougal, flushed and eager with a craving for deeper confirmation that he was beloved.

"Tush! Did I want words to teach me that?"

"Then she never told you anything?"

"Dougal, how can you ask? Truly, she never did; but when I hinted it, only bade me be dumb as I will be."

"Pick up my sword, Luke."

"Then you are determined? You will go?"

"Go? Are battle-fields so plenty that a young churl who has lifted his eyes to a high-born lady can afford to pass them by? That is well. Thank heaven it was not my right shoulder the arrow mangled! Bring me the little mirror yonder that I may see how like a ghost I am—ha! this is better than I thought. Now, Luke, order my horse, or bring me another fleet and fresh. It will be a sharp ride before I come up with the clan."

"But, Dougal——"

"Do not attempt to stay me. Men before this hour founded mighty names on a single battle-field. Our Lady gave me the opportunity. It is all I ask."

Luke's face kindled as he listened to these words.

"By my soul!" he said, ardently, "if a right kingly spirit can work out greatness it will be yours! I did not think to stop you, Dougal, though the wound in your shoulder is unhealed. But will you not see this fairy lady before you go?"

"When I come back with the spur on my heel, not before. Then even the Macdonalds of the Isles may not blush to own me as something worthy of attention."

Luke was about to urge the subject further, but a slight footstep in the outer passage warned him of a more potent presence, and he went out through a side door.

Flora Macdonald entered young Carr's chamber in a panic. She had heard the clank of arms within, and knew that the tumult which filled the streets must have reached the invalid. The apprehension these thoughts created made her bold. She passed through the door in haste and found the young man arrayed for the battle-field, and girding on his sword with hands that trembled both from want of strength and eagerness.

"You are going?" she exclaimed, crossing her hands and regarding him with pallid earnestness—"you are going? So feeble, so helpless. Yet you would not stay though I knelt to ask you."

"I could not, fairest lady; that would be to resign everything that my heart pants for. One battle, dear lady, and Dougal Carr will earn a right to say how much he loves you!"

Flora did not blush, for all the warm scarlet blood that might have dyed those cheeks had fallen back upon her heart; but a proud gleam came to her face, and, drawing close to his side, she fastened the buckle of his sword-belt with her own hands, panting for breath as she performed the task.

"It is only that I thought you feeble," she said.

"Your love has made me strong."

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, the excitement of the moment rendered this act an impulse. It seemed as if he had loved

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her forever, and no one could dispute the right to express affection after this tender fashion. Even this brought no crimson to her face; but she clung to him with both white arms around his neck and wept passionately.

"You will return? You will not rush into needless danger?" she pleaded.

"No danger is needless that wins my own love," he whispered, smoothing back her hair with his hand; "but Our Lady will keep me safe for your sweet sake!"

"Ah! how I pray for it!" she sighed.

"Now farewell! I hear the ring of hoofs on the pavement. Luke has sent my horse."

"Not yet—oh! not yet!"

"I must—I must. Every moment is a grain of gold."

"But you tremble so!"

"It is because I feel your heart fluttering like a wounded bird against mine."

"Does that make you weak? Forgive me."

Flora drew a deep breath and stood up firmly, resting one hand on his shoulder. He looked at her steadily, striving to gather strength from her courage; then his arms opened and she fell upon his bosom. A moment after she was alone, standing in the center of that dim old room. She heard his steps, less firm than a young warrior's should have been, descending the stories; then the sharp clatter of hoofs, softened into a regular beat on the stones, and he was gone.

Flora crept into the great easy-chair which Luke had occupied near his brother's pillow, and, laying her pale cheek against its cushions, wept in piteous silence. So, when the young soldiers of that household went forth to the battle of Preston Pans, every soul under Lady Clanranald's roof was given up to prayers or weeping.

Luke Carr had taken leave of his brother at Lady Clanranald's door. He made no pretence of following the young soldier, but turned abruptly away from his thanks, and went at once to Lord Lovat's mansion. The old man was not in his library or bed chamber, and at this Luke chafed angrily, for he was in haste. As he stood within the sleeping chamber, sitting upon the great bed under the vast shadows of its purple draperies, waiting for the old man to come in, the library door opened, and his own mother entered. She was dressed more richly than he had ever seen her before, and her presence was almost princely as she walked across the oaken floor.

Luke did not speak or move, at first, her sudden presence startled him; then his quick intellect began to question the reason of her coming to that place from the humble mountain home. There was something about his mother which Luke had never understood. If he waited, the mystery might be explained; for she had evidently come to see Lord Lovat.

The woman did not seat herself, but began pacing slowly up and down the room, pausing now and then on the rich square of Persian carpet that lay in the center of the floor, and looking down upon it in deep thought, as if striving to untangle the intricacies of its arabesque pattern in her mind.

Luke watched her searchingly. He could not but observe with what effect her presence mingled with the sumptuous surroundings of the room. In her mountain home she had never seemed in place, even to him; but here in the large room, under the richly-tinted light that streamed through the curtains, she was the one figure of a complete and sumptuous picture, matching the heavy furniture and tapestry hangings as if they had been her birth-right.

On entering the room, widow Carr had flung back her hood of dark silk, and its crimson lining gave color to her complexion, which had not yet faded from its depth of color or expressive outline. The brunette tints of her face were still enriched with a warm color on the cheeks, and her great black eyes had a glow of fire in them that Luke saw with astonishment: to him they had always been velvety and brooding till now. The hunchback observed this as she lifted her eyes, and turned them upon the door when some noise outside excited her expectation. Then, the light from a neighboring window streaming in upon her black garments, with the waves of crimson, thrown into relief by the picturesque way in which she had flung back the hood from her face, and the mantalette from her person, even her own son was lost in astonishment.

The door opened, and Lord Lovat came in. He stood a moment, looking upon the woman with a half-cynical expression of the face.

"Then it is you who wish to speak with me? What brings you so far from Dounie?"

"I come to inquire after my son. Why did you lure him away from me?"

"I lure him? Why, the bairn left Dounie without so much as saying by your leave of any one."

"Where is he now?" demanded the woman.

"With that reprobate son of mine. That is, he was in his train the last I heard of him."

"And he is under arms—his life is in peril?"

"The laddie is brave as a lion, and sharp as

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a goshawk. Have no fear about him. Besides, I think this rebellion will be at an end before much danger can reach Dougal."

"And Luke—what of him?"

"Ah! Luke is doing his duty well. Before long we shall have a good account of the crooked laddie; he has but one aim in life."

"And what is that?"

"His brother. Luke has no soul, no wish, no life which does not begin and end in Dougal. He is a sharp dog, this laddie Luke."

"You like him then, my lord?"

"Like him? Why, I tell you there is not the equal of that sharp imp in the world! Only show him how to help his handsome brother, and he would take a tiger by the throat without flinching. But the Macdonalds were always brave!"

"My lord, my lord! Why do you speak that name at this late day?"

"Tush! woman. What is there in a name that should make you look so wild?"

"You forget——".

Lord Lovat interrupted her with a laugh.

"No, I am not likely to forget. The fellow cost me trouble enough, I am sure!"

The woman's eyes flashed fire.

"He was noble and good. The time may come when even his proud father will admit that."

Lord Lovat laughed again.

"You know little of old Boisdale if you fancy him a man to relent, especially when you bring him this crooked laddie as the heir of his house."

"Alas! I cannot prove that he is the heir," said the woman, plaintively, "more than the other——"

"Hush! woman, hush! I thought you more discreet. Do not speak of the other—nor of her!"

"How can I help it? Have I not the charge of her child?"

"I thought both the trust and its reward came from me," said Lord Lovat, carelessly.

"From you? Yes, everything that I have came from you—even my isolation and my misery."

"How, madam?"

"Forgive me! But it was hard to withhold the evidence I wanted to establish the rights of that poor child. My husband told me that the papers were left with you."

"Your husband was—well, well, no matter. Do not fix your blazing eyes on me. I say nothing against him, except that he gave way to a dangerous fancy when you became his wife."

"It was dangerous—it was fatal!" said the woman, mournfully.

"An exile, and penniless—what had he to gain by love fancies? It was bad enough for me, who did manage to get something from my estates, and who had self-control enough to keep me from the priest."

"Stop, my lord, stop! This is too heartless!"

The woman stamped her foot in imperious anger.

"What would you have? Nay, be quiet; this rage was becoming years ago. But nothing spoils a face that has lost its first freshness like anger. Besides, it is needless. You cannot regret more than I do the perverse fate that kept me from giving Dougal a legal mother. But for that, I might hope to see the line perpetuated by one who is not hateful to me after I become Duke of Fraser."

"The Duke of Fraser! Did you say that, my lord?"

"Yes. But think it unsaid, and keep the proud heart down in your bosom. I know that you love my son as if he were your own—better, perhaps; for Luke has a bitter tongue, at times. Am I right?"

"I love the boy better than my own life—better than my own soul!" cried the woman, passionately pressing both hands to her heart.

"I know it," said the old man, triumphantly. "And no wonder his mother was a beautiful woman."

"My sister! my unhappy sister!" moaned the woman. "Yes, she was beautiful even in her death, when I took this child from her cold bosom, and promised to keep it safe from harm, safe from the temptations of rank and wealth, safe from its own father, who had abandoned it and her."

"Nay, it was not my fault. The Prince would have me near him, and you know well the exiles of '15 had a sorry time of it. Macdonald himself, loving husband as he was, could not always stay with you in that pretty, vine-covered cottage, where we first saw you and that fair sister, sitting, at your lace-making, by the open lattice. That was a pretty picture, Mistress Carr."

"Do not call me by that name! I will not hear it from you!" cried the woman, passionately. "For my child's sake—for her child's sake I have borne it; but not from your lips shall the hated sound come!"

"Nay, nay, this is folly, woman. Remember that a noble of Scotland carries no dishonor into a peasant's cottage, though it is in fair Italy. Carr is a good name."

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"But I have a right to that other which you unjustly withhold from me."

"I withhold it?" The old man laughed till the great easy-chair upon which he had seated himself shook under its sumptuous cushions.

"I withhold it! Why, mistress, what had I to do with Hugh Macdonald's marriage?"

"You witnessed it, Lord Lovat."

"Did I? Well, it is possible. I remember a pretty chapel in the hills, overrun with ivy, and with gleams of painted glass in the windows; and I remember a beautiful girl, proud as an empress, and cold as stone—too proud for generous love such as her sister gave that vagabond exile, Lord Lovat; and——"

"Hold, my lord! Insult me, if you will; but do not speak of her in that voice, or with that look—it drives me mad!"

"No matter; there is something very piquant in that stormy look of the eye. It reminds me of her when she got into a queenly humor, which sometimes happened, you know."

"I know that she was good, beautiful, and loving; cruelly wronged, sacrificed in the bloom of her youth."

"Do not speak with such force, my dear Mistress Carr. If your sister suffered some wrong, have I not atoned for it, both to your child and hers? Is not Luke wise and shrewd as the most learned man in Scotland? And where can you find a match for Dougal?"

"But he is only known as a churl."

"Have patience. Wait till I work out the web of events here. The Master of Lovat is with the Prince. He may be shot, or, failing that, stands a fair chance of losing his head in the tower, some fine day; then your sister's son may claim his father's name, and carry forward the honors your sharp laddie will help me win."

"But how? He has no legal name!" exclaimed the woman, greatly excited.

Lord Lovat stooped forward, clasping his white hands together, and dropping them between his knees.

"Listen," he said. "There are services so great that a powerful king may reward them even by removing the bar-sinister from the escutcheon of a noble house. The act which makes me Duke of Fraser, will place your sister's son fairly in the line of succession. In a few days, if your son fails me not, all this will be accomplished."

The widow Carr stood in the middle of the room, gazing on the old lord with a doubtful and perplexed look. Something troubled her thoughts, and she walked up and down the room in great agitation. While her face was turned away, Luke stole out from his concealment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COME TO ME, DARLING.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

Come to me, darling, sit close by my side,
  Lay your soft hands in my thin, wasted palm;
Oh! little one, do you know how I've tried,
  To flood your life only with sunshine and calm?

Push back the curls that fall over your face,
  Let me look down in the blue of your eye;
As the years bring to you beauty and grace,
  Will the good seed in that heart of yours die?

I read the resolve in your sweet, earnest eyes:
  You'll grow to be gentle, and trustful, and true;
You think that one can do the right if she tries—
  None shall endeavor more truly than you.

Darling, I know that just this is your thought;
  But, if your path should be thorny with care,
Your life with sore trial and suffering fraught—
  Weeds may be growing ere you are aware.

Ah! Could I linger to watch over your way!
  Oft, with the dear God, I've striven and prayed.
You will remember to watch and to pray,
  Go to the weak and the lonely for aid.

Nearer, my darling, lie down by my side,
  Nestle your head on the pillow with mine.
Father, have I, in my yearning and pride,
  Loving the mortal, forgot the Divine?

Give her of human love, else will her way
  Tearful, and lonely, and comfortless be;
Guide her young feet that they never may stray,
  Crown her with blessings and lead her to Thee.

Softly, bright sunbeams, look in at the pane!
  What come ye down from the far hills to see?
Cease, oh! ye murmuring winds, to complain!
  Hush your glad music, ye birds in the tree!

Hurried the footsteps that enter the door,
  Bowed are the forms that are filling the room.
Birds, ye have charmed, but will charm her no more!
  Sunbeams, ye never can lighten the gloom!

The sound of low weeping is heard for the dead.
  Dear little one! they will rouse you to pain!
Sleep has been hovering over the bed—
  One shall awaken, ah! never again!

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MIRIAM GRANT.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

"I CANNOT meet you as a stranger, Miriam. Let the past be forgotten, and tell me, how have you been all these long years?"

"Well, and happy."

"I am very glad to hear you say that; but as for me, I am a lonely old bachelor."

"What! Are you not married yet, Richard?"

"No; nor do not think I ever shall be. I made up my mind to that four years ago."

She remembers vividly, and with some sorrow, the time to which he alludes. She has not forgotten the sudden faintness that came upon her, the morning after her wedding, when she read Richard Dean's name in the list of passengers who had sailed that day for South America, and she knew full well *who* was the cause of his going.

Not but what she loved him. Oh! no; to be the wife of Richard Dean had been the one hope of her life. Looking up to him now, as he stands by her side, brings back the scene of four years ago as if it were but yesterday, when walking on the beach, with the great ocean sobbing and moaning at their feet, Richard Dean had told her of his love, and what a great joy it would to be to him if she would be his wife.

She was too happy to answer at first; but when he bent over and looked in her face to see if he could read his answer there, and drew her fondly to him, she whispered, "I love you, Richard!"

They sat there a long time after that; and he pictured to her the happy home that should be hers; and how fondly he would cherish her through all the years that God should give them to live together. His voice had a low, musical tone as he said this; and it sounded as sweet to her ear as the musical anthems of the sea.

And she remembers what an unusual pallor was on the face of her invalid sister May, as she entered her room that night, and, sinking on a low ottoman at her feet, says, "Miriam, do you love Richard Dean?"

She clasped her arms around the neck of her sister.

"Oh! May——"

"There, there! I need not have asked you; I might have known you did. Oh! Miriam, it will kill me."

"Why, May, darling, what is the matter? Do you not think he is worthy of me?"

"Oh! not that, Miriam! there, let me hide my face in your lap, and I will tell you. I, too, love Richard; I have loved him for many years; and it is this that is wearing my life out, for he does not love me; it is *you*, Miriam, he would have for his wife; but promise me you will never marry him. Oh! how could you, knowing it would be my death blow; for it surely would!"

Even now there comes a slight shudder over her at the recollection of that hour.

How the love for Richard kept pleading in her heart; and how her sister's voice kept pleading, "Promise me! promise me!"

"Oh! I cannot, May!" she said, at last, or almost groaned, for there was a terrible struggle going on in her heart.

Then the pale face of May grew even more pallid; and the thin white hands that had grasped hers so nervously in her excitement, loosened their hold; and, with a low cry, she sank fainting to the floor.

Then there arose in Miriam's heart a prayer for strength; and when at last the half-lifeless girl came slowly back to consciousness, she whispered to her, "I promise, May!" but the words pierced her heart like a sharp sword. And so it was she accepted the hand of Nicholas Grant. But first she told Richard Dean that she could never be his wife; and when he urged her to tell him the reason, the happiness of her sister overpowered maiden delicacy; and she told him all. And then, when every word seemed to palsy her tongue, entreated him to make her his wife.

"Never! Miriam. I do not, nor cannot love your sister!"

"But for *my* sake, then, Richard, if not for hers; do it for my sake!"

"Oh! Miriam, it will be a dreadful sacrifice!"

"But you will, Richard; say that you will."

"Yes!"

Then she hastened to gladden the heart of May by telling her she should be Richard's wife. But she was too late; for May had heard

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all; heard from his own lips that he did not love her. It was too much for the poor girl in her feeble state of health; she dragged herself to her chamber there to die.

And when Miriam came in, she raised herself by a feeble effort, and there was a wild look in her eyes as she said, "You need not tell me, Miriam; I heard it all; Richard does not love me. I knew it before; but, somehow, there has always been a hope in my heart that he would some time. But it is all gone now; the hope, I mean, and you may take back that promise, Miriam, for I am dying!"

"Oh! May, you must not die; live, live to be Richard's wife, for I cannot; my hand is promised to another." And so May died.

The tears are coming into Miriam Grant's eyes now, just as they did then; and Richard, noticing her emotion, leads her away from the crowded rooms.

"It grieves me to see those tears, Miriam!" and he clasped the little, soft white hand that was resting on his arm with all a lover's tenderness.

"Please don't, Richard!"

"Pardon me, Miriam; I had forgotten, for the moment, that you was Mrs. Nicholas Grant. Do you know I start for Europe to-morrow?"

"Is it possible? Then I shall not see you again?" There was a touch of sadness in the tone.

"No! I suppose not."

"Your stay is very short, Richard!"

"Yes. I have no business to keep me."

"But you have friends!"

"I trust I have a *friend*, Miriam!"

"Yes; and one who will always be your friend."

"Thank you for this sweet assurance. I once thought—but there, I am forgetting myself again."

CHAPTER II.

TIME passed, and Miriam Grant was a widow. She had loved her husband; noble, and good, always so tender with her, how could she help it? And her terrible grief at his death was no mockery, although a good many envious tongues whispered that she only married Nicholas Grant for his wealth. People thought him wealthy; and so he had been; but it was the time of the great commercial crisis, and old established houses were falling one after another, and among them was Nicholas Grant's.

This no doubt hastened his death, for he could not tell the sad news to his young wife; and so, after the sod had been covered over him, and she had come back, weary and heart-broken, to her splendid home, strangers told her it must be sold to pay the creditors, and that she was left penniless. But one week longer would she have a home there, and in the meantime she must seek employment.

"I am very sorry for you, dear," and the fashionable Mrs. Reeves lifted her cambric handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary tear.

Mrs. Reeves had been her warmest friend in her days of prosperity.

"I did not know but you might want a music-teacher for Emily; I am trying to get a class." And Miriam's lips quivered, in spite of herself, for it was something so strange and disagreeable to her to think of earning her own living, and no one to care for her, no one to love her.

"I do not think I shall let Emily take lessons this year; she is too delicate. But why do you not sew for a living?"

"I am not used to sewing, madam; I have no taste that way; I never could make a living by my needle. Good-morning." And Miriam Grant, drawing the black veil over her pale face, joins once more the busy throng that are threading the streets of the great city.

The steamer from California had just arrived. Pushing his way among the crowd of passengers, porters, and hackmen, was a fine-looking gentleman, about forty years old.

"This way, sir," said a hackman, and as the traveler settled himself back in the carriage, he wondered if his little pet niece, as he always called her, would recognize him. "Ten years make great changes; but my little Miriam, I should know her among a thousand." Yet, when, a moment after, he was shown into the splendid reception-room, and Miriam Grant entered, looking so pale and care-worn, he would scarcely have known her; but she sprang forward with a glad cry, and he clasped her in his arms.

"Miriam, my little Miriam, what is the meaning of this?" and he touched her sable robes lightly.

"Oh! uncle John, I am a widow now."

"Poor child! you have suffered so much," and he stroked the soft brown hair tenderly.

"And so you are going to earn your own living, Miriam?"

He said this after she had told him of her troubles and misfortune.

"Yes, uncle John; I must do something."

"We'll see about that; we'll see."

And Miriam did see, when, a day or two after, he gave her a deed of the house.

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"Oh! uncle John!" And Miriam's arms were around his neck, and her eyes were filled with tears; but not of sorrow, as they had been so much of late, but joy, joy such as only they can feel who have been about to be cast out in the cold world friendless and penniless, and suddenly find themselves in possession of a good home and a true friend.

"We will travel for awhile, Miriam. I must see the roses coming back to your cheek once more."

They had been in Paris but a day, when a visitor was announced, and Richard Dean entered.

"At last!" he whispered, as he clasped the lovely form of Miriam Grant to his bosom. "I have waited long and patiently, darling; and you will be mine now, mine own!"

There beat not two happier hearts, that night, than those of Richard Dean and Miriam Grant; and uncle John looked on and smiled, for he was happy too.

MY TREASURES.

BY MRS. MATTIE D. BRITTS.

Here's a song that he used to sing,
There a jewel she used to wear;
This is a curl, a tiny thing,
Cut from a wreath of golden hair.
Dear little head! it's buried now,
And the curls have withered upon its brow!

This is a book that we often read,
See the marks he left for me there;
Here is a lock from a long-loved head,
Look, how soft the raven hair!
That is a letter, dim with age,
She's in Heaven who traced the page.

That little box holds a faded rose.
"This," he said, "I leave to you;
Watch the bud, and, if it grows,
'Tis a sign I am ever true."
I watched the flower, it drooped its head.
They brought a letter—he was dead!

Here's another cherished thing,
See how careful I have kept it here!
Only a little broken ring,
A parting-gift from a sister dear!
What's in this paper? Oh! they are flowers,
They speak to me of happy hours.

Here's a book, with a written name—
Ah! I know who wrote it there;
Here's a note, the hand's the same—
Guarded tokens, kept with care.
This old chain of fine-wrought gold,
My mother wore in days of old.

That is a piece of a wedding-dress;
How we loved that fair young bride!
Here's a glossy auburn tress,
I cut it off when Fanny died.
Shut the drawer and come away,
We cannot look at all to-day.

Curls, and rings, and tresses of hair,
Notes and flowers, books they have read;
Gems and things I have seen them wear,
Songs they've sung, and prayers they have said:
'Tis a sacred place to me,
Where my guarded treasures be!

THE WANDERER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The stars are climbing up the sky,
The twilight's fading fast;
And sombre are the shadows which
Are now around me cast.
Oh! would that sleep would visit me,
And give my spirit rest;
And quench the flame of other years
That's burning in my breast.

Once more I'm by my mother's side,
Within a darkened room,
Where tears, and prayers, and stifled sighs
Are mingled with the gloom;
Once more her hands mine own entwine,
Once more my tears do roll;
Once more her dying eyes meet mine,
And seem to pierce my soul!

Oh, God! oh, God! I promised then,
Upon my bended knee,
To shun the haunts of vice and crime,
And from the tempter flee!
But my weak soul the iron chain
Could not tear from its hold;
And now my misspent days and nights
Have made me harsh and cold.

The morning sun his golden rays
Throws upon earth and sea;
And some will herald day with joy,
But there's no peace for me;
For while they greet it with deep bliss,
And unalloyed delight,
I turn away my weeping eyes
And wish again for night.

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

A TALL lady with very wide awake eyes, a pretty girl, and an immensely fat man, stepped out of a carriage upon the piazza of the hotel at Lebanon Springs.

A mountain of trunks that might have contained the small needs of half a dozen Flora McFlimsies, were duly hauled down amid the audible execrations of the porters and the irrepressible excitement of the fat man, who could not be persuaded to move in spite of the whispers and pushes of the elder of the two ladies.

He was rubbing his forehead vigorously with a red pocket-handkerchief and fairly steaming at every pore, till, between the effects of the heat and his agitation concerning the baggage, he really was quite a spectacle; although he appeared to afford more amusement than pity to the loungers upon the colonnade, judging from the smiles and glances that were exchanged.

The wide-awake eyes were not slow to discover the curiosity they were exciting; and when a hat-box was allowed to fall upon the ground, and the fat man could no longer contain himself, but forgetful of all the rules of polite society, with which he had been industriously endeavoring, for a long time past, to enamel native ignorance, called out loudly,

"Darn it all, don't smash the things to flinders, you butter-fingered Paddy——"

It was impossible for human nature to endure more. The lady gave him a pinch that made him jump like an apoplectic frog, and put the finishing touch to his misery and anger.

"Darn it, Polly!" he muttered, "you'll make me black and blue as a piece of spilt veal!"

A look very full of menace recalled him, in a measure, to himself; but at that instant she caught sight of the red handkerchief fluttering like a piratical flag in his hand.

"That rag!" she muttered, in a tragic whisper.

The poor man started, tried to crowd it in his pocket, dropped a satchel he held upon his arm, and out rolled a miscellaneous collection of articles such as ladies carry in traveling, together with a sandwich and two hard-boiled eggs, which the fat man had privately inserted therein for his own consolation, but had quite forgotten during the heat and perplexity of the day's journey.

Ten years before, the ejaculation which died in the lady's throat would have been heartier and more expressive; but whatever the word was that choked her—judging from the look in her face it must have been a large one—she strangled it very effectually.

For an instant she glanced hopelessly about, although she was not a woman easily disconcerted; but the young girl came to her rescue with a face divided between blushes and laughter, and the pair arranged to get the old gentleman into the hall, still muttering anathemas against the careless Celt and his own particular ill-luck.

"I wonder who they are?" proceeded from the group at the other end of the piazza, two or three of the young ladies giving way to a little languid laughter when the party were safely out of sight.

"Somebody might look in the register," suggested Howard Thornton, at last, leaning more comfortably back in his chair, apparently considering that he had done his part in making the brilliant proposal.

Somebody did go and look in a few moments, and brought back the names as they stood on the book.

Mrs. Rushman.
Miss Dyson.
J. V. L. Copcutt.

"Bless me, Howard!" exclaimed a young man, starting forward in his chair with more animation than he had shown during the whole day; "didn't we meet those people somewhere, last year?"

"I haven't the slightest recollection, I am sure," he replied. "Can't say that I have the honor of their acquaintance."

"I know where we saw them," pursued Winston, after a moment's thought; "it was near Chamouni—the old gentleman had just got upset in the snow—I knew the widow made a dead set at both of us—talked of princess this and marquis that."

"Why they are the people," said Thornton, rousing himself, "that our courier called 'the

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blunderers.' The old fellow was always getting them into scrapes—if they wanted to go in one direction, they were sure to get started in the other."

"Dreadful people!" said Winston; "the woman pushing and indomitable."

"Fearfully vulgar!" added Mrs. Delancy, "one can see that."

"No," returned Winston, "you can't call the woman that. She dresses well, too much, perhaps, and only has lapses of vulgarity—a sort of bringing up of old reminiscences. As for the girl, she's quite pretty."

"Oh, Mr. Winston!" exclaimed all the young ladies at once. "How can you say so? Such a red face!"

"I think anybody would be to have a whole nest of eggs roll out of their belongings in that sort of style," returned Winston. "I assure you, that woman is quite a general—she never came here without some plan in her hand—society is her hobby."

"Be on your guard, ladies!" said Mrs. Delancy, warningly.

"Too bad they should have come," sighed somebody; "we had such a pleasant party before."

Winston recalled new stories of the family; of their being taken for spies in Venice; of the old gentleman being introduced to his holiness, and saying, "How do you, Pope;" of their mistaking the grand duke's ball at Florence for a fancy dress affair, and appearing in Turkish costumes, to the bewilderment of his highness and everybody else; of the old gentleman's incessant fights with postillions and hotel people, and so on through a long catalogue of absurdities, which he probably embellished to the extent of his imagination when he saw the amusement they excited.

The end of it was, that a cabal was formed against Mrs. Rushman and her party before the group separated.

The hotel was filled with a party of fashionables, who had settled down there for a few weeks before trying Saratoga, and as it had been kept a very secret and select affair, it was extremely tiresome to have such people, as Mrs. Delancy called them, thrust in amongst the number.

It was decided to send the whole set to Coventry in the most decided manner. Perhaps Mrs. Delancy was more firm as she recollected Miss Dyson's pretty face.

"I'll wager anything!" exclaimed Winston, "that your plans don't succeed—Rushman is more than a match for two women and ten men. I assure you, Mrs. Delancy, she is vastly entertaining, really talks well; and, as for old Copcutt, he is deliciously ridiculous."

"The fashion of keeping jesters has gone by," returned Mrs. Delancy, drawing herself up with so much dignity, that Winston internally wondered whether, in spite of her position and fortune, it had never happened to Mrs. Delancy to be laughed at; but he applauded her sentiment and kept his real thought to himself, as well-bred people are taught to do.

While their conversation went on, the newly arrived party were safely installed in the apartments which had been secured for them in advance, at the suggestion of that wise general in petticoats who headed the group.

Uncle Copcutt was clearing himself of dust, and solacing himself with a brandy smash in the privacy of his own apartment; while the two ladies sat in their room resting after their fatigues, and consoling each other for their misadventures before beginning the important duties of the toilet.

"Such a *contretum!*" exclaimed Mrs. Rushman, trying to keep up her elegance even in the midst of her distress.

"*Contretemps*," suggested Miss Jenny, correcting her sister's French, as she had been requested always to do.

"It's no time to stop for correct speaking," retorted Mrs. Rushman, in her natural voice. "I declare, I don't know whether I stand on my heel or my head—and all those people to see us—I know that was Mrs. Delancy."

"I am sure I saw Andrew Winston," said Jenny. "I am sorry he is here; for he is a terrible quiz."

"Don't employ such terms," returned Mrs. Rushman, gliding back into her polished manner at once. "We cannot be too circumspect, as I have often told you. It requires a great deal to carry off that man's odious vulgarity."

"But uncle is so good-hearted!" added Jenny.

"Don't talk of hearts as if you were a schoolgirl," said Mrs. Rushman. "Do unpack that big trunk," she snapped, a moment after; "I expect to find everything a perfect smash."

She caught at the words gaspingly; but it was too late. Uncle Copcutt's vulgarity always infected her in spite of herself.

"Such a shame to make a beginning like this!" she went on, while her sister was obeying her directions. "After all my manœuvring to get here with this party, having that letter for old Mrs. Leslie and all—it's always the way. Now, if we can only get in with this set, we are

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established in New York for the winter. Mrs. Delancy has everything her own way."

"But she is so proud," sighed Jenny, "so unapproachable!"

"Do you think I'm not a match for her?" retorted Mrs. Rushman, threateningly. "Didn't I get to Prince Torlonia's ball without any invitation? Haven't I managed things no other woman could? Don't be prowo—provoking," she added, hastily. "I declare, uncle Copcutt troubles me so with his w's that I use them myself!"

She sighed audibly and went on:

"Only to think of that tiresome maid's leaving us just when we wanted her most, and being here without any! It's all uncle Copcutt's fault!"

She was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the perverse individual in question entered, in his shirt sleeves, through the door that connected their rooms, scrubbing his head vigorously with a towel, and gulping over the last taste of the smash left in his mouth.

Mrs. Rushman sat quite aghast at the spectacle, and hastily pulled down the window-shade nearest him, as if she thought somebody could look through the closed blinds.

"Well, chickabiddies, how do you get on?" he asked, pausing in his manipulations.

"Do go and dress!" sighed Mrs. Rushman. "Really, uncle, you do the oddest things!"

"It's hard teaching an old dog new tricks," he said, good-naturedly.

"Oh! I've heard 'what's bred in the bone can't be beat out of the flesh!'" she exclaimed, exasperated into returning his proverb, and then ready to bite her tongue off for having been goaded into imitating his vulgarity.

"I thought you said proverbs were vulgar," he said, rather enjoying her distress. "Why, Polly, I'm astonished at you!"

"How many times must I tell you that my name is not Polly!" she cried, in a louder tone than she often employed, even in her most forgetful moments. "Do say, 'my niece,' or 'Pauline.'"

"Wal, wal, 'niece Pollyanny,' if you like that better," he replied, soothingly.

Mrs. Rushman only fell back in her chair and groaned.

"Oh! uncle," she said, as soon as she could speak; "do be more cautious—do not use such language!"

"A feller must talk, sometimes," he said. "But I'm as keerful—no, careful—as I can be."

Mrs. Rushman gave a shrug of the shoulders she had acquired in France, and a sigh she had heard practiced by Florentine ladies, but said never a word.

"Wal, Jane, how do you get on?" asked the old gentleman, turning to his younger niece.

"Do call her Jenny!" pleaded Mrs. Rushman, roused into speech again. "Oh! uncle, you get more and more careless!"

"It makes no difference when we are alone," interposed Jenny, good-naturedly.

"Oh! let Polly have her 'druther," said the old gentleman, placidly; "I'll do my best to remember."

Mrs. Rushman had reached the highest pitch of exasperation; but she had learned, from experience, that, though usually her uncle submitted quietly to her iron will, there was a point beyond which she could not go; and just at that moment she feared to trust her tongue lest that unruly member should betray her into some provocation which would render the old gentleman hopelessly obstinate during their whole visit.

"I should like to dress," she sighed, plaintively.

"I never thought of that," he said, turning to go out at once. "'Tain't like old times, niece Pollyanny, when your mother could hang up a sheet and rig herself behind it—no, indeed!"

Mrs. Rushman had taken a hair-brush from her carpet-bag. It must have required great resolution not to have thrown it; but she remained still, although her fingers settled over the handle with such force that they were red for half an hour after.

Fortunately the worthy man retired and left his niece to compose herself once more. A weaker woman would have cried; but Mrs. Rushman did not indulge in tears readily. The effect of her uncle's example was still strong upon her.

"The old mud turtle!" she ejaculated, when the door had closed; then resolutely shut her lips and did not speak for a whole hour—not until, with the gorgeousness of her dinner-dress, she was able to call back the varnish and foreign manners she had labored so faithfully to acquire.

The dinner hour arrived, and down the party sailed, uncle Copcutt looking quite presentable, thanks to the finishing touches Jenny had given his toilet.

More guests—not friends of the Delancy set—had arrived. The house and cottages were full, and the table presented an array so brilliant

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that Mrs. Rushman felt her spirits rise to the importance of the occasion.

Uncle Copcutt was discreetly quiet. She made Jenny talk to her in French, replying in monosyllables, as she was too wise to trust her own powers too far in that direction, surveyed the company carelessly through her eye-glass, and really managed admirably.

She was too much dressed, but so were three-quarters of the women. She had fine eyes in spite of the restless expression years of such constant watchfulness had given them; and, though she had to go almost dinnerless to subdue the color which eating would always bring into her face, she bore that pain with the Spartan firmness which characterized her.

She had uncle Copcutt between herself and her sister. She trod on his foot when he forgot her instructions and smacked his lips over his wine, and artfully snatched out of his hand the red handkerchief, which he was thoughtlessly lifting to his mouth instead of his napkin.

Jenny looked pretty, well-dressed, and timid. So they ought to have passed muster in spite of uncle Copcutt; and so they might have done if Mrs. Delancy had not resolutely set her face against them.

After dinner she waylaid Andrew Winston on the piazza. It was admirably done. She dropped her fan just at his feet. Of course, he restored it to her; she looked in his face, started, murmured "*ciel!*" and exclaimed:

"I almost think I must be dreaming and back in dear Florence! Again I have to thank Mr. Winston for a favor! Do you remember rescuing me from a beggar in *bella Fuenza*—aiding dear uncle at Chamouni? I have never had an opportunity of thanking you, but I am so happy to do so now. I think you know my uncle, Mr. Copcutt, and my sister, Miss Dyson?"

It was so glibly and rapidly done that Winston found himself bowing and smiling before he was aware of it; and, being a good-natured man, and a gentleman to boot, he would not mortify the woman to please Mrs. Delancy or any of her set.

They were all looking at him—scores of reproachful eyes. But what could the man do? The widow never stopped talking long enough to give him time to run away. She recalled European recollections—strung titled people like pearls upon her speech—asked after persons as if they had been dear friends, and all the while managed to make her conversation audible to those about without once raising her voice beyond the pitch of propriety.

Winston was heartily amused, and could not resist lending himself to her plot if it was only to annoy his friends. Mrs. Delancy sent his cousin to rescue him, and along swept Mrs. Doshamer. But the widow was too quick for her.

"That is your cousin, is it not?" she asked, with a nonchalance that would have done credit to a duchess. "Pray introduce me to her. I shall depend upon you to make me acquainted with the people one ought to know."

All this in a tone as if she were perfectly certain of her position, but did not wish to presume upon it.

She managed to draw him toward his cousin, and before the astonished Mrs. Doshamer could at all realize it, she was actually introduced and forced to listen to the widow, while Mrs. Delancy glared down from her stately distance and shivered with cold rage.

"So happy to meet you!" cooed the widow. "We knew a dear friend of yours abroad—Lady Froersham. She could talk of no one but her 'sweet American lily,' as she always called you. I have among my boxes a little memento she requested me to give you when we met; but we flit about so constantly that until now I have never had the opportunity."

So far true that she had met the lady in question at some ball, where she had found admittance, and had conversed with her unintroduced, on the plea of knowing well her dear American friend. Of course, the "memento" sent by her was a myth; but the invention did the widow credit. She had not been for weeks past studying the plan of her campaign without being in on the high-road to success. More than that: she succeeded in presenting Jenny; and though Jenny would not lie, she looked so pretty that it might have softened a dragon; and, in spite of Mrs. Doshamer's anger, she could not be quite rude to a woman who brought with her a gift from a friend to be presented at the earliest opportunity.

By hook and by crook—I hope that is not vulgar—before the evening was over, Mrs. Rushman had obtained a goodly number of introductions; and Jenny had partners, and her waltzing went far toward gaining her the good graces of the men, and new aversion from the young ladies.

"If any one presents that woman to me," exclaimed Mrs. Delancy, as she stood in the ball-room, watching Jenny dance with the very man she meant to be her daughter's partner, "I shall no longer consider that person as belonging to my acquaintance!" And she set her lips so firmly together that her satellites trembled.

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The widow was watching her from a corner, where she was holding a flirtation with an old *roue* whom everybody run after on account of his money, his family, and his vices; and she knew, by the expression of face, and the glance toward her, what Mrs. Delancy's words had been as if she had heard them spoken.

"It's a long lane that has no turn," thought the widow; then, shocked even at the mental vulgarity, she changed it in her thoughts to a French phrase, all the while listening and smiling at Mr. Livermore in a way that quite struck his dissipated old fancy.

She went up to her room that night exulting at her success, and, in the seclusion of her apartment, held a cabinet council with her sister and uncle Copcutt.

"You are a wonderful woman!" exclaimed the old gentleman, slapping his knee violently. "I never see your beat."

She smiled complacently; but he destroyed the effect of his compliment by adding,

"A body'd sooner think you'd been raised in a palace than in Dan Copcutt's old tavern."

She rushed at him to check the words; but they were out, and he retreated quite in time before her looks.

"Don't eat me up!" he faltered. "I kind o' forgot."

"A pretty dose you'd make!" she retorted, immediately under the influence of his coarseness, as much as if the fine lady who had fluttered below stairs were another person. Then she recollected herself, sank back in her chair, and gasped, "Don't ever mention that word again! You make me shudder!"

"Oh! dear me!" sighed Jenny; "I am so sick of this constant restraint! I should like to tell the truth once more! I am tired of courting people; I would like to be quiet."

The simile of a tigress is trite; but, really, as the widow turned upon her sister, it was what she resembled. Her ten fingers were extended, and the word that died upon her lips—I am sorry to write it—was:

"Hussy!"

Uncle Copcutt looked at Jenny.

"Are you in real earnest?" he asked. "If you be——"

"Of course she is not!" interrupted Mrs. Rushman. "She adores society—she could not live without it—she is tired to-night."

She got her uncle out of the room with all speed, and then did she turn upon her sister.

"Oh! you minx! After my slaving, and working, and all for you! You deserve to be whipped! You're a real Copcutt—there's none of my father's blood in you."

She was fairly launched, and what Jenny had to endure for an hour after it is by no means necessary to relate. If the flowers of speech which Mrs. Rushman flung at the girl were not so elegant as those she had employed below stairs, they were to the full as forcible, and plainly proved, that, however much she might abhor the recollection, damp airs from Dyson's old tavern did still occasionally cast a mildew upon her acquired state.

For it was true: somewhere in the interior of Pennsylvania, in one of those old tumble-down taverns which never knew paint nor plaster, had Polly Dyson seen the light for the first time, squabbled through her first years of infancy, and acquired her mother-tongue, embellished with all the incomprehensible terms of the Pennsylvania vernacular.

You see where and what she is now, and must acknowledge that she deserved success in her aims; for no world-famed conqueror of old ever fought such battles as she had done.

Susan Copcutt and her husband, James Dyson, were as shambling, inefficient a pair as ever got together. She was lazy and dirty, and he was lazy and endowed with a vast idea of his own importance. It was a fact that he was in some way connected with a good family, and, though the fact never gave him energy to get out of the slough in which he lived, it made him disagreeable and arrogant.

They were neither of them very ignorant; both great readers, and would sit over old worn-out novels instead of attending to their guests or their farm, indulging year after year in baseless expectations instead of going to work more than was necessary to keep the tumble-down old house over their heads.

Into such an existence Polly Dyson was born, and spent her early years, as pretty as her mother had been before her, with all her father's idea of self-importance, and an energy and will beyond belief.

She hated her life, and she did what she could to make it better. She could harness a horse, or plough a field; she studied hard, and, at twelve years old, was the wonder of the township, and the idol of her father's heart.

She was married at sixteen to a young engineer, one of a corps who were astonishing the Pennsylvania woods by surveying a railroad through them. Her husband was a clever, dashing fellow, well-reared and educated; and, during the next four years of wandering and seeing the world, there was such a change in

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Polly—she was Pauline then—that none of the neighbors recognized her when she returned home on a visit.

She found a little sister born to an existence such as hers had been in the beginning, and Polly could have cursed fate as she looked at her. But she did a wiser thing. When Jenny was ten years old, the father and mother died, and Polly sent at once for the child, and thus broke off all connection with the tavern and her old life.

Her husband was established in a flourishing town, where Polly reigned supreme, although she had by no means fulfilled the destiny she had laid out for herself.

Mr. Rushman died, leaving her more property than she could ever have hoped to possess, but not by any means what she desired; for Polly had seen the world, and had looked forward to being a Senator's wife at least—and, if such a person had come in her way, his wife she would have been in spite of him or fate.

While in the first months of her widowhood, Pauline—let us gratify her in the small matter of a name—was training Jenny, and debating whether she should open a school or go on the stage, home from California came uncle Copcutt, with a considerable fortune of his own, and almost as many exaggerated ideas as Polly herself.

He was very fond of his nieces, and in a week was completely the slave of the widow. He promised that if she would go back to California and stay five years with him, he would take herself and Jenny to Europe, and give them all the money they could wish.

There were not two answers to a proposal like that. Jenny was placed in a good boarding-school, charged to forget completely her early life, and the ambitious Polly sailed for San Francisco.

Never mind her life there—neither you nor I would like ours too closely inspected. She helped uncle Copcutt get richer yet—she got a goodly share of his property into her own hands, and before the bloom had all worn off her cheeks she was back in the Atlantic states, had resumed possession of Jenny, and in a short time, with the little girl and the old uncle in her train, had sailed for Europe.

Jenny was now eighteen, much more humble-minded than her sister, but full of admiration for her, and closing her eyes to many of the ways which Polly employed for getting into society. Her ambition had all centered on that now, and this trip to Lebanon had been undertaken as the grand stepping stone.

She knew, wise woman! that she stood a better chance than in beginning in the whirl of Saratoga where she would be completely lost. She meant to go there with Mrs. Delancy's party; she had privately registered a vow to that effect, and Polly's vows were not empty wind.

She had hitherto made many missteps; and, I am sorry to say, that the party were occasionally laughed at, owing to her determination to be of consequence and uncle Copcutt's peculiarities, and so much money had been spent that the old gentleman was terrified. But Polly held him fast—Jenny was to make a rich marriage, then they would spend less—so it went on, and there she was at the Springs.

Several days passed, and although Mrs. Delancy swept by her as if she had been dust beneath her feet, and most of the ladies were barely civil to her, the widow managed to keep the foothold she had gained. She persisted in being friendly with Mrs. Doshamer; although she was shocked to find she had left "the memento" in New York, and was so obliging and thoughtful to all who would permit her society, that she got on.

As for the men, they really liked the widow. She had picked up a good deal of life here and there; with the few who would not betray her, she would drive a horse and smoke a cigarette; and, as for Jenny, nobody but a mother with grown-up daughters could have helped liking her.

"I am near success," said the widow, triumphantly.

"It's costing a mint of money," sighed uncle Copcutt.

"I thought you loved Jenny," she cried.

"So I do; if she wants it, why it must go; but," and he made a rueful face, "Jane don't have to pay the fiddler."

"A pretty jackass dance she'd have of it if she went your way," she said, sharply, in the old time voice; and then nearly bit her tongue off to keep it still.

It was a strange thing, and only to be accounted for by some inexplicable law of magnetism, but the moment uncle Copcutt began to be natural and indulge in coarse proverbs, that instant the widow felt irresistibly impelled to follow his lead.

Often and often in society she nearly choked herself to keep back words that came to her lips; and more than once she caught herself tripping in a way that made people stare, it was so unlike her usual languid, attempted foreign air. The knowledge that such was the case,

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and the close watch she had to keep over her uncle left her without rest, and she began, in spite of her paint, to look a little worn.

But Mrs. Delancy was not yet won—that was the grand point. The widow meditated upon it night and day, but found no means of getting over the stumbling block of the great lady's pride. She insisted upon considering them a party of adventurers; scouted the idea which had spread abroad that Jenny was an heiress, which fact made even uncle Copcutt's vulgarity more endurable; and the widow gazed in vain up at the pinnacle of her grandeur, and broke what little heart she had to atoms upon the sharp rocks at its base.

It was odd, but uncle Copcutt was the one to show her the way to undermine the rocks she had been trying to climb.

"Delancy, Delancy," he said, one night, when the widow had been discussing the matter. "Lord bless you! I know that name—sure as a gun I do."

"You haven't fired anything very sharp now," retorted the widow; "I should think you might after hearing it every day for a week."

"No; but I've heard it somewhere else. Where the dickens was it?" he soliloquized. "While we was on that Eu-*ro*pean tour?" he continued, emphasizing the second syllable of the first word, and pronouncing *tour* as if it was a square Norman structure. "'Twan't there—no! Lord, it's all higgledy-piggledy in my mind; but I know I've heard it—I can feel it a crawling about in my head now."

"More likely a maggot!" cried Polly, quite out of patience.

"Californy, that's where it was!" exclaimed uncle Copcutt, with a big oath, and slapping the table with his fist.

The widow jumped, not at the wicked word, but at a thought which came into her mind.

"What is it?" she questioned eagerly. "Tell me—quick."

"Why, it was a fellow named Tom Delancy, a roarer of a young chap. When I kept a place in Maysville he used to come there, and I s'pose they played high—'twan't my business——"

"Hush!" interrupted the widow. "Wasn't that Jenny?"

She crept to the door to be certain that her sister was not there, and returned to her chair.

"Well?" she asked. "Do go on!"

"Why, he got into a muss one night and broke things, and I got out a warrant against him; but he settled up handsome and I let him alone. I've got the warrant now and one or two other papers."

The widow sprang to her feet.

"Can you lay hands on them?"

"Of course I can; you know how partic'lar I am! They're in that little trunk of mine."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" she questioned, while she laid her plans in the twinkling of an eye.

"'Cause I never thought about it," he replied.

"That man is her son," said Polly. "I heard Winston speak of him the other day. He is in Europe now. Get me those papers, uncle—I want them to-morrow morning. Not a word before Jenny—remember that."

"You've got something in your noddle," he said, for uncle Copcutt admired her genius. "I don't know what it is; but I see it in your eye."

"It won't be in my eye long," she retorted; then, vexed with herself, sent him off to bed, while she went down stairs to finish her flirtation with Livermore.

Mrs. Delancy was passing through the saloon as she entered. She held her head loftily, and, as usual, was oblivious of the widow's presence.

Polly compressed her lips and looked after her from under her eyelashes.

"You won't do that this time to-morrow," she thought. "Ugh! you old Jezebel, how I hate you!"

Then, easy and graceful, she swam along toward Livermore, twirling her fan as near as possible in the manner she had seen Spanish women, and looking as foreign as she could manage with the help of a black lace mantilla.

The next morning early, Mistress Polly was on the watch. It was a habit with Mrs. Delancy to spend an hour or two, after breakfast, down in an arbor at a distance from the house. She rather looked upon it as her private property, and made other people too; so nobody ever intruded there at that time, except such persons as in the magnitude of her condescension she saw fit to invite.

The widow was sitting on the piazza, seemingly careless, but watchful as a fox. She had pinned Mrs. Doshamer in a corner, and was talking Europe to her at a furious rate; and the lady was more willing to stay, from the fact that Andrew Winston was bending over Jenny's chair close by, and his cousin had no intention of leaving him to the tender mercies either of the widow or her sister.

Out upon the piazza came Mrs. Delancy—down the steps she passed; and, having some letters to read, took her way to the summer-house, unattended by any of the satellites who were happy to bear her company upon such occasions.

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Not very long after, the widow paused in the review of great names she was airing for Mrs. Doshamer's benefit, looked about to see that Jenny was well employed, then gathered up her white dress, and moved daintily down the steps and through the grounds.

Polly knew where she stood. It was all firm under her feet now.

Tom Delancy was engaged to Emily Mansfield, a young heiress at Lebanon, under his mother's charge; and the widow knew that the old lady would be terribly frightened at her hearing the story. Whatever other people might think of drinking and gaming, Miss Mansfield's opinions were very decided. Polly had heard her express them, and she knew that the girl would break her engagement at once if the tale reached her ears.

Looking up from her letters, Mrs. Delancy perceived some one approaching her retreat. She saw that it was not Emily—for Emily was in pink that morning—and she frowned at the impertinence of the intruder.

She raised her eye-glass and beheld the detested widow—dropped it in horror and wrath; for, instead of passing on, she entered the arbor, smelling at a bunch of flowers and looking as unconcerned as possible.

"You have a lovely retreat here," said Polly, looking sweetly in her face.

"Madam," returned the great lady, with all her pride in the words, "if it pleases you so much that you wish to stay, I will leave it."

"Oh! dear, no!" said Polly, with delightful simplicity. "There is quite room for two, I am sure."

"There you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Delancy. "There is not room for you and me."

Polly had been seized with a fit of coughing, and probably did not hear; for all she said was,

"Such a lovely morning! When did you hear from your son, Mrs. Delancy?"

"Are you going to claim acquaintance with him now?" she asked, quite beside herself.

"My uncle knew him—in California, you know. Such a dear, wild fellow he must have been! I have seen the warrant somebody got out against him—a gambling quarrel. Young men will be wild. For my part, I adore them for it."

Mrs. Delancy knew enough of the circumstances to be certain that the woman spoke the truth. She sat white and speechless, the letter rattling in her nerveless hand.

"We won't mention the matter to Miss Mansfield," said the widow. "She is very strict, you know, and might not pass the thing over as you and I can do."

Actually coupling their names! Mrs. Delancy was not sure whether she was awake or dreaming.

"Madam," she began, but literally had not the power to utter another syllable.

"I think she is rather more strict than necessary," pursued Polly, not noticing the observation. "But you know there is nothing so useless as combating prejudices."

Mrs. Delancy gathered up her pride and out of it made answer:

"I do not know you, madam; I do not understand why you come here and talk to me about my son and his betrothed wife."

The widow looked full in her face, smiling still, but with a dagger in each eye that stabbed home. Mrs. Delancy actually quailed before her as she had never done before any mortal. She knew all her son's follies and vices. He had half-ruined her by them. Her only hope was in that marriage with Emily Mansfield. She had kept the girl by her; Tom was to return in the fall, and the wedding would take place immediately after. Now had come that horrible woman with a disgraceful report, which Mrs. Delancy believed unknown in the Atlantic States, and smote her to the heart with it.

"We will talk of something else," said the widow, not once averting her eyes, while the poor lady stared at her as if fascinated. "A charming bride she will make, and it would be a shocking thing if any malicious person heard this story and broke it off."

Mrs. Delancy gave a shiver and a sort of sob.

"Fortunately nobody is likely to hear of it," continued Polly, lightly. "Even my sister does not dream of it—my Jenny, I mean. You have noticed her, perhaps?"

Mrs. Delancy had to speak. She knew it. Once having spoken, she had proclaimed a truce with her foe; and yet she felt that upon those terms alone could she find mercy.

"Very frequently," she answered, as if the words hurt her. "She dances beautifully."

"I thank you so much for saying so," said the widow. "Praise from Mrs. Delancy is indeed precious. Shall I have the honor of presenting her to you and Miss Mansfield?"

The storm in Mrs. Delancy's mind was really tragic. But what could she do?

"I shall be pleased to know her," she answered, feeling sick and faint.

She put her letters in her pocket and rose. The widow made way for her to pass, then

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walked by her side. The proud old woman trembled so with anger and trouble that she could hardly walk. Once she hit her foot against a stone and nearly fell. Polly helped her up, slipped an arm through hers, and so they walked up the piazza, to the intense astonishment of all assembled there.

"Mrs. Delancy fell and hurt herself," the widow explained, glibly. "Luckily I was passing, and saved her; but I really had to help her home. Jenny dear, bring a glass of water."

They crowded about her with eager inquiries; but she declared that she was not hurt, took the goblet from Jenny, and said,

"Thank you, Miss Dyson."

People were transfixed with wonder as Mrs. Delancy took Emily Mansfield's arm and moved away, bestowing a polite bow upon the widow, who stood in their midst, outwardly cool and calm, but so dizzy with triumph that she could hardly stand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASSING.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

THE days glide in, and the days glide out,
Like spectral shadows in the house of dreams;
Stilly the great world turns herself about,
Sunning her face o' her lord's fiery beams.

Atween the days the Circean night doth run,
Dropping her drowsy spell upon our eyes,
The while she writeth softly, one by one,
Her starry mysteries in the changing skies.

But do we live? And are we marching on?
Is there no rest upon this mortal shore?
Our vanished days—are they forever gone?
Will they come back to sit with us no more?

No more! no more! Our hearts, like ocean shells,
Chant the same hymn wherever they are cast;
The mournful chime of memory's vesper-bells
Rings through the dim cathedrals of the past.

We feel the giddy rolling of the years,
We hear the rush, and whirl, and roar of time;
And, in a softly falling rain of tears,
We sail away from South's sweet Summer clime.

We sleep and wake, and sleep and wake again:
We hope, and grieve, and toil, and dream—for what?
The world swings round, the dizzy souls of men
Reel out of life—and live no more in thought.

Shall we so perish? We who live, and love,
And joy, and suffer? Will no tears be shed?
Will no one bow, in prayerful grief, above
Our last sad resting-place, when we are dead?

Will not love's shining face fall in eclipse?
Will not love's voice call us from death's white sleep?
Shall we not rise, and, with warm, human lips,
Kiss love's wet eyes, and woo them not to weep?

Will all be over when the man of God
Says, "Dust to dust!" and shuts our prison door?
The dear old earth-ways which our feet have trod—
Shall we come back to them in dreams no more?

As the Lord wills. Haply we would not come
To gather up again our old time woes;
It may be, that, in our eternal home,
The past is blotted out. Who knows? who knows?

There comes no answer through the hurrying days,
From risen saint or shining seraphim;
Dear Son of God, He leadeth us in ways
Whose ends we know not. We will trust in Him.

THE MOSS-GROWN GRAVE.

BY DANIEL W. TELLER.

THEIR work is done, the contest's past,
The clang of battle now is o'er;
No more they hear the clarion blast,
No more the booming cannon's roar.
They died their peaceful homes to save,
Those heroes of the moss-grown grave.

Their country's liberty was all
That nerved the arm, that gave them strength;
They knew to gain it they must fall—
Freedom would surely come at length.
No other honors did they crave,
Those worthies of the moss-grown grave.

No laurel wreath entwines the brow,
No monument to tell their worth;
No fence—the furrow of the plow
Maps out the place upon the earth.
No willow-trees in beauty wave
Above the old, the moss-grown grave.

But there, beneath that hallowed spot,
Each hero now in silence lies;
Though steps intrude, they heed them not—
So deep their sleep, so closed their eyes.
And tempests oft in fury rave
Unheeded o'er the moss-grown grave.

Long have they slept in silence there,
Away from kindred, friends, and home;
Their bosoms now are free from care,
Where they are gone it cannot come.
In peace they sleep, the good, the brave,
Within one common moss-grown grave.

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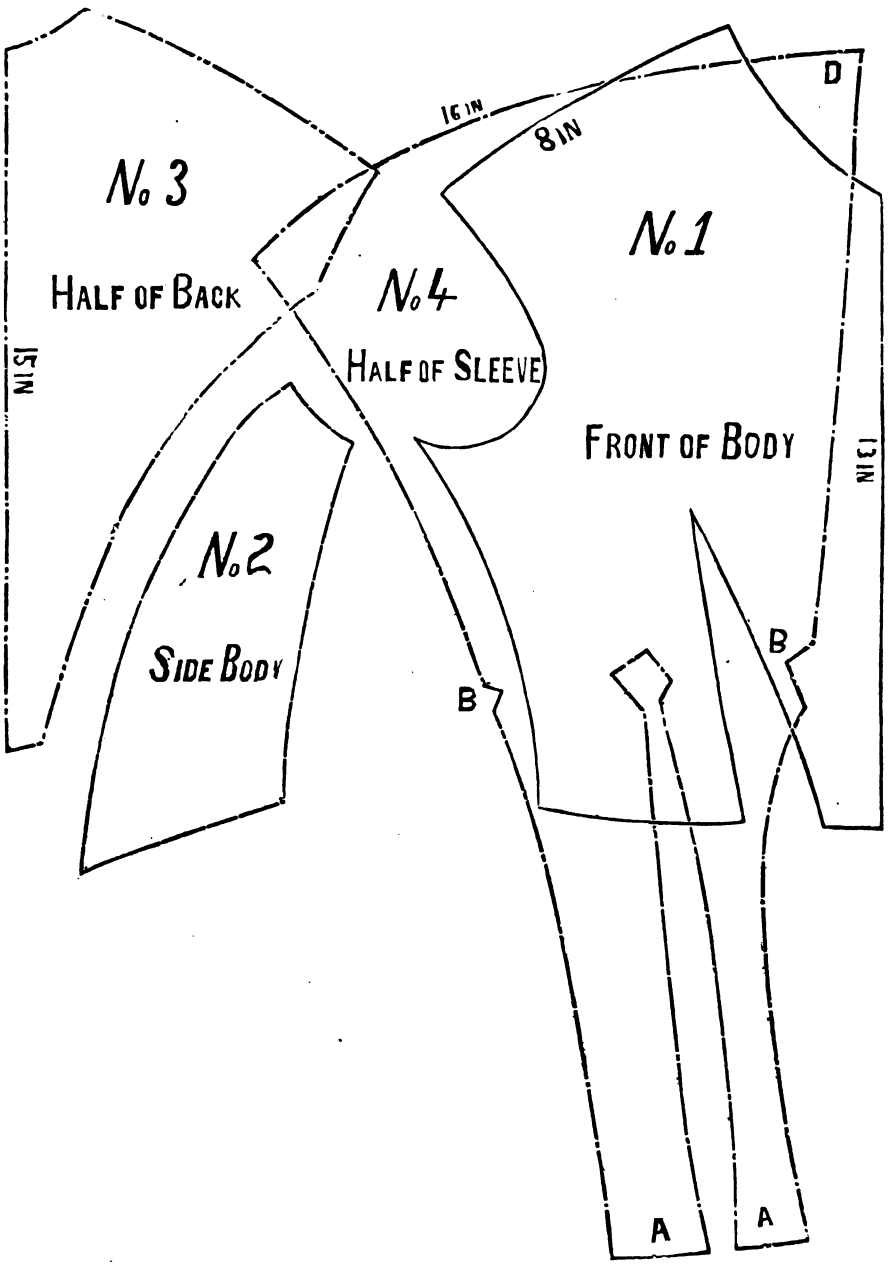
THE ILLINOIS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the front of the number, we give a full length engraving of a new style of walking-dress, which is destined to be very fashionable this fall. It is called The Illinois. We also give, here, a diagram by which to cut it out.

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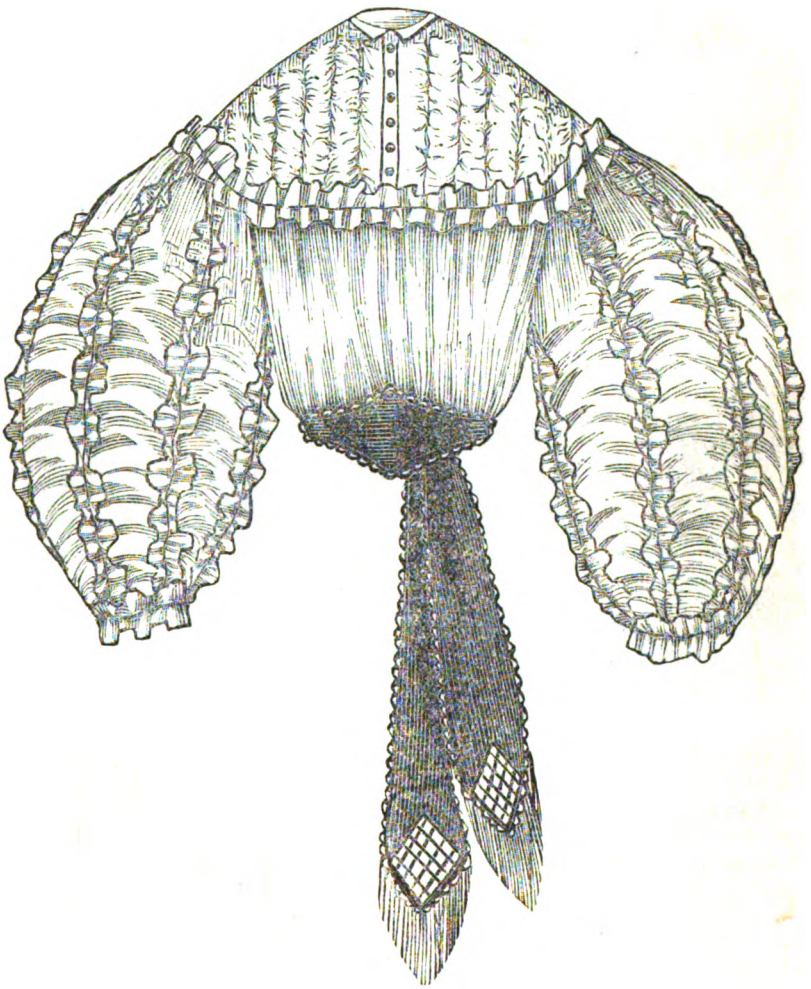
No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Side-Piece.
No. 3. Back.
No. 4. Sleeve.

The sleeve (of which we give half only) has the leg of mutton shape at top and is gathered under the shoulder-piece. At the mark B, several gathers are made. The bottom of this sleeve is cut from six to seven inches longer than the arm, and this excess of length is drawn in small gathers in the interval of the pinkings.

MUSLIN BODY, WITH PUFFED YOKE.



EDGING.

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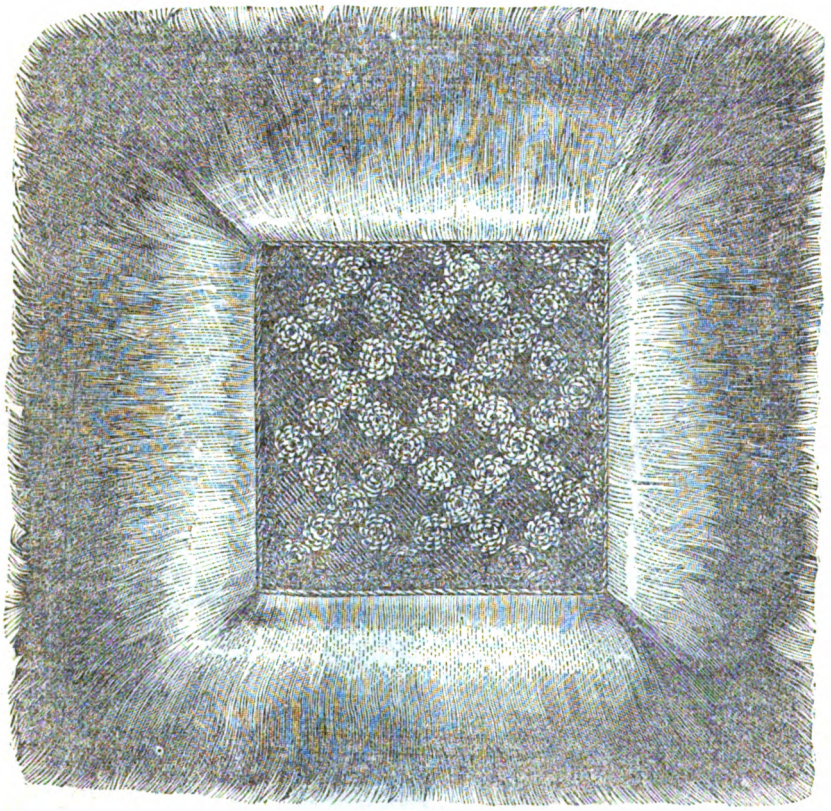
LAMP-MAT, WITH FRINGE BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Canvas, No. 4 or 5; 1½ or 2 oz. crystal beads, size suitable for the canvas; ¼ oz. single zephyr, light brown; 1 oz. double white zephyr; 4 shades of green double zephyr; ½ oz. of each of the three darkest shades, and nine skeins of the lightest.

Cut the canvas square. Work the broken squares, also the two stitches at the end (designated by the black in the design No. 2), with the light brown zephyr in gobelin stitch, which stitch is straight up and down. The one single cross stitch is done with the black wool, and the crystal beads are to be worked around it between the squares. This forms the pattern of the center of the mat.

FOR THE BORDER.—The foundation of the border is worked in single crochet stitch, using the white zephyr. Make a ch the size of the outside of the center of the mat, work in sc, keeping the work perfectly flat, widening at the corners. Work six rows. This completes the foundation of border. Be careful to have this border just as flat as the center of the mat.

FOR THE FRINGE.—You must have four pieces of wood, one 1¾ inches wide, one 2¾, and one 3½. Take the smallest piece first, hold it on to the mat on the first row of crochet, then with the hook draw the wool (which is the lightest shade of green) through the stitch and over the wood. Repeat all around the mat. If one stitch does not cover the wood, make two stitches here and there.

2nd Row.—Use the next shade of green and

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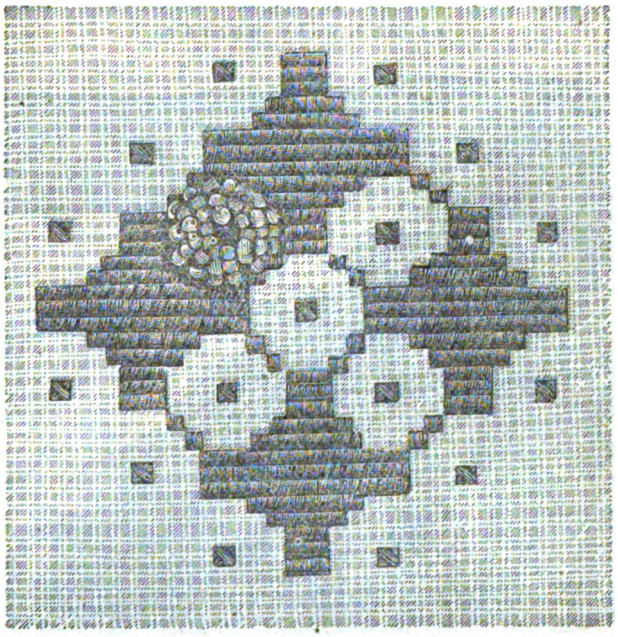
the $2\frac{1}{3}$ inch piece of wood. Work as in the preceding row. Repeat all the shades in this manner, using the pieces of wood in order. Cut every row as you finish it, taking out the wood. Finish with gold braid or cord between the border and the center of the mat.



NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.

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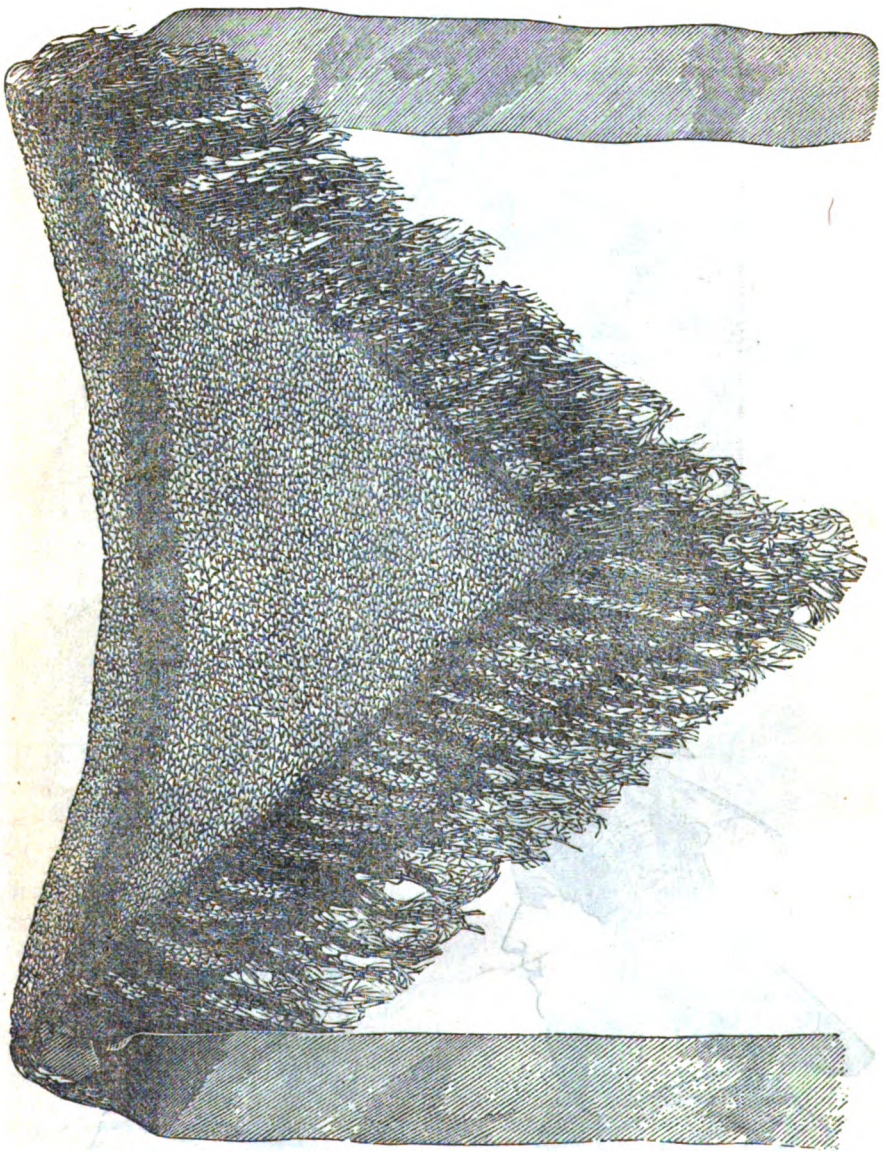
KNITTED UNDER SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS REQUIRED.—¾ pounds of four-thread fleecy wool, pretty shade of claret; one yard of ribbon the same color; pair of large size box-wood knitting pins.

It is entirely made of plain knitting, and from there being scarcely any counting it is very quickly done. The edge should be finished by a double row of fringe made of wool, and an end of ribbon fastened at each corner. It is to be worn crossed over the chest and tied behind.

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The shawl is commenced with one stitch, and widened by beginning every row by putting the thread forward over the needle; continue until the half square is the required size. The bottom edge should then be ornamented with a fringe made of the wool cut in lengths, looped in at intervals, each loop requiring four lengths of wool, or it may be finished with a simple crochet edge. Nothing prettier, nor more useful, has come out this season.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

INSERTION.

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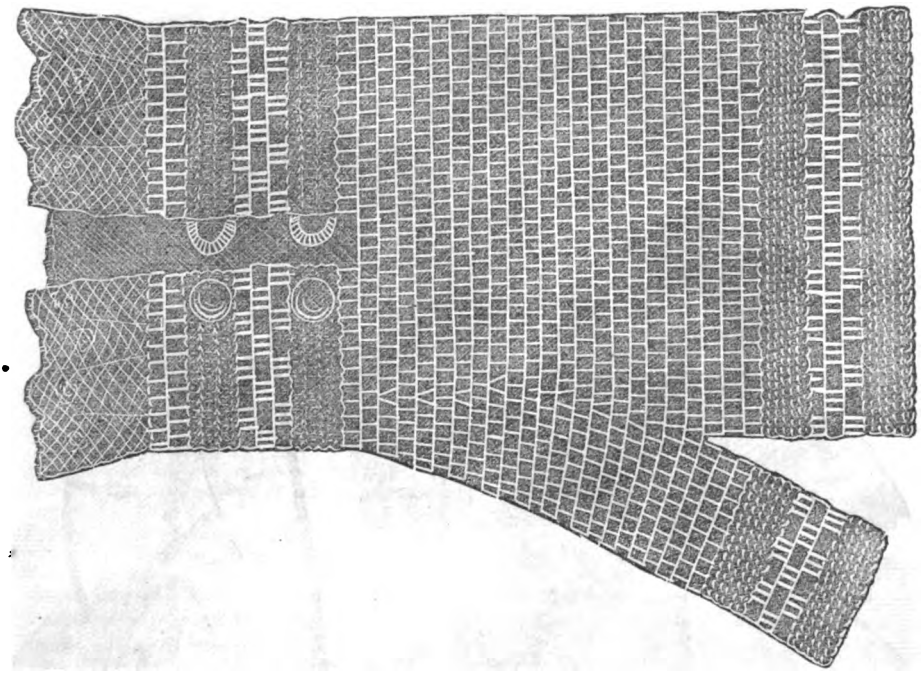
CROCHETED MITTEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Black purse twist; fine steel hook.

Make a ch according to the size of the hand. Work 4 rows sc, then 3 rows dc, three stitches in a group with 3 ch stitches between each group, 4 rows of sc, after which work 4 rows in dc. Then commence the thumb separately, working the same as the top of the hand; then join to the hand and work in the same way 19 rows, running along the thumb as seen in the design. The 20th row leave 3 stitches in the center of the inside of the hand for the opening, then 3 rows in sc same as the top of the mitten, 3 rows dc, 3 rows sc, 2 rows dc like the center of the mitten. Finish with two buttons, two loops, and some black lace at the wrist. This mitten may be made of wool, if intended for winter wear.

DESIGN FOR SHIRT FRONT.

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SOFA CUSHION IN CROCHET.

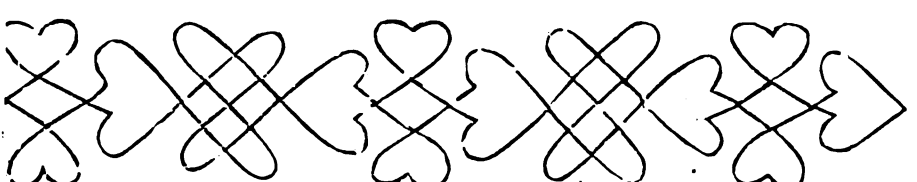
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—6 oz. bright rose, single zephyr; 6 oz. white; 1 oz. shaded green; 2 oz. black· 1 oz. partridge; long crochet hook.

This Cushion is to be worked in the Princess Royal Stitch, of which we have given a description in a former number.

With the rose colored wool make a ch of 3. Widen one stitch at the beginning and end of every row, until you have twenty-nine stitches on the needle; then narrow one stitch at the beginning and end of every row, until you have narrowed down to three. This completes one block. Repeat until you have worked five blocks. Then work one half block; do the same on the other end of the stripe. Five stripes of the rose color and four stripes of white are enough for an ordinary sized cushion. The white ones are to be worked in the same manner as the colored ones, observing to make only four solid blocks instead of five in the length of stripe. Crochet one row of black all round every stripe in sc. Join then with the partridge wool. Work half blocks to fill in the sides, making the piece of work square. The white blocks are to be embroidered with a small green leaf, using the shaded wool for that purpose; a rose-bud is even prettier. Finish the cushion with cord and tassels to match. Cover the under side with worsted damask to correspond.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Water Garden.—Many of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with that interesting botanical experiment of growing an acorn in water, which has been christened "the acorn tree." In country places these delicate little sprouting oaks are very favorite parlor ornaments, but we rarely catch a glimpse of them in town apartments, where their presence would be particularly desirable. An acorn tree can be grown in a common wide-mouthed phial, but more conveniently in a white hyacinth glass, which may be procured from a florist for a few cents. In order to form one of these trees, take a ripe acorn, and, having removed its cup, steep it for a day or two in rain water, or let it lie among some damp moss. Then tie a thread round it, and suspend it in the hyacinth glass from a piece of cork or cardboard, which must be made to fit the mouth of the glass so tightly as to exclude the air. The acorn should hang about a quarter of an inch above the surface of the rain water, with which the glass is to be half-filled. In a few weeks the acorn will begin to sprout, and the whole process of its germination may be observed through the transparent sides of the glass vessel. As soon as the leaves reach the cork, another arrangement must be adopted. The hole through which the thread passed must be widened, in order that the leaves may be pushed through it. The young plant must then be raised and resuspended, so that its rootlets just touch the water. The tree will continue to grow, and will flourish for three or four years if proper care be taken to cleanse its roots from fungi, and to change the water whenever it becomes slimy or turbid. A horse-chestnut may be grown in a similar manner.

We have often thought that this mode of growing plants in water might be carried out on a much larger scale with every chance of success, and that a host of flowers might be added to the hyacinths and crocuses, which now form almost the sole ornaments of our water garden. We have repeatedly grown tulips, snow-drops, and other bulbous plants in saucers filled with damp moss, and have thus procured some charming ornaments for the sideboard and breakfast-table; but we have never yet attempted to cultivate plants with fibrous roots in this manner.

Tidy in Crochet.—The tidy in crochet, a colored engraving of which we give in the front of this number, may, for some persons, require a description. Accordingly, we offer one here.

Materials.—1¼ lbs. of tidy cotton, No. 6; 1½ oz. of maroon single zephyr; long hook for the Princess Royal stitch. With the cotton make a ch of 15 stitches. Work in Princess Royal stitch 150 rows. This is for the center stripe.

With the same number of stitches work two stripes 20 rows less in length; then two stripes 20 rows less than the last two; also two more stripes decreasing in the same way. Crochet one row in sc all round each stripe with the colored wool; embroider as seen in the design. Join the stripes with one row sc, using the white cotton. Finish off with a tassel (of cotton and zephyr mixed) at every point.

Children Nutting.—Our steel engraving, this month, is quite appropriate. Ah! who does not remember, in the golden, golden days of October, many a happy hour spent, when a child, in gathering nuts in the woods?

Education and Training of Woman.—Much has been done to improve the education and training of woman, but much, alas! remains to be done. Girls, too often, are taught little else than flashy, flimsy accomplishments, of no greater use than to enable their possessors to exhibit them now and then at select parties, along with the last new fashion of evening attire. Indeed, accomplishments vary as do the changes in dress. At one period a certain amount of dexterity of fingers may be in request; at another may be demanded flexibility of voice; again, a word-knowledge of some favorite language may be deemed indispensable; or a parrot-like acquaintance with scientific terms is expected from all young girls of liberal education; and thus is a false system persisted in. Those habits of mind productive of thought, of earnestness, and of judgment, are scarcely noticed, far less insisted upon, in the training of girls. Neither does it fare much better with their physical development; and their finely-organized bodies, from inertness and want of proper exercise in the open air, become almost as useless and as diseased as their non-exerted minds. Hysteria, nervousness, weakness, and apathy, are the direful fruits of this error. Medical men have long spoken against the cause of these evils; yet, except in rare cases, where parents have insisted on natural laws being respected and obeyed in the education of their daughters, as well as in that of their sons, girls are still subjected to a baneful method of up-bringing. The higher ranks in England show great care and wisdom in the physical education of their daughters. By them a portion of the year, often the greater portion, is passed in the country, and driving, riding, boating, fishing, botanizing, afford abundant out-door exercise. The girls of the lower classes go into service, or obtain employment. America, which ought to set an example to others, is behind all. It is true that the physical culture of woman is better attended to, of late years, than it formerly was. But much remains to be done.

Warm Clothing.—Winter is approaching. To young mothers, especially, we would say that warm clothing is especially necessary to health in young children and growing persons of all ages. Many people have an idea that exposure to cold hardens the constitution of the child, and renders it healthy; but this old-fashioned notion is rapidly being dispelled, and we are gradually arriving at the sensible conclusion that we should ourselves be the worse for the exposure of our arms and legs to the severity of the weather, so children are likely to feel it much more, and to suffer in a greater degree.

A Pretty Sun-Bonnet.—Pretty and comfortable sun-bonnets may be made cheaply after the following fashion:—Cut in pasteboard the pattern of the front of any bonnet that pleases; cover it with silk, print *a pique*, and form a crown either with a bit of the same silk lined with stiff muslin, or with a little handkerchief hanging over the back of the head. Finish up with strings and a deep full curtain. Simple head-gear of this kind may be varied at pleasure, and will be found convenient and handy.

Clubs for 1863.—Now is the time to begin getting up clubs for next year. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us that they could have had larger clubs, if they had only begun a little sooner. Do not make that mistake this year. Nobody will refuse to subscribe to "Peterson" if applied to soon enough.

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A Fine Poem.—We copy the following poem, entitled "Peschiera," from a volume just published by Ticknor & Fields. The author, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at the comparatively early age of forty-two, was well-known for an admirable translation of Plutarch, as well as for various poems of merit.

What voice did on my spirit fall,
  Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
  "'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag—
  Lies dirt and dust; the lines I track
  By sentries' boxes, yellow, black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
  Upon the grass of your redoubts;
  The eagle with his black wing flouts
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
  Oh, men of Brescia! on the day
  Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since it is so, good-by,
  Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
  May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):
  "And if our children must obey,
  They must, but thinking on this day,
'Twill less debase than to submit."

You said, (oh! not in vain you said):
  "Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
  The hours ebb fast of this one day,
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
  For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
  But for the glory of the cause,
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
  By force and fortune's right he stands:
  By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
  Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:
  "'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

Varnish for Coarse Woodwork.—Grind any quantity of tar with as much Spanish brown as it will bear without becoming too thick to be used as a paint or varnish; then spread it on the wood with a large brush. It soon hardens by keeping. The work should be kept as free from dust and insects as possible, till the varnish is thoroughly dry. The color may be made a grayish instead of a glossy brown, by mixing a small proportion of white lead, or of whiting and ivory black, with the Spanish brown.

To Clean Shells.—The most simple way to clean shells is as follows:—Let them soak in rather warm water for some hours, brush them with a hard brush, using plenty of soap. When well dried, pour over them a little vegetable oil which develops their natural colors; leave them for a few days; when again dry, rub them well with a wash leather. If the outer covering of the shell requires removing, a little muriatic acid in water will be necessary previous to the other processes.

How to Make a Camera Obscura.—The simplest form for constructing this apparatus is to darken a room, permitting no light to enter except by a small hole in the window-shutter. A double convex glass may then be fixed in the hole, and the images of external objects, in their native colors, will be seen on the wall, on a white screen placed so as to receive the light from the opening; but the picture is most distinctly seen when the image is formed on the back of a silverized mirror.

Not Very Gallant. But is it not True?—Anthony Trollope, in his late book on America, has the following strictures on American ladies. But, though the remarks are too severe, is there not a foundation of truth in them? "I confess that in the States I have sometimes been driven to think that chivalry has been carried too far—that there is an attempt to make women think more of the rights of their womanhood than is needful. There are ladies' doors at hotels, and ladies' drawing-rooms, ladies' sides on the ferry-boats, and ladies' windows at the post-office for the delivery of letters—which, by-the-by, is an atrocious institution, as anybody may learn who will look at the advertisements called *personal* in some of the New York papers. Why should not young ladies have their letters sent to their houses, instead of getting them at a private window? The post-office clerks can tell stories about those ladies' windows. But at every turn it is necessary to make separate provision for ladies. From all this it comes to pass that the baker's daughter looks down from a great height on her papa, and by no means thinks her brother good enough for her associate. Nature, the great restorer, comes in and teaches her to fall in love with the butcher's son. Thus the evil is mitigated; but I cannot but wish that the young woman should not see herself denominated a lady so often, and should receive fewer lessons as to the extent of her privileges. I would save her if I could from working at the oven; I would give to her bread and meat earned by her father's care and her brother's sweat; but when she has received these good things, I would have her proud of the one, and by no means ashamed of the other."

An Extra Copy for a Premium.—We shall renew, for next year only, the offer of this year, viz: a premium copy of "Peterson" to every person who shall send us a club. The club terms, remember, are three copies for $5.00; five copies for $7.50; or eight copies for $10.00. Whoever will get up either of these clubs, will receive, either an extra copy gratis, or any other of our advertised premiums, *as they may prefer*.

Save a Dollar.—Remember that the price of this Magazine is only two dollars, while others of the same rank are three dollars. That is, everything which a lady wants in a magazine, can be had in "Peterson" for *one third less* than in any other first-class magazine. Tell this to persons you ask to subscribe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough. With a memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We had thought, long ago, that Ticknor and Fields had reached the perfection of book-printing. Their "Household Edition of Waverley," their "Selections from Sir Thomas Browne," and other publications, seemed to be as beautiful as it was possible for books to be. But here, in another line, is a volume as elegant as the most elegant of its predecessors; and we understand it is to be followed by others, also in blue and gold, and among them the poems of Dr. Holmes. Of Mr. Clough's writings, so gracefully edited in this pretty book, we have not, we regret to say, space, at present, to speak. But we give, in another column, one of his minor poems, as a specimen of his genius. The volume would make a very desirable addition to a center-table or boudoir.

Lucy Golding. By Willa West. 1 vol., 12 mo. Chicago: A. B. Myers.—This is a story designed to show the evil effects of gambling. The author considers that even professed Christians have encouraged this vice, by permitting it to be practiced in their houses in miniature form. The volume is neatly printed and bound.

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The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children. With a translation of Professor Kloss's dumb-bell instructor, and Professor Schreber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D. With three hundred illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—In another column we have indulged in some remarks concerning the physical education of woman; and this volume, which is a treatise on gymnastics, comes in very opportunely to second our strictures. Dr. Lewis is the proprietor of a well-known gymnasium in Boston, and is, in every way, qualified to discuss the subject of physical training. We cannot better follow up our own remarks, in the adjoining chit-chat department, than by advising every person interested in the subject to purchase this book. We think it the best work of its kind which has yet appeared. No one, boy or girl, man or woman, can follow its teachings without improving health and spirits alike. The old Greeks owed much of their pre-eminent physical beauty to their gymnasiums.

Les Miserables. Marius. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—This is the third novel of the series "Les Miserables," and is not inferior to either "Fantine" or "Cosette." Its concluding chapters, on the contrary, are more absorbing than those in either of its predecessors. What we said in noticing "Fantine," we now repeat: it would be unjust to Victor Hugo to consider these works as merely fictions. They are more than that: they are earnest protests against social wrong. Yet, even as stories, they rank in the first class. The narrative never flags. The interest in the characters never ceases. The descriptions are always vivid. The plot is artistic. We await impatiently the two succeeding volumes.

The Fly-ing Dutchman; or, The Wrath of Herr Vonstopplenoze. By John G. Saxe. With sixteen comic illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—The Herr Vonstopplenoze is an honest Dutchman, whose after-dinner nap is invaded by a pestilent fly; and the verses before us sing of his adventures and misadventures in pursuing and destroying the insect. The illustrations, like the verses, are broadly comic. We think Saxe has done better things, however; but, perhaps, we are more captious than correct. So the reader had better buy the book, when he can decide for himself or herself. We can, at any rate, promise the purchaser more than one hearty laugh.

Out of His Head. A Romance. By T. B. Aldrich. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This volume contains the story of "Out of His Head," which occupies about one hundred and fifty pages, besides several smaller sketches, among which we recognize that exquisitely told legend, "Pere Antoine's Date Palm." Mr. Aldrich is most generally known as a poet of delicate fancy and graceful workmanship. But he is not less meritorious as a prose-writer. Few writers of prose, indeed, are as careful and finished. "Out of His Head" is an eccentric, but capital story. We hope to see this writer more often in print.

Agnes Stanhope. By Miss Martha Kenrick. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: James M. Usher.*—This is a story of English life, written, we believe, by a new aspirant for literary honors. The tale is agreeably told, and will interest a large circle of readers. The volume is handsomely printed.

COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

Fruits for Children.—That fruits are naturally healthy in their season, if rightly taken, no one, who believes that the Creator is a kind and beneficent Being, can doubt. And yet the use of summer fruits appears often to cause most fatal diseases, especially in children. Why is this? Because we do not conform to the natural laws in using this kind of diet. These laws are very simple and easy to understand. Let the fruit be ripe when you eat it; and eat when you require food. Fruits that have seeds are much healthier than the stone-fruits; but all fruits are better, for very young children, if baked or cooked in some manner, and eaten with bread. The French always eat bread with raw fruit. Apples and winter pears are very excellent food for children, indeed, for almost any person in health; but they are best when eaten at breakfast or dinner. If taken late in the evening, fruit often proves injurious. The old saying, that apples are "gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," is pretty near the truth. Both apples and pears are often good and nutritious, when baked or stewed, for those delicate constitutions that cannot bear raw fruit. Much of the fruit gathered when unripe might be rendered fit for food by preserving in sugar.

Blackberry Jam.—Gather the fruit in dry weather; allow half a pound of good brown sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the whole together gently for an hour, or till the blackberries are soft, stirring and mashing them well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found very useful in families, particularly for children—regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread, or on puddings, instead of butter; and even when the blackberries are bought, it is cheaper than butter. In the country, every family should preserve, at least, half a peck of blackberries.

Vegetables for Children, Eggs, etc.—Their rice ought to be cooked in no more water than is necessary to swell it; their apples roasted, or stewed with no more water than is necessary to steam them; their vegetables so well cooked as to make them require little butter, and less digestion; their eggs boiled slow and soft. The boiling of their milk ought to be directed by the state of their bowels; if flatulent or bilious, a very little curry-powder may be given in their vegetables with good effect—such as turmeric and the warm seeds (not hot peppers) are particularly useful in such cases.

Potatoes and Peas.—Potatoes, particularly some kinds, are not easily digested by children; but this is easily remedied by mashing them very fine, and seasoning them with sugar and a little milk. When peas are dressed for children, let them be seasoned with mint and sugar, which will take off the flatulency. If they are old, let them be pulped, as the skins are perfectly indigestible by children's or weak stomachs. Never give them vegetables less stewed than would pulp through a cullender.

To Prepare Fruit for Children.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, etc., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven, or on a hearth, with a teacupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread, or some rice, may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

Thickened Milk for Infants when Six Months old.—Take one pint of milk, one pint of water, boil it, and add one tablespoonful of flour. Dissolve the flour first in half a teacupful of water; it must be strained in gradually, and boiled hard twenty minutes. As the child grows older, one-third water. If properly made, it is the most nutritious, at the same time the most delicate food that can be given to young children.

A Nice Apple-Cake for Children.—Grate some stale bread, and slice about double the quantity of apples; butter a mould, and line it with sugar-paste, and strew in some crumbs, mixed with a little sugar; then lay in apples, with a few bits of butter over them, and so continue till the dish is full; cover it with crumbs, or prepared rice; season with cinnamon and sugar. Bake it well.

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Food for a Young Infant.—Take of fresh cow's milk, one tablespoonful, and mix with two tablespoonfuls of hot water; sweeten with loaf-sugar, as much as may be agreeable. This quantity is sufficient for once feeding a new-born infant; and the same quantity may be given every two or three hours, not oftener, till the mother's breast affords the natural nourishment.

Milk Porridge.—Stir four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, smoothly, into a quart of milk, then stir it quickly into a quart of boiling water, and boil up a few minutes, till it is thickened; sweeten with sugar. Oatmeal, where it is found to agree with the stomach, is much better for children, being a fine opener as well as cleanser; fine flour, in every shape, is the reverse.

Meats for Children.—Mutton, lamb, and poultry, are the best. Birds, and the white meat of fowls, are the most delicate food of this kind that can be given. These meats should be slowly cooked, and no gravy, if made rich with butter, should be eaten by a young child. Never give children hard, tough, half-worked meats of any kind.

Rice and Apples.—Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light syrup; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice in the dish, and put in the apples; then fill up the intervals with rice, and bake it in the oven till it is a fine color.

Rice-Pudding with Fruit.—In a pint of new milk put two large spoonfuls of rice well washed; then add two apples pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft; then add one egg, beaten, to bind it. Serve with cream and sugar.

Milk, fresh from the cow, with a very little loaf-sugar, is good and safe food for young children. From three years old to seven, pure milk, into which is crumbled stale bread, is the best breakfast and supper for a child.

For a Child's Luncheon.—Good sweet butter, with stale bread, is one of the most nutritious, at the same time the most wholesome articles of food, that can be given children after they are weaned.

Puddings and Pancakes for Children.—Sugar and egg browned before the fire, or dropped as fritters into a hot fryingpan, without fat, will make them a nourishing meal.

Ripe Currants are excellent food for children. Mash the fruit, sprinkle with sugar and with good bread; let them eat of this fruit freely.

Broth, made of lamb or chicken, with stale bread, toasted and broken in, is safe and healthy for dinners of children, when first weaned.

ARCHERY.

ARCHERY is an amusement very much in fashion at the present time, and most justly so, being the only out-of-door pastime in which ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, may join, and being, at the same time, a very innocent and inexpensive amusement, and one capable of being enjoyed by any number of persons.

DIRECTIONS.—Never let a person who is inexperienced attempt to string your bow. While you are learning to shoot, do not permit any one to stand in front of you, in case of an accident, such as the bow breaking, in which case the arrow may unexpectedly glide from the string. The bow has a flat side and a round side; when strung, the flat side must be invariably outside, or the bow will certainly break.

In stringing the bow, hold the handle firmly in your right hand, pressing your wrist to your side. Let the small horn of the bow into the hollow of your right foot, press the upper part of the bow with your left wrist, and with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand slide the string up into its place, taking care not to let your other fingers get under the string, or they will be severely pinched. The top of the left hand should be level with the handle of the bow, the left arm quite straight, with the wrist turned inward; hold the bow perpendicularly.

In drawing, bring the neck of the arrow up to your ear. Be particular, in shooting, not to hold out the forefinger of the left hand, or the arrow may unexpectedly penetrate it. In shooting, do not stand fronting the target, but sideways, with your face looking over your left shoulder.

Do not let the bow remain too long on the stretch, or it will become weak, and in time break.

BOWS.—The very best bows are made of yew, others are of lemon-wood; lance-wood bows are the least expensive, and are quite as useful to young persons as either yew or lemon-wood. The bow should always be as nearly as possible the height of the person who is to use it.

STRINGS.—Flemish strings are the best, and last the longest. Do not be persuaded to purchase an inferior string; it is always worth your while to pay the extra price of a good string. A string breaking is inconvenient, and sometimes proves dangerous to those standing near, because if the string were to break just as you have drawn the arrow up to the point, it would probably dart aside. Be careful to have an extra string with you in case of such accidents.

ARROWS.—The length of arrow is to be regulated in the following way:—Twenty-eight inches for a bow six feet in length, twenty-four inches for a five feet bow, twenty inches for a four foot six inch bow, and so on. They should have three feathers, two of which are alike; the other is called the cock-feather, which, when the arrow is placed on the bow, should be outward. Do not leave your arrows long on the grass, as they will burst, should they get damp. Take great care of your arrows when not in use, because, were the feathers to get injured, the flight of the arrow would not be true.

Also provide yourself with an archery-glove, which protects the three fingers that you shoot with (viz: the forefinger, the middle finger, and the ring finger) from the friction of the string.

With ladies (and sometimes with gentlemen) a shield is necessary; for, as the string glides past the left arm, it sometimes catches in the sleeve. After a shower of rain, a tassel becomes requisite, which is suspended from the waist, to wipe the points of the arrows, after having drawn them from the wet ground.

In ordinary shooting, every arrow that hits, that is, sticks into the target, counts as follows:—Gold, nine; red, seven; blue, five; black, three; and white, one. All these are added up, and the person who has the greatest numbers in a certain number of shots wins the game. If an arrow hits the target, and sticks between two colors, the higher number is counted.

With a pointed instrument, then, you prick a hole in a circle on the card, corresponding with the circle that you have hit on the target.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Preserving Butter.—Make a dry mixture of one-third saltpetre, one-third common salt, one-third best loaf-sugar, mix one ounce of the above with one pound of butter, which must be made perfectly free from butter-milk, and to have been put into water as little as possible. Work the ingredients well in, and put into a stone crock. Sprinkle the mixture at the top of each layer of butter you add, and when the crock is full, fasten down tightly and exclude the air. When required for table, wash and make up into pats as fresh butter. It is better not to crock winter butter until July or August.

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Lemon Pickle.—Peel six large lemons; cut them in quarters, lay them on a dish, and strew over them a half-pound of salt, turning them every day for a week. Then put them into a stone jar; add six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horseradish shred very thin; of cloves, mace, nutmeg, and cayenne each a quarter ounce; two ounces of mustard-seeds, bruised and tied up in a bit of thin muslin, and two quarts of the best vinegar. Cover the jar and set it in a pan of boiling water; let it boil ten minutes, then set it in the oven, or anywhere that it may simmer gently, for two hours. Keep the jar closely covered, stirring it every day for six weeks, and when settled strain it and bottle for use. Another quart of vinegar may be added to the ingredients, and boiled up, which will make a very good pickle for common purposes, or the lemons may be added to any mixed pickles.

To Keep Game.—If there be any danger of birds not keeping, pick and draw them, wash them well in water, and rub them with salt. Plunge them singly into a large saucepan of boiling water, draw them up and down by the legs to let the water pass through them. After they have been in the water for five minutes, hang them up to dry in a cold place, sprinkle them with pepper, and salt well inside. Before dressing them, they must be again washed. By this means the most delicate birds may be preserved, with the exception of those which live by suction, as they are never drawn; but they may be kept a long time by putting lumps of charcoal, or placing a small quantity of mould, in muslin bags, in their insides.

Ginger Wine.—Take nine gallons of cold water; dissolve twenty-seven pounds of good, light, raw sugar; put the mixture into a boiler, then add eighteen ounces of the best ginger, bruised, and the rind of eighteen lemons; boil it half an hour, skim it well, and let it stand in a cooler until blood-warm. Put it in a cask with nine pounds of raisins chopped. Stir all these ingredients together, add a tablespoonful of yeast, and stir every day for ten days. Then add two and a half ounces of isinglass, dissolved in some of the liquor and a quart of the best brandy. Cork it close, and draw off as wanted.

To Give to Boards a Beautiful Appearance.—After washing them very nicely with soda and water, by means of a brush, wash them with a very large sponge and clean water. Both times observe to leave no spot untouched, and clean straight up and down, not crossing from board to board; then dry with clean cloths, rubbed hard up and down in the same way. The floors should not be often wetted, but very thoroughly when done, and once a week dry-rubbed with hot sand and a heavy brush, the right way of the boards.

Varnish to make Wood look like Ivory.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half a pint of water till dissolved; then strain it, and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on; then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of ivory. If, when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine-white, or else chrome-yellow, will give it a pink look. Either of these colors improves it.

Bandoline for the Hair.—Take half an ounce dried quince pips, pour on them one pint of boiling water, and strain when cold. Should it not be sufficiently glutinous, boil it again, and pour over the pips a second time. Scent with rose, bergamot, or any other scent. It should be remembered that bandoline is only intended to make the hair lie smoothly, and is not to be used as a pomade.

An Excellent Furniture Polish.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, half a quartern of spirits of wine, half a quartern of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Mix all together, and shake the bottle well before using it.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Blackberry Wine.—Let the berries be gathered when fully ripe, and on a dry day. Put them into a tub or cask, with the head out, and with a tap fitted near the bottom; pour on them as much boiling water as will cover them, or to six measures of blackberries one of water may be used. As soon as the heat will permit, mash the berries with your hands until they are well broken, and let them stand covered till the pulp rises to the top and forms a crust, which it will do in three or four days. Then draw off the fluid into another vessel, and to every gallon add one pound of sugar, mix it well, and put it into a cask to work for a week or ten days, and throw off any remaining lees, keeping the cask well filled, particularly at the commencement. When the working has ceased, bung it down, and after six or twelve months it may be bottled.

Two Ways of Using Cold Boiled Fish.—1. Take two pounds of cold fish, cut it into very small pieces, scald one pint of milk in a saucepan, mix in enough flour to make a paste, and half a pound of butter; season with pepper and salt, and then whip in the yolks of four eggs, one by one; butter a dish, lay in first a layer of fish, then of the paste, and so on to fill the dish. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. 2. Cut up a fish in convenient pieces, and put in a jar a layer of fish, and then spices (pepper, cloves, allspice, and mace to taste), until the jar is filled; then put in vinegar enough to cover thoroughly. Tie a paper tightly over the jar; then spread a paste of flour and water over the paper, set it in the oven for eight hours. If rightly done, the bones will be entirely absorbed. It is excellent.

Carrot Soup.—To seven pints of soft water put one pound of lean beef cut thin, half a pint of split peas, one large carrot cut into pieces, one or two turnips, some celery, and a large onion. Boil all together until the liquor is reduced to one-half the quantity, then strain it through a coarse hair sieve. Have ready three or four large carrots (half-boiled and then grated fine), put this into the soup; boil it with pepper and salt to your taste. Just before it gets to the last boil, take a little fresh butter (about the size of a walnut) rubbed in flour, and put it into the soup. Serve it up with fried bread. If more soup is wanted, all the ingredients must be doubled, with the exception of the grated carrots; and, if they are large, six will be found sufficient for a good-sized tureen.

An Economical Dish—And if well-cooked, a pleasant one. Take three sheeps' tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper, and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante.*

To Mince Beef.—Mince the underdone part fine, with some of the fat; put into a stewpan a small quantity of onion, a little water, pepper, and salt; boil it till the onion is quite soft; then put in a little gravy and the mince. A few minutes will dress it, but do not let it boil. Have a small hot dish with sippets of bread toasted ready, and pour the mince into it. If a little acidity is liked, a tablespoonful of shalot vinegar may be used instead of the raw onion.

Mutton Sausages.—Take one pound of underdone leg of mutton, six oz. of beef suet, one pint of oysters, two anchovies, and some sweet herbs. Chop all these ingredients fine, and season with mace, pepper, and salt; add one-quarter pound of grated bread and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well and pot it. Use it by rolling into balls a sausage shape, and fry them.

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Knuckle of Veal stewed.—Place your knuckle of veal in a stewpan; if the knuckle is a very large one, it may be divided into two or three pieces for the sake of convenience; put in the pan with it a few blades of mace, a little thyme, an onion, some whole pepper, a burnt crust of bread, and cover with three to four pints of water; cover down close, and boil; when it has boiled, place it by the side of the fire, and let it simmer for at least two hours; keep it hot while you strain its liquor; then pour the gravy over it, and send it to table with a lemon garnish. *Or:*—Let the knuckle boil slowly in sufficient water till it is tender; make a sauce of butter and flour, with parsley in it chopped fine; then slice a lemon, and garnish the dish with it.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—House Dress of Azuline-blue Silk.—Around the bottom is a fluting of black ribbon. The body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of black velvet and lace.

Fig. II.—House-Dress of Gray Silk, spotted with Black.—A heavy black velvet cording passes down the two breadths on each side, as well as around the bottom. The sleeves are also corded with black velvet, and, like the body, are trimmed with narrow black velvet bows, with a steel buckle in the center of each bow.

Fig. III.—The Indiana, a dress of the new bright fawn-colored foulard silk. It is trimmed around the bottom with three ruffles of the silk; and above the ruffles are six rows of dark brown braid. The sleeves, sash, and berthe body correspond with the trimming on the skirt.

Fig. IV.—The Illinois.—We give a diagram of this dress in this number, page 300. The dress is made of black silk, and is trimmed with violet velvet and narrow black guipure lace. The body, high and plain, has bands of violet velvet around the neck, with tabs of the same on the shoulders, the front, and the back. These tabs are trimmed with a narrow lace and fastened down at the ends by a rather large velvet button. The sleeve, almost tight at the shoulder and wide at the elbow, terminates in a *cornet* at the wrist. A shoulder-piece, of velvet, comes down the side of the arm in a point; it is bordered with guipure and fastened by a large velvet button. The end of the sleeve is cut in points, and these are interlaced with the points of a velvet wristband turned the opposite way. The velvet points reach up on the silk, and those of silk come down on the velvet. These points are bordered with a narrow black guipure, and each of them is fastened down by a velvet button. The silk skirt is cut in points at bottom, as shown in the engraving, and as we have explained for the sleeve. A band of violet velvet is cut out in the contrary sense, and the points interlace, bordered with guipure and fastened down by buttons at each point. The bottom of this velvet band is cut in vandykes as seen in the plate. Below this band are three narrow flounces of black silk, fluted and bordered with guipure. A silk sash round the waist, with long ends hanging down, each of which is trimmed with velvet to match the rest of the dress.

Fig. V.—The Vermont.—Dress of dark blue silk. The skirt is trimmed with a series of ruffles put on in half-scallops. The scarf mantilla of the same silk is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Fig. VI.—The Kentucky.—A dress of gray silk, trimmed with narrow black velvet, put on in diamond shape. Body and sleeves are finished to match the skirt.

General Remarks.—Alpaca is now made in a variety of hues, and no material is now more generally adopted in plain out-door costume. Dresses of alpaca and foulard are very simply trimmed, frequently with nothing more than a braid placed just above the hem, and at every half-breadth carried up in a fanciful design. The braid should be of a color harmonizing with that of the dress, and the effect will be much improved if edged at each side by narrow black velvet, or by black braid or soutache. A small sacque or mantilla of the same material as the dress should be trimmed in corresponding style.

Many of the new silks are of solid colors, that is, without flowers, check, or stripe, though there are also some of the latter description. The new shade of blue, called the azuline, the various shades of fawn, varying from a yellow brown to the lightest shade, new purples and grays, are all fashionable.

Among the checks, the *Hortense robe* is the newest. This robe consists of a narrow black check on a solid color, such as green, gray, purple, or blue, with six narrow bands, not over an inch wide, around the bottom and woven in the material.

We have to record something like a tendency to greater simplicity in the ornamentation of ladies' dresses: flounces for light fancy dresses are much less abundant, and, when worn, limited to two or three. Ribbon trimmings, fluted, frilled, and vandyked, are extremely fashionable. The skirts of the dresses are still worn long, are very wide, and are sometimes made to train a little behind.

Braiding seems to be the favorite trimming, not only for washed dresses, but also for plain alpacas, foulards, muslin delains, merinos, and even rich silks. Sometimes the braiding design is carried rather high up the skirt, to imitate a *double skirt;* sometimes up the front *en tablier;* and, again, a pretty scroll just above the hem. However, braiding is now so fashionable that it matters little how the device be arranged, but the paletot, or *saute-en-barque*, that is worn with it, must always be ornamented to correspond.

Pique dresses, in buff or white, are being made with short cut-away jackets, little waistcoats, and plain braided skirts. For out-door wear this costume is completed by a scarf, braided to correspond, or by a short paletot.

The Greek pattern still continues one of the favorite designs for braiding. Rings interlaced also form a very pretty and effective, and quickly-executed, braiding pattern; use, in these cases, broad braid for the purpose.

Several Dresses have been made this season with round pelerines in the form of capes. A very elegant dress with one of these cape pelerines has been trimmed in a very novel style with narrow black lace edging set on flat and in a foliage design. The edge and front of the skirt, the pelerine and ends of the sleeves, were all ornamented in this style; and the effect on the green silk is indescribably rich and beautiful. Another dress of violet-colored Irish poplin has been ornamented in a similar style, but with black silk braid instead of black edging.

Nearly all Dress Sleeves this season are made with a seam at the elbow, and a turned-back cuff, projecting an inch or two beyond the seam of the sleeve at the bottom. Black lace and lace rosettes are very much used as a sleeve trimming for silk and grenadine dresses, and silk ruches are much in favor for the purpose.

Self-colored *mousseline-de-laine*, such as lavender, gray, drab, or azuline blue, is being much worn for ladies' and children's dresses. This material is now dyed in such beautiful shades, so pure and bright, that, for morning dresses, it has become very popular. It is nice cool wear, and is inexpensive.

The prettiest and most suitable way of making these dresses is with a plain or *slightly* full body (according to the figure), the new bishop sleeve, closed at the wrist, trimmed with rows of silk ruches, and a pleating of silk ribbon, one and a half to two inches wide, *placed quite at the bottom of the skirt, below the braid.* A pointed silk band in front, and two ends of pinked silk worn behind, give a pretty finish to the dress.

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The garment we saw made in this style was of a pretty warm shade of fawn or gray, with the quilling rushes, sash, and buttons down the front of the body in silk matching *exactly* the shade of the dress.

A New Dress of pale green glace silk has just been made with nine tiny flounces at the bottom of the skirt, put on in three series. Each of the flounces was braided in a small Greek pattern, in narrow black silk braid; and between every series of flounces a larger Greek design in broader braid was arranged. This skirt is new, and extremely stylish. The sleeves were cut with a seam down the back, and were open to the elbow. Two rows of braided frilling were carried round the sleeve and up the opening; and the third row was continued quite to the top of the sleeve, where it was put in the armhole. Two long ends of silk, also braided, were worn behind, secured to a braided band, made slightly pointed in front, like the Medici ceintures.

One of the Prettiest Wedding Dresses of the season is composed of white tarletane, and has nine narrow flounces, notched at the edges, and set on in groups of three together. Each group is separated by a puffing of tarletane, with a running of white ribbon under it, the ribbon being tied on one side in a large bow. The corsage of the dress is low, and has a berthe formed of puffing and three frills. A plaited chemisette of tarletane, finished at the throat by a ruche, gives to the corsage the same effect as if it were high, and the dress may be converted into one suitable for ball costume by the removal of the berthe and long sleeves. The coiffure worn with this dress consisted of bouquets tastefully disposed in the hair, and formed of orange blossom intermingled with clematis and jasmine.

The Short Paletot or Sacque is no longer worn, except for traveling or to walk in, in the country. A deep, round kind of cloak, called the *Camail*, and long jackets shaped to the waist, are the most fashionable. Braiding is very much used for these articles. The India cashmere, with its rich combinations of color, whether in variegated stripes or in fantastic palmettes and arabesques, is an object of imperishable favor, and is never out of season or out of fashion. Shawls of other kinds, however, continue to hold their place in fashionable favor. Among them may be named those of black cashmere, ornamented with silk embroidery, trimmed with black guipure or edged with broad bands of velvet, moire, or quilted silk. Shawls of black or violet cashmere, without embroidery, and edged with a band of quilted silk, are very generally adopted in Paris for plain walking dress. Many ladies are likewise seen with shawls of black silk lined and quilted, and edged with velvet or guipure. It is scarcely necessary to observe that these are merely half-shawls, or, as the French term them, pointes.

Bonnets are varying in the shape and style of trimming; they are not so high, but will be worn more bent down in the front, and we have seen some from Paris trimmed at the sides instead of the top. Some very stylish-looking straw bonnets have only a *very broad* ribbon crossing plainly over the crown, the ribbon being edged with a *very narrow* ribbon quilled on each side. Feathers are also a great deal worn on straw bonnets. Trimming is less abundant than it has been.

Head-Dresses are, to a certain extent, disappearing, unless for *full evening toilet*, and combs, secured in massive plaits behind, seem to have taken their place. These combs are now made in such variety that no lady will find any difficulty in getting one to suit the color of her hair. Combs, with tortoise-shell knobs, and elaborate steel, gilt, and silver tops, are amongst the most fashionable kinds; and these tops are now made with a hinge on one side, so that they may be pressed closely against the plait, or stand out a little, whichever the wearer may prefer.

Wreaths for the Hair are now seldom or rarely seen; flowers are placed in tiny bunches here and there, and, when the hair is much frizzed, have a much prettier appearance than the large heavy wreaths which have so long continued in favor.

Long Sprays of Flowers, falling on one side, are also fashionable; but we are happy to say that the variety of dressing the hair is so great, that no lady need have her head-dress unbecoming, in order to be in the fashion.

Bright Colors are now being very much worn for under garments, in the shape of *Ladies' Knickerbockers*, *Flannel Petticoats*, and *Petticoat Bodies*, all of which articles are composed of the most brilliant scarlet flannel. The knickerbockers are admirably adapted for the cold weather, as they are confined just below the knee by a piece of elastic run in the hem, and, consequently, are an extremely comfortable and warm article of clothing. Those of our readers who are fond of gardening, and *standing about* in the open air, will find these most judicious things to wear. The scarlet flannel petticoats, which we have just mentioned, are usually scalloped at the bottom with white wool or white purse silk. The silk has the prettiest effect before being washed, but the wool is the most durable, as it does not discolor in the process of washing.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—A little Girl's Dress of Black and White Plaid Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of Magenta-colored silk, and is edged with a quilling of black velvet. The body and sleeves correspond with the skirt in trimming. Thin muslin under-sleeves and chemisette. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet, and black and white plumes.

Fig. II.—A little Girl's Dress of Blue Silk.—*Paletot* or coat of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Tudor hat bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with blue velvet and white feathers.

General Remarks.—A dress intended for a little girl about nine years of age is composed of gray foulard. The skirt is ornamented with three narrow flounces set on in plaits, and each headed by a narrow row of black velvet. The corsage, plain and square, has a berthe edged with a frill. This berthe is in the form of a fichu, having long ends crossed in front, and then passed under the arms, and are linked one in the other at the back of the waist. Sleeves short, and finished at the lower part of the arm by two narrow frills. Chemisette and long under-sleeves of white muslin plaited *a la Suisse*. The under-sleeves, which are finished at the ends by a quilling of white muslin and a narrow band of black velvet, are sufficiently wide for the hand to pass through. A narrow band of black velvet on the upper edge of the chemisette passes round the throat. Another little dress of violet silk has, near the edge of the skirt, a band of black velvet. The corsage, plain, low, and square, is edged with a band of black velvet, and a ceinture of velvet, with long flowing ends, is fastened behind. The sleeves are demi-long. They are open at the ends, and have revers edged with velvet. Swiss chemisette and under-sleeves, both of white muslin.

Some of the fashionable costumes for little boys consist of a loose jacket and trousers of pique trimmed with braid, or of cashmere or cloth of some light kind trimmed with grelots. A costume prepared for a little boy of three is formed of a short skirt of mohair figured with very narrow black stripes, and a Garibaldi shirt of cerise-color cashmere. On the lower part of the skirt there are two bands of cerise-color cashmere, one broader than the other, the broad band being ornamented with black braid set on in the *Grecque* pattern. White trousers reaching a little below the skirt are edged with a plaited frill.

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SMOKING CAP—IN APPLIQUE.

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THE MORNING RIDE.

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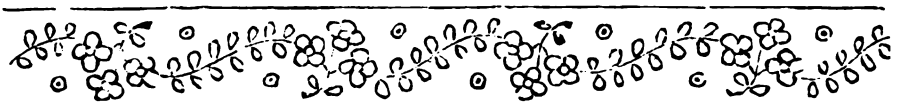

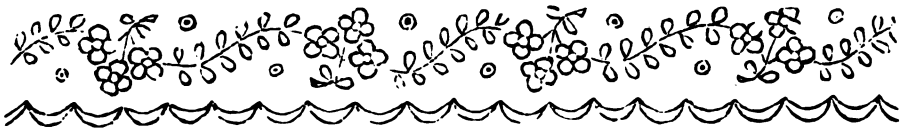

INSERTIONS AND EDGINGS.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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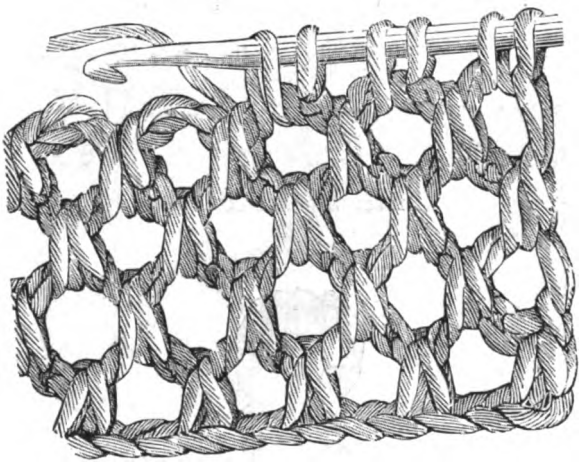

NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: THE NET STITCH.

CHILD'S DRESS.

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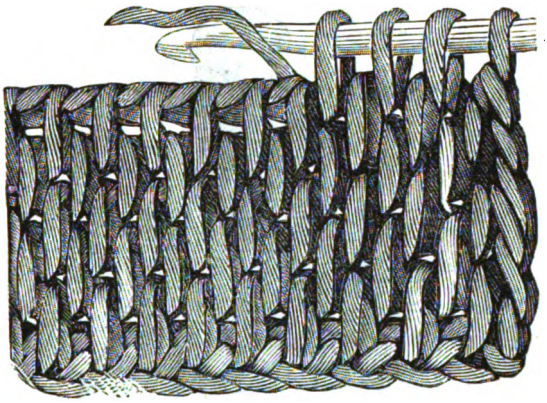
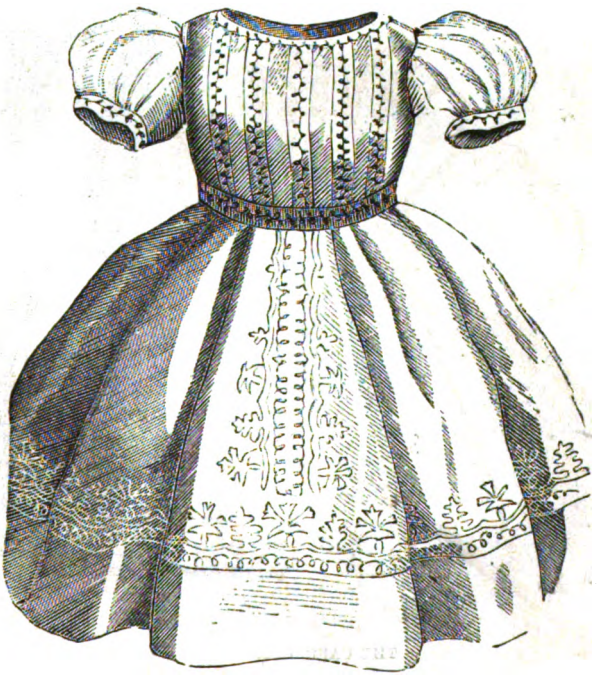


NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: SINGLE GOBELIN.



CHILD'S DRESS.

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THE CAROLINE.

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THE ISABELLA.

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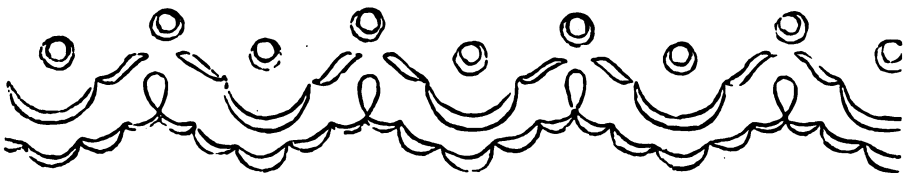

EDGING.

THE FRANCESCA.

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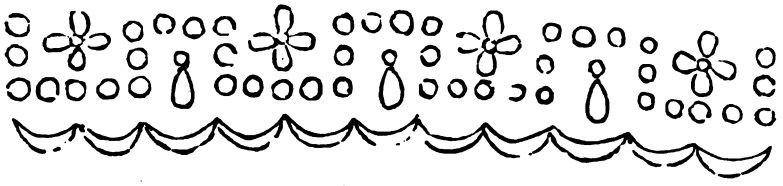

EDGING.

THE MARIANA.

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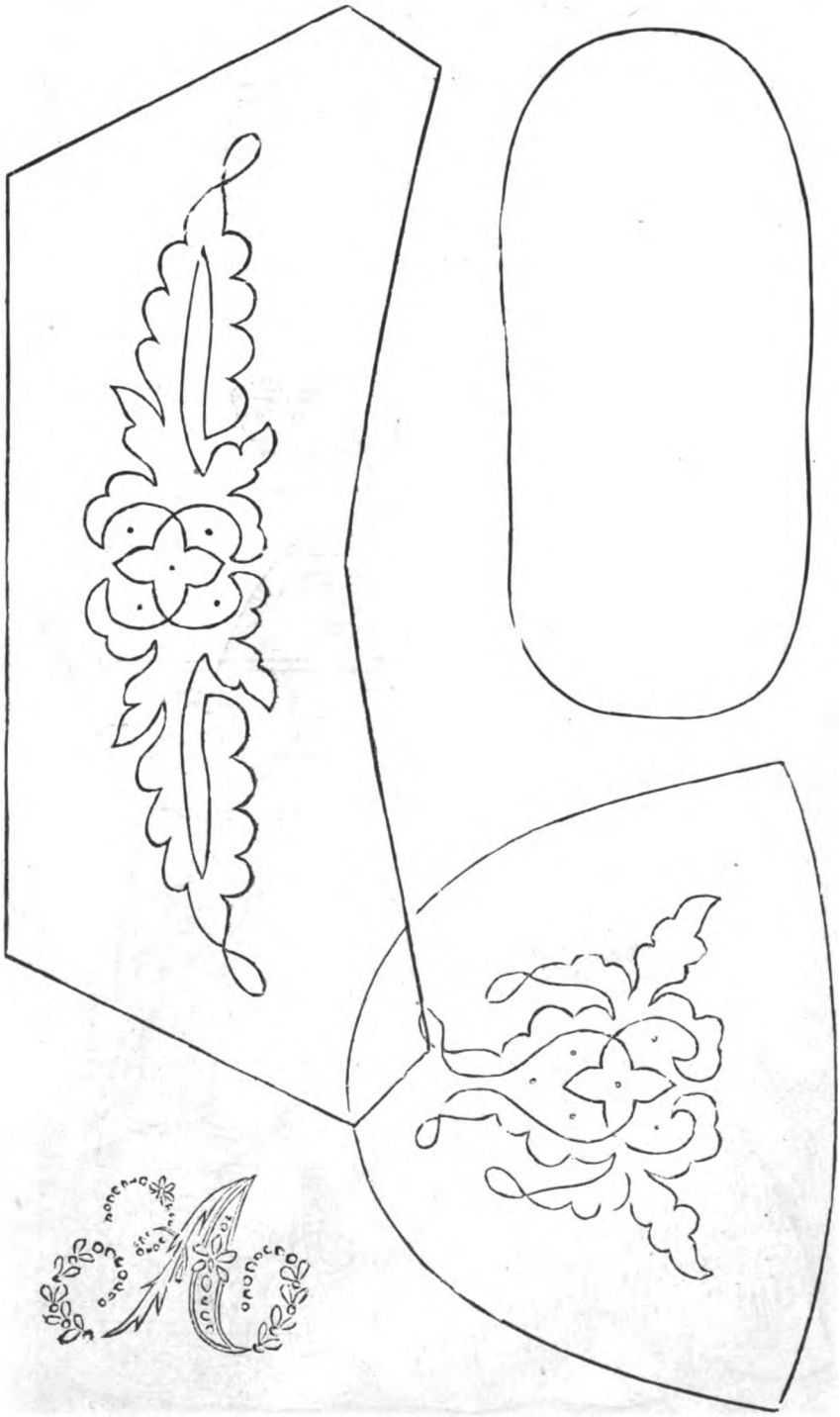

BABY'S SHOE: LETTERS FOR MARKING.

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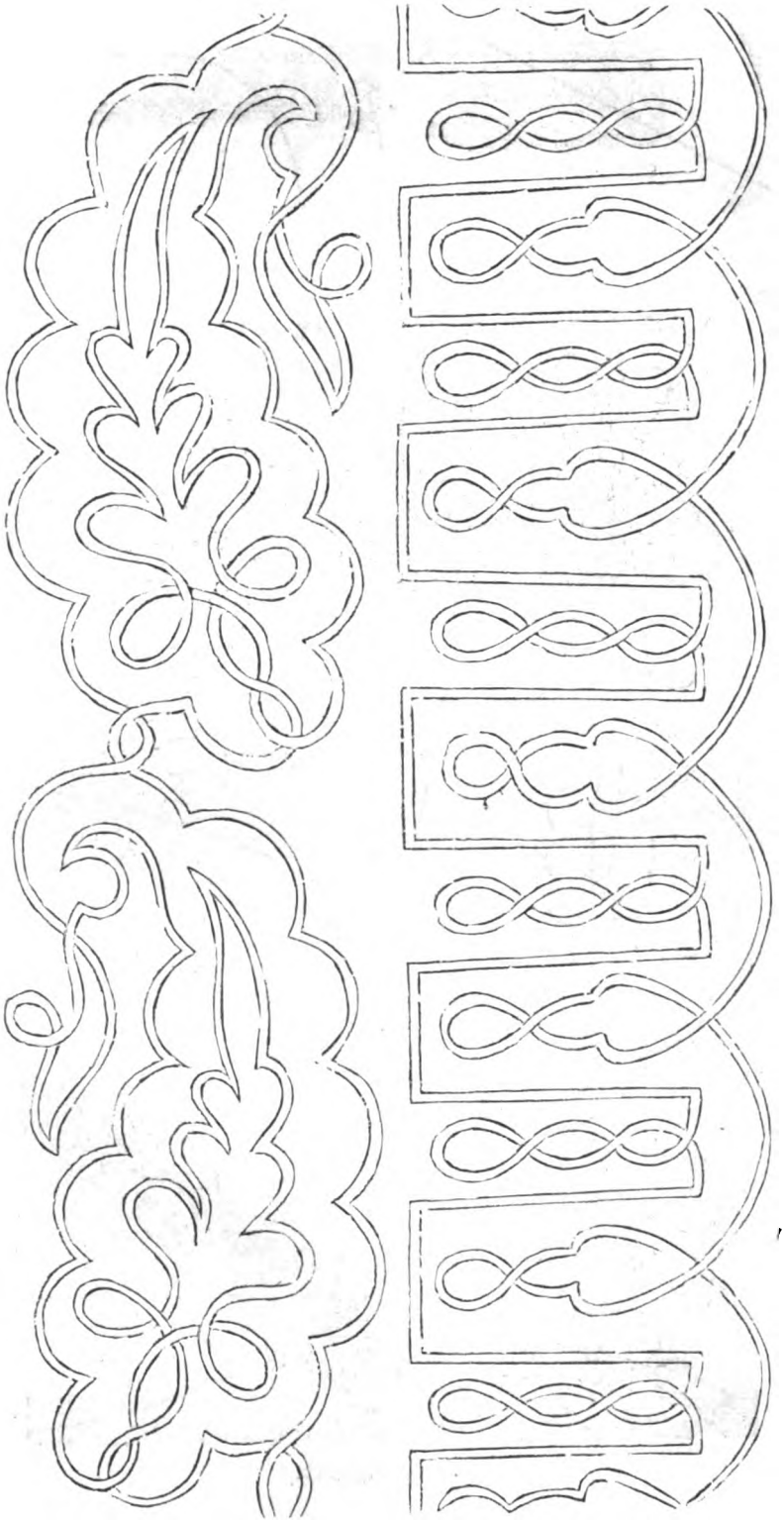

DESIGNS FOR BRAIDING.

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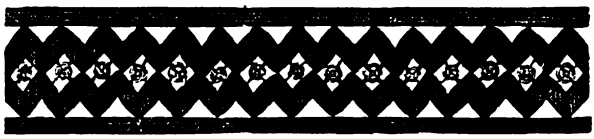

BRAIDING EMBROIDRRY.

CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

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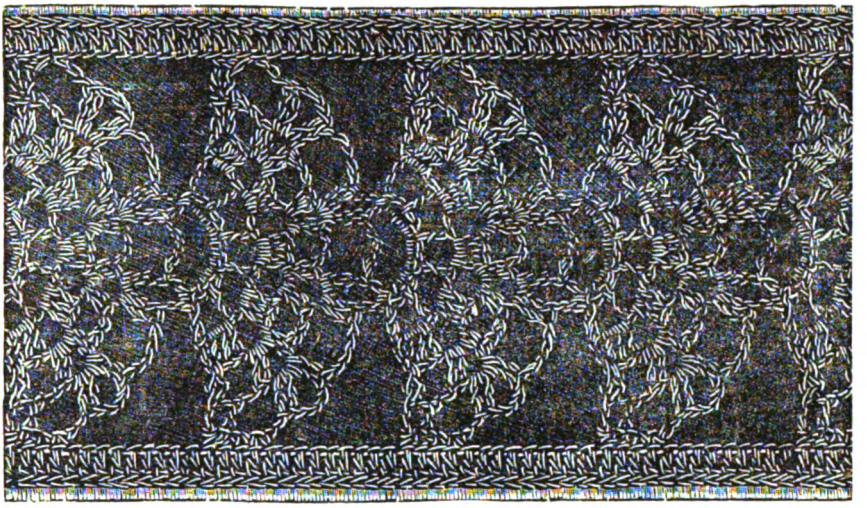

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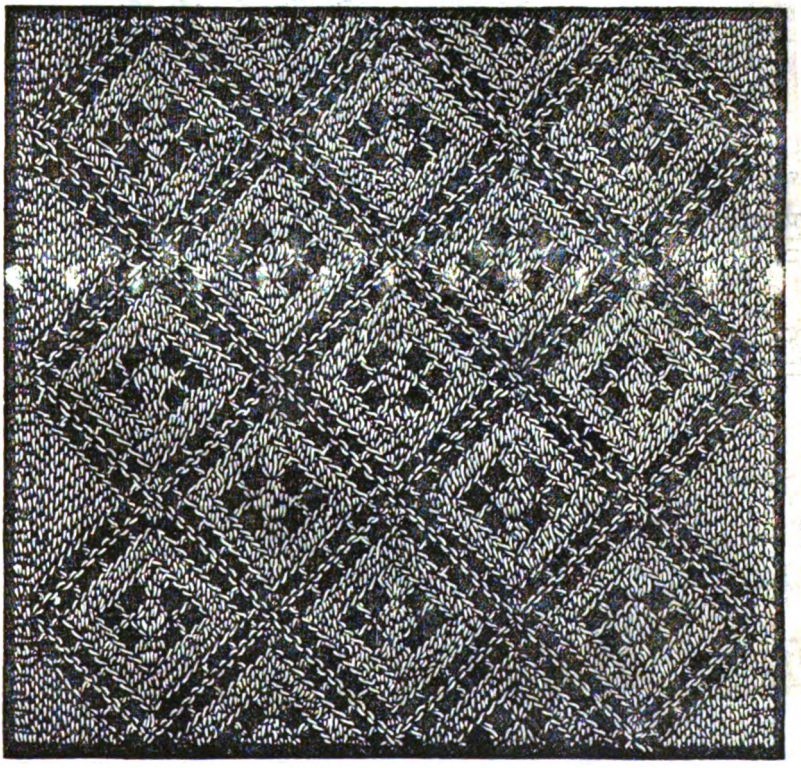

KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

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THERE IS NO ONE LIKE A MOTHER.

BY SEP. WINNER.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGH.

Moderato. 8va.

PIANO.

mf Ped. * Ped. * *p*

8va.

rall. *mf* *f* *p*

VOICE.

1. When the heart is sad and lonely, And the mind is fill'd with care, Life
2. Should our faith in friends be shaken; Let us wan - der where we will, Tho' we
3. Oh the heart may have its pleasures, And the soul may have its rest, But of

p *cres.*

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is a burden on - ly, For the wea - ry soul to bear: Then should we try to
feel as if for - sak - en, There is one to love us still. Her love is like none
all our dearest treasures, Is a mother's love the best. Ah! nev - er can an-

Ped. * Ped. * mf

smother The spell, beyond our pow'r, There is no one like a mother, In that
other, How e'er our fate be cast, For there's no one like a mother, Ev - er
other, Her place in life supply, For there's no one like a mother, And we

cres. f

cres. rall.

dark and cheerless hour; There is no one like a mother, In that dark and cheerless hour.
faith - ful to the last, For there's no one like a mother, Ev - er faith - ful to the last.
dread to see her die, For there's no one like a mother, And we dread to see her die.

p cres. f rall

8va.....

rall.

Ped. * mf f p

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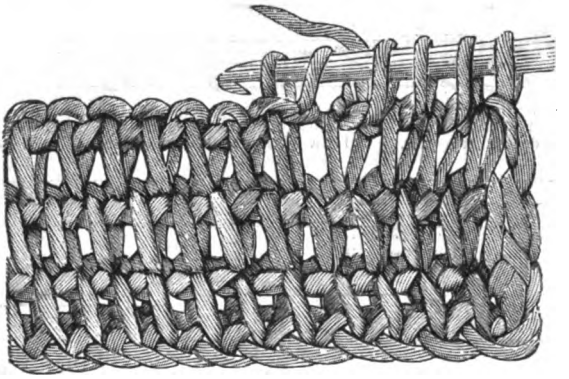

NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: THE PIQUE STITCH.

FULL CIRCULAR CLOAK.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1862. No. 5.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

VERY pretty did little Jessie look, as she fastened the silken belt over her cool blue muslin dress, and donned her roguish straw hat preparatory to tripping off to school. Beautiful indeed she seemed to her fond mother, who placed the sweet good-by kiss upon her rosy lips, just as the little slippered feet were dancing away. But prim aunt Abigail, who was on a visit to Jessie's mother, regarded the little maiden with a grave, not to say an unfavoring, eye.

"Now, 'Melia, don't you think it wrong to encourage pride and vanity that way in your child?" she said, when they were again alone. "Is it right to fix her out in that fandangled way just to go to school? When I was young, children wore good dark calico frocks, with high-necked aprons, and calf-skin shoes were thought plenty good enough for meeting wear, and nobody thought it any disgrace to go barefoot in summer-time. Dear knows, it would have made all Bytown meeting-house stare to see a child come in rigged out as your girl is just for every day. They did not think such a sight about dress and parade then."

"I am not so sure of that, aunt Abby," said Amelia, smiling. "I believe I took as much pride in the one pink calico dress, I used to wear to church, as Jessie does in her simple muslins; and I am sure it was the subject of much more discussion and anxious care. Indeed, the matter of that one light colored dress pretty effectually spoiled my Sabbaths. The finery was so unaccustomed, and I had received so many charges about getting it soiled in any manner, that I was in a constant state of anxiety, never relieved until the moment I took it off, which, fortunately, was just as soon as I reached home. There is a piece of it in some patchwork up stairs, and I often catch myself smiling over it."

"Well, I don't think it speaks very well for your attention to preaching, or you wouldn't have been so taken up with your dress all the time. I reckon your mind naturally run to vanity, 'Melia."

"Well, I followed the example of my elders, aunt Abby. I never shall forget what a commotion it made, when it was currently reported that Mr. Daniels' wife had bought a splendid new calico dress of a pedler who put up at their house, which was quite beyond anything ever bought in the village store. Philena Black said it looked 'jest like ribbons sewed together,' it was so beautiful. How anxiously it was watched for on Sunday, after a reasonable time had been allowed to have it made up? How the good mothers stretched their necks forward to catch a glimpse of it; and how it was furtively commented on at grandmother's, where the 'women folks' sedately gathered at noon-time to eat their little caraway cakes, and nip the heads of dill and fennel they brought in their work-bags!"

"Well, well, 'Melia, likely enough people were curious to see *Miss* Daniels' new dress. New dresses weren't so common in them days. But you know as well as I do that gay clothes, in the top notch of the fashion, encourage pride and vanity in young folks."

"I do not think neat, tasteful clothing occasions half as many sinful frames of mind as coarse, unsuitable articles do; and that which is suitable in one stage of society is quite out of place in another. I like, too, to dress myself and child according to the season. There is no religion in making one's self uncomfortable by a close, warm dress on August day; and when our Creator sees fit to paint all the beautiful flowers of a brown, dingy hue, I will be willing to leave off the rich and delicate colors. He provides us the materials for making. Dr.

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Johnson said to a man who rebuked him for wearing colored clothing, 'Ah! my friend, if you cannot go to heaven in a green coat, you can't in a gray one.'

"Times change, auntie, and, on the whole, I do not see that the world grows much worse though refinement advances. Every year the great benevolent institutions of the day grow broader and wider. Missionary enterprise is carrying the Bible farther and farther into the benighted heathen lands; and some of the best, most earnest Christian workers I have ever known, are members of our popular city churches—men who limit their expenses to a certain amount, and give away all their income beyond that. One I think of now who gives away seventy-five thousand dollars yearly. Another, who, as one item of his beneficence, is supporting one hundred young men in their preparation for the ministry. When you were young, auntie, but little pains was taken to reform the poor and degraded in our cities. Now look at the net-work of industrial and ragged schools, which gather them in from the lanes and alleys, removing thousands to purer, better homes, and enabling others to gain an honest living as they grow up.

"When you were young, aunt Abby, the poor sailor was looked on as an outcast, with hardly a soul to save. Now every port has its Bethel, and its devoted, earnest chaplains to look after poor Jack as soon as he lands, and welcome him to a safe 'Snug Harbor.' I cannot agree with those who say, 'The former times were better than these,' when I look at all these enterprises. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' auntie. If you will show any better working Christians among the old-fashioned people who continually find fault with the times, than those well-dressed, refined gentlemen that I mentioned, who devote their lives to doing good, I should like to see them. Many, many wealthy ladies in our city visit, statedly, wretched districts, where you would hardly think you could catch your breath, taking the Bible, the little tract, and food, and clothing for the body; all out of pure love for the souls of the perishing, and the Heavenly Master.

"Try and look on the bright side, dear auntie, and it will make you a great deal happier, and you will be surprised to find how bright a side there is to look at. I have often smiled at that good old lady who would see something to praise in every one. One of her children said, 'If the Evil One himself were present, he believed mother would see something good in him.' The old lady chanced to enter just then, and the remark was laughingly repeated to her. 'Well, my children,' she said, 'I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance.'"

LIFE'S LABYRINTH.

BY LILIAS M———.

LIFE's labyrinth is dark and drear—
  Enshrouded in unchanging night;
No sunny ray may enter here,
  No cheering, joyous beam of light;
No guide, with friendly, helping hand,
Doth lead me to a Brighter Land!

To me was given a thread-like clue,
  When first I trod these winding aisles;
And, while the thread was e'er in view,
  I sped along with joyous smiles;
For well I knew that clue was given
To guide me on my way to Heaven.

Alas! alas! with careless clasp
  I held the little, mystic thread;
It fell, unheeded, from my grasp,
  And now, unaided, on I tread;
Full oft I circle round and round,
The onward pathway still unfound!

Sometimes, along the hundred ways
  Of this dim, winding labyrinth,
I grope for weary, weary days,
  Encountering many a stony plinth,
On bended knee I seek the clue—
Oh! will it never meet my view?

Alas! alas! I dare not hope!
  My torch is burning dim and low;
I scarce can see my way to grope,
  Though aided by its flickering glow!
Oh! if I lose this feeble blaze,
No other light will glad my gaze!

'Tis gone! a darkness, thick and drear,
  Enwraps the way, and veils my sight.
Hope speaks no longer words of cheer,
  Or whispers of a dawning light;
With doubt and gloom my heart is rife,
I sink beneath this fearful strife!

Joy! joy! An unseen angel-hand
  Touches my torch with living light!
And, lo! close by me, on the sand,
  The clue is gleaming, golden bright.
With hope renewed I'll tread the way—
This clue will guide to endless day!

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 299.

CHAPTER II.

THE few days that followed were, perhaps, among the sunniest of the widow's whole life. Her triumph really seemed complete. When the females questioned Mrs. Delancy as to the sudden change in her manner toward the two sisters, she only said that, after the woman's saving her from a perhaps dangerous hurt, it was impossible not to be decently civil to her.

"One can't be stone, my dear; it's a hard case, I own, but what can one do? Keep her at a certain distance—remember that—we, all of us, leave here soon."

Then Mrs. Delancy thought, with a shudder, that it was quite possible the widow might leave too, and follow in her wake.

"She must be dropped, next winter. In all your intercourse with her, never forget that."

The widow knew Mrs. Delancy's thoughts and advice as well as if she had heard both; but little she cared. She had the whip hand now and meant to use it. The old man of the sea did not cling more tightly to Sinbad than she would to the luckless Mrs. Delancy, and upon her patrician shoulders she intended to ride into society; and, more cruel even than the Sinbad's persecutor, she would drag her relative along with her.

In every party or pic-nic, the widow and her sister now had a part; though Polly was careful to keep uncle Copcutt at home whenever it was possible. She reveled and gloried in her new state. The gentlemen were glad that the embargo was removed, and they could flirt with Jenny, and talk foreign society toned conversation to the widow as much as they liked; for if maternal relatives frowned or wives grumbled, there was the unanswerable reply,

"Mrs. Delancy is friendly with them."

Away out upon the summer sea of success sailed the widow. She would not hear the word retrenchment now—or rather the more common and expressive phrase of, "hauling in their horns," which uncle Copcutt employed. Her brilliant fancy had settled the details of the winter's campaign—a house in the avenue—Andrew Winston married to Jenny, and herself paired off with a rich old widower, who was to have been at Lebanon, but did not come.

She worked hard for her popularity, there was no doubt of that. She was always on the watch, wary and cautious, cooing about like a dove, but as wise as the old serpent of all.

She made presents to the ladies; she promised suppers to the gentlemen when winter came; and, even then, often took it upon herself to invite them all to pic-nics and out-door parties of every sort, spending sums that would make uncle Copcutt shudder, when the bills were brought in, but which brought her much glory at the time.

The women might and did abuse her more than ever, but Polly cared nothing for that, as long as they treated her properly to her face—they abused each other, for that matter. Mrs. Delancy had to be cautious. Moreover, like most proud people, if she paid black mail, she was bound to do it handsomely; though, if it ever came her turn to retaliate, the widow might pray in vain for mercy.

As for Jenny, she enjoyed the summer of content more even than her sister, for she had no watching to do, nothing but to bask in the sunshine at her sister's command.

Of course she was happy. What girl would not have been? At the bottom, she was meant to have been good-hearted and sensitive; and all her admiration for her sister could not prevent her seeing and being mortified by the arts and tricks which had been employed during her European tour. Now all was smooth. She did not understand the secret of Mrs. Delancy's sudden change; and accustomed as she was to the manners of Florentine-trained dandies, it never occurred to her to notice that the men were all a shade more familiar to herself and the widow than they ventured to be with other women.

She had been taught that a great marriage was the aim of her existence, but she thought less about the matter than most girls would have done under the circumstances.

The widow had her wide-awake eyes upon Winston, and the artful way in which she kept him and Jenny together was beautiful to behold. Of course he had no objection to a flirtation; but, for once, the widow was out in her plans. He would as soon have married the Sphinx as

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any woman in New York society, or anywhere else, for that matter. But, shrewd as she was, Polly was not a clairvoyant. She could read no more of the man than his intimates, and there were secrets back in his life which no person was likely to find out.

"Be careful," she said to Jenny; "the ground is getting firmer under our feet every day. Innocence and naturalness with that man; he has seen everything, felt everything, knows everything—simplicity, my dear, simplicity!"

To hear her talk to Winston, you would have thought Jenny was a dove that had just emerged from the quietest dove-cot that could be found.

"A perfect child, Mr. Winston! She is like no other girl under the sun—she will never be like other women. The Princess Borghese said to me time and again, 'She is like a poem, my dear friend, a perfect poem!'"

And Winston assented, remembering the tuition she had been under with a quiet smile, and was as attentive to "the poem" as the widow could desire, to his cousin's horror, and the raging anger of all the other women.

Mrs. Delancy's set were going to visit the Shaker village, and dine there, and of course the widow and her sister were of the party. That time uncle Copcutt could not be kept at home. He had set his heart upon going, and there was no appeal.

"After all," said Polly, to her sister, as they were dressing, "I think the fact of his wealth is established, so it is not of so much consequence what he does or says."

"I think he seems worried!" said Jane. "Can he be having bad luck, Pauline?"

"Nonsense! No; he's got money enough. Dress yourself and don't get such fancies in your head!"

Seldom had the widow started upon an expedition in higher spirits. Everything went to her entire satisfaction. She manœuvred successfully to seat Jenny in Andrew Winston's phæton, and bullied Mrs. Delancy into giving her a place in her own carriage. As for uncle Copcutt, he shared his vehicle with a deaf old broker, who would not hear his nonsense if he talked it, so she had less fear than usual where he was concerned.

She was very talkative during that drive, flung her titled friends about in the most reckless manner; and intoxicated by her success, and certain that Jenny could not hear, indulged in a little romance concerning her friendship with the Queen of Naples, which was as beautifully managed as any tale that ever Mrs. Norton wrote.

The day in the Shaker village was delightfully spent, and nobody enjoyed it more than Polly.

"I should like," she said, "to leave the world and bury myself in a retreat like this. I would only ask a few congenial souls, and here I could live 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,'" and she clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"I dare say they would admit you," returned Mrs. Doshamer, quietly; "all they ask is a certificate of good character."

Everybody smiled, and Polly was brought down to the actual somewhat rudely. Mrs. Doshamer was her chief foe now; but the widow bore it with a very good grace, and rambled off into Italy at once, and took such of the company with her as were willing to go.

The dinner hour arrived, and Polly was in ecstasies over the heavenly cleanliness of everything around.

"Thee needn't drop thy crumbs there, friend," said a sour-visaged old Shakeress, who was waiting on the table, when in her enthusiasm Polly allowed a piece of bread to fall on the floor.

That was the second laugh raised at her expense, and the widow was forced to confess that the brightest day may have its shadows.

But she soon forgot her little vexations, and her spirits rose higher than ever.

The whole party were looking about the gardens under the guidance of one of the elders. Uncle Copcutt was a little in advance, deeply interested in a bed of cabbage, and in his forgetfulness stepped plump into it.

One of the men at work near rushed up at once.

"If thee can't walk in the paths, thee'd better take the road," he called out, bluntly.

"Lord bless me!" said uncle Copcutt, "I quite forgot myself. Give me a hoe and I'll fix it."

He stretched out his hand to take one which the man held, and, as he did so, their eyes met: the Shaker uttered an exclamation of surprise,

"Jacob Copcutt!" he exclaimed. "Why, what brings thee here, and trigged out like a mountebank?"

"Who are you?" asked Copcutt, in astonishment.

"Why, I'm Joash Bean. Don't you remember me?" he asked, forgetting the Shaker phraseology in his wonder. "I used to live near the old tavern. Is old Dyson dead?"

Uncle Copcutt's first impulse would have been to hold out his hand; but at that instant up rushed the widow, who feared that something was amiss, and revengeful Mrs. Doshamer quietly beckoned the rest to approach.

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"Come, uncle," said Polly, "you are keeping everybody. Do go on, I beg."

The Shaker stared at her.

"Wall, if it ain't Polly Dyson, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed. "Why, what on arth brings you here? Don't you know me? I'm Joash Bean—I've held you on my knees many a time when you lived in the old tavern."

The widow felt as if the world was whirling away before her eyes—she almost fainted.

"You are mistaken in the person," she said, loftily, as soon as she could speak and assuming a foreign accent; "I never saw you before."

"Wal, I remember you," returned the man; "though you didn't use to dress so fine, or talk in that outlandish way."

"Come, uncle," said Polly, pale and trembling. "Mrs. Doshamer, shall we walk on?"

"If your old friend has finished his reminiscences," she said, cruelly; "but don't hurry them on our account—I assure it is quite entertaining."

"Where's the little gal?" continued the man, stolidly. "'Spect she's fine as the rest. I heerd you'd got rich."

Polly could not go on and leave Mrs. Doshamer there. She felt herself on the verge of hysterics; but luckily a confusion at that moment arose among their horses, which were waiting outside, and the clamor was so great that the whole party ran to discover what was the matter.

The widow dragged herself along, more dead than alive, and kept uncle Copcutt by her side.

"If you open your lips," she whispered, "I'll never forgive you. Never!"

"But it was Joash Bean!" returned the bewildered old man. "He's the same old two-and-sixpence!"

"Hold your tongue!" and she gave him an unmerciful pinch.

"Lord, don't!" he cried. "I ain't a saying nothing."

By the time the horses were quieted, Polly had recovered herself sufficiently to set matters right as well as she was able.

"I remember the man now, Mrs. Doshamer," she said. "When I was a little girl, my father owned a large property in Pennsylvania—one of his houses was rented as a tavern, and, as I was a feeble child, I was sent there one summer for my health."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Doshamer, with smiling unbelief.

Polly longed to throw off all disguises and choke her then and there; but she went on,

"You know how familiar our lower classes are——"

"Very," interrupted Mrs. Doshamer; "so obtrusive."

"I, who have spent almost my whole life abroad, feel it more than people usually do," pursued the widow, looking as foreign as possible.

"Do you?" said Mrs. Doshamer.

Polly grasped at her presence of mind which was near deserting her. Outwardly she was cool, but within raged a tumult that was pitiable.

Uncle Copcutt stood by wondering at her composure. He was red as a turkey-cock and panting for breath.

"Have you never dreaded an apoplectic fit for your uncle?" asked Mrs. Doshamer, in an audible whisper, while the rest stood about and enjoyed her malice.

"That roast chicken was too much for you, Mr. Copcutt," said Howard Thornton; "I warned you against it."

"Meeting an old friend has agitated him," said the merciless Mrs. Doshamer.

Polly raised herself—if this went on all was lost.

"Mrs. Doshamer," she said, with a nonchalance, which even Mrs. Delancy admired; "you have lived in this country more than I, but I hardly supposed you were so thoroughly democratic as to consider the tenants of one's father personal friends—you would be admirably fitted for a life in the country."

Mrs. Doshamer fairly colored; but the widow had the advantage.

"Shall we go, Mrs. Delancy?" she continued. "That is, if Mrs. Doshamer is satisfied."

"Oh! I was satisfied long ago," she replied, with great significance. "Mr. Copcutt, you ought to invite your friend over to dinner some day."

She took Mr. Livermore's arm and swept on, while Polly followed meditating upon her next step.

It was not a pleasant ride home, for Mrs. Doshamer kept up her allusions and innuendoes, to the great amusement of all who heard; and though the widow parried them very well, she had not her usual spirit and firmness.

Once at the hotel she flew to her room, and the lecture which uncle Copcutt received he was not likely soon to forget.

"What business had you to stop?" she fumed. "You've no more sense than a baby."

"It struck me all of a heap," he pleaded.

"A heap of twaddle!" retorted she. "It's

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enough to make me crazy—just as everything was going so well! Fear to me this will ruin Jenny's marriage."

"'Tain't my fault," said the old man; "indeed it ain't, Polly!"

"Call me Polly again at your peril!" cried she.

"Don't be so violent, sister!" interposed Jenny. "You have arranged the matter very well."

"I tell you, Mrs. Doshamer will have it out of him one way or another!" groaned the widow. "This comes of being surrounded by fools. Oh! I would like to kill that woman!"

"I am as sorry as any can be!" moaned uncle Copcutt; "but 'twasn't my fault, now was it, Jenny?"

"Don't speak!" exclaimed the exasperated Polly.

"Wall, I won't, I won't; but don't take on so!"

She fairly pounded on the table with her clenched fists. Words that would pass in French, but were quite another thing in English, broke from her pale lips.

"Sister! Pauline!" cried the astounded Jenny.

"I'll murder you if you speak to me!" she exclaimed; went into hysterics for the first time in years, and only recovered herself by remembering that she must take the field in order to check Mrs. Doshamer's tongue.

That lady was uttering her opinions in the meantime to Mrs. Delancy and the other ladies of power.

"I tell you if we don't crush her now it will soon be too late," she said.

"But be careful," returned Mrs. Delancy, with a private twinge. "She will talk so dreadfully!"

"Bah! who cares for a creature like that!" said Mrs. Doshamer, disdainfully. "I am determined that she shall not go to Saratoga with us."

"But I have given her a sort of promise," said poor Mrs. Delancy.

"I am astonished at you, aunt! You were so determined at first."

"I—I know," stammered the unfortunate lady. "But you remember, I could not but be kind to her after I found—after her saving me that day."

"Very well; ten days' good nature ought to repay her for that service."

"Time enough," the others agreed.

"If you will leave it to me," continued Mrs. Doshamer, "we can keep her away from Saratoga."

"But how?—how?"

"Send for that man this evening, mortify her beyond measure, and then start in the morning before she has recovered."

The idea was voted a good one; every lady promised to be ready to start, and Mrs. Doshamer laid her plans.

That evening, while the widow was fluttering about on the piazza and in the parlors, she was addressed by a waiter,

"Somebody wants to speak to you, ma'am."

She shuddered like a woman summoned to execution, but there was nothing for it; better face the worst than leave it in Mrs. Doshamer's hands. She heard her voice on the other end of the piazza—she heard another that fairly froze the blood in her veins. She flew toward the spot—saw the group of sneering women—it separated as she approached. She saw Joash Bean in their midst, twirling his broad-brimmed hat, and looking about in great confusion, and Mrs. Doshamer's voice met her ear saying *so* sweetly,

"Your old friend has come to pay you a visit, Mrs. Rushman. He has been entertaining us with some recollections of your childhood—different from your European reminiscences, it is true, but vastly entertaining."

"Verily," said Joash, "I don't know what thee means by remkiniskences; but I have know'd Polly Dyson since she was that high;" and he held his broad-brimmed hat some three feet above the floor, to show the exact height she had gained at their first acquaintance.

"She has grown somewhat," returned Mrs. Doshamer, as politely as if it was real friendship for the widow that made her take an interest in the man's conversation.

"Truly, yes," answered Joash. "What with the queer talk you feminines have, and all those toggeries, I would hardly have know'd her; but Jacob Copcutt is the same."

The group was each instant growing larger. People came out of the parlors and the hall—Mrs. Delancy prudently keeping aloof lest the widow's anger should light upon her; but the others anxious to witness the cruel sport.

"Verily, Polly could ride a horse and harness him at need; but she was always fond of her book. I know'd she would rise," he continued. "But be not puffed up in spirit, Polly, by prosperity. Thee must meet thy Maker jest the same if thee wears silks and satins as if thee'd lived in the old tavern."

"Mr. Bean might deliver us a sermon upon that text," said Mrs. Doshamer. "I have no doubt it would be very instructive."

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"I do only speak in the meeting," he said, gravely, beginning to have some dim perception of frivolous impertinence. "I don't think a sermon would do much good to thee or thy friends."

That thrust silenced the lady for a moment; and, putting herself once more into action, Polly managed to say,

"Come up to my private parlor, Mr. Bean; I wish to talk with you about the summer I spent at the old tavern. Moreover I should like to ask a few questions about some property of ours in that neighborhood, which has been neglected too long."

The old Shaker rose at once, saying, as he followed her,

"Of the property I know nothing, friend Polly; but the old tavern was standing when I was last there; thy father's grave is near it."

The widow drowned his words as well as she was able, and hurried him up the stairs to her own apartment.

"Tolerably successful," said Mrs. Doshamer, as Polly disappeared. "Now, gentlemen, please to understand that our party start to-morrow for Saratoga."

She swept along into the parlors and found uncle Copcutt.

"Your niece is in her room with your old friend," she said. "I think she would like you to join them."

"Is Joash here?" demanded uncle Copcutt, quite frightened.

"Joash is here," replied Mrs. Doshamer, sweetly.

"Lord! Polly'll kill him!" muttered the old man, and away he trudged at once.

"I shouldn't be surprised!" said Mrs. Doshamer to her friends. "I hope they will defer the tragedy until after our departure; it would not follow the comedy well."

Jenny was dancing with Andrew Winston; but she caught enough of the ladies' conversation to know that the danger was still hanging over them.

"I must go and find my sister," she said, losing her courage with the departure of the general.

"Oh! no," said Winston; "we must have a Polka Redowa first."

Jenny went through the dance, but her head was very dizzy; and, as she turned to leave the room, she heard Mrs. Doshamer say,

"You had better be packing, Andrew; we shall go in the early train."

When she got up stairs, the old Shaker was gone. Polly had found means to hustle him out the back way.

"They are going to-morrow morning!" exclaimed Jenny, as she entered the room.

The widow recoiled before the bomb-shell flung so unexpectedly in her camp.

"Going away?" she repeated, breathlessly.

"Yes. I heard Mrs. Doshamer tell Winston to be ready for the early train."

"I must find Mrs. Delancy!" exclaimed Polly, springing to her feet. "I won't be thrown over this way! Oh! that abominable Mrs. Doshamer! It's all her work!"

She flew down stairs; but the Delancy party had already dispersed, and up she came again, quite out of her senses at her defeat in the very moment of success.

The next morning she was only up in time to watch them get into the carriages that were to take them to the station, and to receive from Mrs. Delancy, in answer to a threatening look, the assurance that she had better be very quiet until Mrs. Doshamer had forgotten the affair of yesterday.

"Remember me to your friend Joash, Mrs. Rushman," that lady called out from the carriage. "You will have every advantage of his society in the quiet you will enjoy."

They drove off, and Polly stood there fitter for the inmate of a lunatic asylum than the world at large.

She knew that the people left were staring at her—people she had snubbed as unmercifully as the Delancy set had done—and she managed to reach her room without any outbreak.

She found uncle Copcutt trembling and Jenny crying with fear at the storm which they knew must break on their devoted heads. Just as she was closing the door, a servant came up and presented to her a basket of flowers and cherries.

"An old Shaker brought them, madam. He said his name was Bean."

The widow had sense enough left to close the door. Then she flung the basket across the room and ran after to trample upon it, fairly tearing her hair in her passion.

It really was a terrible day for the whole party. The widow exhausted herself in her rage, and uncle Copcutt became quite expert in dodging missiles; and Jenny learned words that she had never heard before. Then Polly went to bed in horrible hysterics; and there she lay for two days, more broken in spirit than she had been in all her former struggles.

CHAPTER III.

AUTUMN found the family established, for a time, at an up-town hotel, which the widow had

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chosen as the resort of many fashionable women too indolent to have houses of their own, or unable to incur the expense.

Polly had bloomed out again fresh as a flower, having outlived her mortification, and believing that the Delancy set, when they returned to town, would have forgotten it as completely as she had tried to do.

She talked Europe to all who chose to listen, and dilated upon the charming season she had had at Lebanon Springs, with her dear friend Mrs. Delancy, and so obtained for herself quite a reputation in the house.

Uncle Copcutt was aghast at the expenses she incurred. He assured her they must stop, and she promised that when spring came they should. Jenny would be married before that time—she knew Andrew Winston's intentions; and thereupon she spun one of her never-failing romances, and the old gentleman was silenced.

Some rich man going to Europe desired to sell his house ready furnished, and Polly insisted upon taking it, as it was charming in all respects, situated in Fifth avenue, and very near Mrs. Delancy's own stately mansion.

There they were established when the set, to which she was determined to belong, made their appearance in town.

Polly had quite a circle among their acquaintance already, by dint of employing Mrs. Delancy's name, pushing here, trudging there, buying favor in another quarter, and proving herself indomitable as of old.

Andrew Winston called upon them, so did Mr. Livermore, and several other gentlemen. Polly gave them delicious suppers, whispered to Winston of an increase of fortune which had befallen Jenny; and set herself diligently to work to ensnare him in the net which she had spread with such care.

She succeeded in forcing herself upon two or three of the ladies whom she had met at Lebanon; but Mrs. Doshamer "cut her dead" in the park, and Mrs. Delancy was so unwell that she did not receive guests.

But a few weeks after, the widow learned that the old lady had recovered. Her reception day was appointed, and no cards had reached the Copcutt mansion.

"She doesn't dare throw me over if I am firm!" thought the widow; and she made up her mind, after an hour's reflection, upon the best course to pursue, and, once decided, nothing could turn her from her purpose.

The important Tuesday arrived, and the widow arrayed herself in her most brilliant carriage costume. Not a word had she said to Jenny—this was a matter in which she must act alone.

She ordered the carriage, and drove to the hotel where they had formerly boarded. A Southern lady was there who knew Mrs. Delancy, and was going to her house that day.

"I called for you on my way," said Polly, with her best grace and very foreign air, which had quite charmed the somewhat unsophisticated Southerner. "I know when one hasn't seen an acquaintance for some time it is always pleasant to have company. I have been far away from home myself, and nothing cheered me so much as to find frank, honest proffers of friendship. So I called, for fear you should mope here, invalid that you are, and I knew you had a card."

So away they drove to Mrs. Delancy's house, and were ushered in to the great hall.

Mrs. Doshamer was fortunately not among the group of ladies seated in the parlors, and, deprived of her support, Mrs. Delancy sank back helpless when the servant, in addition to her old friend Mrs. Morton's name, announced that of—

"Mrs. Rushman."

How she got through her greeting with her former acquaintance Mrs. Delancy never knew; but, when she released her hand, there stood the widow, imperturbable, smiling, and extending her delicately gloved fingers.

"Dear Mrs. Delancy, so happy to see you recovered—looking so well!"

The haughty woman froze into an icicle. People began to look curiously; but without a pause the widow added,

"And when did you hear from your son, Mrs. Delancy? Does he return soon?"

Emily Mansfield was in the room. Mrs. Delancy saw the widow's eyes glance toward her, and yielded—there was no help for it!

She took the widow's hand, murmured something about the pleasure of seeing her, and fell back more dead than alive.

"Has Miss Mansfield forgotten me?" whispered Polly.

"No, oh! no," gasped Mrs. Delancy; "but she was engaged at the moment. Emily, my dear."

The young lady approached at once.

"Mrs. Rushman, you know, whom we met at Lebanon."

Miss Mansfield was that rare bird, a lady, who had always been inclined to regard the widow more in the light she did her other fashionable acquaintance than they would have liked, and her greeting was exactly what the circumstances rendered proper.

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She wondered that she had not heard Mrs. Delancy speak of sending her a card—rather liked her good-nature in doing so, and smiled a little as she thought of Mrs. Doshamer's anger on learning the fact.

Polly plumed herself and sat down—exchanged bows and civil speeches with such people as she knew, and quite impressed the others by a sense of her importance.

Mrs. Delancy listened so intently to every word that fell from her lips, that people thought she must be a woman of consequence; and Polly did her little foreign accent so well, that they would not have been astonished if she had been announced as a French countess.

Indeed, one lady whispered a wish for an introduction, and it was given, of course; Polly so overwhelmingly gracious, that the lady only wondered she had never had the good fortune to meet her before.

Polly gave her titled friends in Europe a most tremendous airing, expatiated upon the delightful weeks they had spent at Lebanon, and finally fluttered out, leaving Mrs. Morton quite in the background.

But not until she had gained her point did she go.

"My careless servant met with an accident the other day," she whispered to Mrs. Delancy. "He dropped my notes into a bowl of hot water, and was so frightened he threw them away; but my maid found it out, and said one of them was in your writing; knowing it must be your reception card, I did not hesitate to come. Was there one for my sister?"

"If not, I will supply the omission," said poor Mrs. Delancy, and then Polly was ready to take her leave.

That must have been a dreary, insane-seeming day to the lady she left, forced as she was to keep her own counsel; but the widow went home in such spirits, that the moment she had dropped Mrs. Morton at the hotel and was left to herself, she fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"I have been to Mrs. Delancy's reception," was all the explanation she vouchsafed the astonished Jenny. "I said nothing, because your card had been forgotten; but it is all right now, you will have one for the next."

But before the day was over her high spirits received a check. Uncle Copcutt betrayed the fact that a young artist, whom they had met in Europe, had called during their absence.

"That beggar!" cried the widow. "Why did you let him in?"

"Wall, I don't open the door, you know," replied he. "I never do sence you blowed out at me so, and he's a nice sort of chap—I was glad to see him."

"You know I hurried Jenny out of Germany on his account; she has never been quite the same girl since she knew him! Oh, dear! the moment my back is turned you are always in mischief!"

"Why, you don't think Jenny liked him?" asked uncle Copcutt, opening his eyes very wide.

"No, no," she replied, hastily—it would never do to allow the old man to believe that. "Never mind what I think or mean. We must be very careful—avoid people we knew abroad."

Andrew Winston was announced, and away she sped to give him an account of her visit upon Mrs. Delancy, the cordiality with which she had been met; and such was Andrew's surprise, that it was all he could do to keep from uttering a whistle.

"It will do, it will do," muttered the widow, like a witch working a charm, when she was alone in her room. "I shall succeed in spite of Mrs. Doshamer—I know I shall," and she looked resolute enough to have awed the fates into submission to her wishes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WE PART, BELOVED.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We part, beloved, while our tears
  Are falling like the rain;
Yet hope is whispering to our souls
  That we shall meet again.
And when that blissful hour arrives,
  Whate'er Time's changes be,
Oh! let him find no broken vows
  In either you or me!

As some pet bird is loath to leave
  Its master's tender care,
So am I loath to leave you, love,
  So beautiful and fair.
But though our tears are falling now
  Like April's gentle rain;
Yet hope is whispering to our souls
  That we shall meet again.

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A STORY ABOUT PETERSON'S.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

I WAS born and educated in the city, and, for a term of years, I loved city-life with all its gayeties. Being young and enthusiastic, I had formed wonderful plans for my future—as delicate, beautiful, and unsubstantial, too, as rose-leaves. My father was not wealthy; but, as he held a superior position in a good banking-house, in which he had served over twenty years, and as I was the only child reared out of a family of seven, I was the pet of the home-circle, and well-received in the best society. My tastes were quiet; but I had a fondness for rich dress, in which I was always gratified. Music and literature were my besetting inclinations. Of course, like all girls, I had my particular favorites: among them was one Hetty May, the daughter of the cashier, a handsome, rather showy, and fashionable girl, yet withal gentle and refined in manner, and cultivated in intellect. Hetty lived in more style than we did, but she was always happy when with us, and declared that our parlor, where there was no gilding, where the chairs were not too nice to use, and where, afternoons and evenings, the family always met, was the handsomest and cosiest place in the world. I had my own little room, where sometimes, when Hetty had a day of leisure, she and I sat, talking and planning famously.

"Now, Nellie," said Hetty, as we were thus together, one charming winter day, the coal-fire sending up sheets of blue and pink flame, the sun nestling warmly in beds of mock roses on wall and floor, "do tell me whom you are going to marry, and how you are going to live."

"How is that possible," I asked, mentally admiring the rich soft texture of her flounced robe, "when I have not seen the first, and cannot possibly imagine the whereabouts of the latter?"

"Oh! yes, you can; and you must make your imagination serve for both. I mean, of course, what sort of a man would you like to have, and where and how would you like to live?"

"The sort of person I should like to have!" I echoed, laughingly. "That is not very hard to tell. In the first place, he must have manly beauty; in the second I should like him to have money—some."

"Say a million or two," responded Hetty.

"I shouldn't object, decidedly," was my reply; "but much less than that would be desirable. I should wish, of course, to live in considerable style; if possible, keep a nice carriage; have servants in plenty; and a liberal allowance to spend as I please. I would try to be no selfish rich lady."

"All very fine," said Hetty. "You have forgotten a villa out of town, a conservatory, and a trip to Europe to be included."

"Oh! yes, I should like all that. But my husband to be must possess an unsullied name, a character well-known for its sterling integrity, Christian principles, and an intellect far above the common standard."

Hetty laughed outright, as she replied, "You will never find him, Nellie, never! A man with all these qualifications and acquirements! He was not born into this generation, my dear."

"Then I'll be single," said I.

"No, you won't. You'll marry some dear good, sensible soul, tolerably good-looking, rich and indulgent, who will let you have your own way, although you can't be exacting if you try, and who will be proud of showing you to his friends. You will either do that, Nelly, my child, or you will very imprudently fall in love with a handsome, penniless fellow, with every desideratum but the one of being able to afford you any luxuries at all. Now, mark my words, young lady. By-the-by, I haven't been favored with a sight of that new party-dress to be worn to-night. Did you know?—oh! that reminds me of Mrs. Standish's elegant *protege*. I'll hold my tongue, though; not another word!" And she clapped her hand over her rosy lips, and looked at me with such a quizzical, comical smile, that I laughed outright. It was useless attempting to question her; so I was obliged to respect her secret, while she inspected my dress.

"It is beautiful!" she said; and then came that quizzical smile again.

"Now, you are laughing at me," I said.

"No; I was only thinking how very quiet your taste is. And yet you always contrive to look so much prettier than we fussy beings, who

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take extra pains, and are so fond of rich tints and colors. You were cut out, I do believe, to be a poor man's wife."

At this I felt almost angry. She had often spoken to me in that way.

"Never!" I said, quickly and resolutely. "I will never be a poor man's wife. You do not know me, Hetty."

"Forgive me, Nellie. I never meant to hurt your feelings in the least; but I was thinking of—of the matter I didn't intend to tell you about. Now, don't be offended with me, or I shall be miserable."

"No, indeed," I said, quickly soothed by her winning entreaty. "But you mistake my character very much if you think I could be contented to marry a poor man. I have been accustomed to elegance and plenty, and I know just how much they are worth."

Hetty went away early; but we met, that night, at the brilliant party of a friend. Mrs. Standish was a widow lady of great refinement, and the merry social gathering was at her house.

"Here's a catch for you, Nellie," whispered Hetty, as, on meeting my eye, she beckoned to me. "Mrs. Standish's brother, enormously wealthy, they say, and perfectly frigid in his goodness. Do you see?"

"What! leaning there on the cabinet-ledge? That——"

"No, no," laughed Hetty, provokingly, as she saw the direction my eye had taken; "the man this side, with an *air distingue*."

"Who—that—that old man?" I gasped.

"Not so very old: say forty-five or fifty; but a gentleman, a scholar, polished, and said to be a millionaire. Aha! you will look at the other one, eh?"

"Who is he?" I asked, my cheeks crimsoning.

"I thought you would be wanting to know; but, really, he's not worth inquiring after. Good, handsome, and all that; but poor as a church-mouse, and an embryo minister in the bargain."

"A preacher—he?"

"Yes, dear. Did you think he looked too fashionable? He is a *protege* of good Mrs. Standish. You know she has two or three, and he is her pet. He can't help looking well and fashionable in anything nice and new: he's so very uncommonly handsome. Nothing feminine about him, either, and talents far above the average—so they say."

To me there was something far higher than beauty in that perfect, manly face. An air of repose, a suggestion of latent strength lurked in that splendid gray eye—a full, brownish gray, such as is seldom seen in any man. His was the face of nature's acknowledged poet; and I thought, while standing there gazing at him, with an earnestness of which I was but half-conscious, "This man has at least the face and figure of my ideal."

Suddenly, as if magnetically attracted, he turned his head. His glance met mine, flashed full in my surprised face. He started, lifted himself upright, then moved a little backward and away; but still I knew that his eyes sought mine again and again. Later that evening, the fair widow Standish came forward, leaning on the arm of her *protege*, to whom she introduced me. His name was Ward Evelyn, and I remembered hearing my father speak of one of his dearest friends, Ward Evelyn. I knew that this young man must be his son. It proved to be so. Evelyn, the elder, had been one of the most successful merchants in the city of New York, had failed, and died, leaving his son and daughter penniless. They had, however, found firm and true friends, and the young man was now repaying the good widow who had so signally assisted him. But why do I dwell on these particulars? Suffice it to say that the mutual acquaintance ripened into mutual love. He found that our tastes, our sympathies, our very likes and dislikes harmonized; and I forgot all my day-dreams, and did not grow angry at Hetty's sly speeches. I was so intensely in love, so wholly happy, that I would have borne much more than her merry, painless jokes. But the riches? Ah! they do not come in here! The heart—*that* was above all price—there was no jewel in the world could match it; but I must henceforth be content to walk humbly. No gilded mirrors for me, if I married him—no mansion in town—stylish equipage—or villa in the country; but a little house, with little rooms, plain furniture, and the plainest kind of people to live with; for Ward had already accepted a call in the town of Woodstock. No matter! My love was all in all to me. I could do without gilding and style; but love, such as had sprung up in and completely filled my heart—I could not do without that. My father, at first quite reluctantly, at last, seeing that my happiness was at stake, consented to my marriage. He bought and furnished the parsonage, and, at length, took leave of me, one sunny morning, after seeing me safely settled in our snug little nest, with tears and smiles struggling together.

That was several years ago, dear reader,

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though I am by no means old. Since then some of the bright colors that gladdened my mental vision have faded, the tints grown gray; but I am still loving and beloved. My lot is a pleasant one.

I found the people, among whom I had been thrown, kind-hearted and affectionate, but rough and uncultivated. Squire Thorne's three daughters had, to be sure, been to a city boarding-school; but they were never well-dressed, and were always talking about the beaux, or more indifferent things.

The very first night my husband and myself sat together before the bright little fire in our cosy home, I suddenly startled him by clapping my hands with a laugh, and the exclamation, "There! I've found out what I wanted!"

"I thought you found that out at Mrs. Standish's party, some months ago?"

"Nonsense! You conceited fellow, do you think I couldn't have lived without you? But Peterson—ah! that's another thing!"

"Peterson! Who, pray, is he?" exclaimed the dear man, a ludicrously vague doubt in his glance.

"It isn't a he; or rather, it's an it—a book," I laughed back. Why, you certainly have heard of 'Peterson's Ladies' Magazine?'"

"Oh! yes; I understand," he responded, half-mockingly. "There are no fashionable dress-makers out here."

"Or milliners," I suggested.

"Or milliners," he added.

"Or architects."

"Architects!" he ejaculated, looking somewhat surprised.

"Or gardeners, or flower-makers, or embroiderers."

"Yes." And he nodded his head, dreamily.

"Or first-class cooks, or ditto nurses, or chemists, or fancy-workers, or engravers, or music-publishers, or hair-dressers, or—or——"

"Why, pray tell me, are all these things in Peterson's?" he asked, drolly.

"Yes; and more too!" gravely repeating a phrase which was not then considered slang.

"Dear, dear—I begin to feel a great respect for this wonderful book," he said, quietly.

"I think you would, sir, and love, too, if you had become accustomed to it. It is guide and teacher to one in my circumstances—in fact, I consider it invaluable."

"Won't it make you a trifle too fashionable for a minister's wife?" he asked, with the faintest smile in the corners of his mouth.

"I never was fashionable," was the reply, "and I don't mean to begin now; but I pretend to be a woman of good taste, even in trifles. With regard to my toilet, a slovenly morning-dress would make me miserable; an illy worked collar, or badly fitting glove, I should be nervous in; but for costly material or a variety of color, I don't care a fig. However, Peterson I must have, and my subscription is out. I'll send for it this very night."

"Do so," said my husband, "by all means let us have Peterson. It will be a decided acquisition, I perceive."

On the following day I sent my two dollars, and in one short week came Peterson, as bright and as genial as ever.

As I had been foretold, my hands were full. I could afford to keep only one little maid, and my husband hired a boy by the day, who did chores and attended to the minor duties of the household.

On Sabbath we usually had three sessions; during the week two evening meetings, and my husband and myself being in the good graces of our parishioners, during the first were frequently invited out to tea. The people at first seemed rather shy of me. They had heard that the minister's wife had always been among grand city folks—and she actually played the piano, and did fancy work. There was many a wonder expressed as to whether the bread did not come on the table burnt, or the soup scorched, or whether I knew a shoulder of meat; and I dare say some of the good people would have given a great deal to walk over my house from garret to cellar and inspect things generally. As for my Peterson's, I kept that a secret—for I knew that if its existence were once known, I should have to lend it constantly, and I could not afford to keep three or four dozen families in Peterson's.

One afternoon, Mrs. Manto and her sister, good, prosaic souls, came to take tea with us. I had just finished, and was wearing, for the first time, a very tasty, dainty little sack, which my husband particularly admired, and from which they could hardly keep their eyes. Mrs. Eliza and Miss Ann were both very prim specimens of human nature; their waists looked like two meagrely stuffed pin-cushions tightened down to a point, and yet they prided themselves on being *the* fashion, at Woodstock. They were tolerably well off, kept three or four servants, and a fine carriage, and I thought had looked upon me, from the first, as an intruder on their privileges, because everybody said, "How well the minister's wife dresses!" They had never come to tea before, and I was particularly anxious that everything should go off

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pleasantly. It did happen that my tea-cakes were done to the exactest shade of rich brown—that my cake had improved by keeping—and, altogether, I was satisfied.

They were lavish in their encomiums, and really honest, I have no doubt; though, I believe, people like usually to insert a "but" into their appreciation of minister's wives. The good Hyson having made them unusually talkative, they discussed several things at length, after supper, among them the quality and make of my new jacket.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," said Miss Ann, scanning every part, and taking mental notes for future reference. "Pray, where did you get the pattern?"

"I paid two dollars for it," was my quiet reply, while Ward's eyes twinkled.

"Two dollars! my patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Eliza, looking at me as if she thought I was demented. "I never heard such a price; where in the world did you get it?"

"It came from Philadelphia," I answered, demurely.

"My patience! Do you get all your patterns from there?" she queried, losing her habitual politeness in the excess of her astonishment.

"Most of them I do," was my reply. I had intended to tell her the fact of my subscribing for Peterson's, but I grew wiser as I thought. Once coveted, and our pleasant social union was at an end; so that would not do. Besides, I had a spice of roguishness in my disposition, and it occurred to me that possibly I might make a hit, which would result in favor of my much-prized periodical—so I held my peace. In a little while the ladies began an examination of my room. I had several beautiful tidies, the work of my leisure moments; my parlor chairs were covered with my own embroidery; my centre-table-cloth, an elegant little affair, I had worked from one of Peterson's suggestions; and my lamp-mats were faultless.

"Is not this tidy exquisite?" asked Miss Ann, turning half-round in the chair on which she was seated. "Cousin Sarah bought one in New York, and gave five dollars for it. Did you make *this?*" she queried of me.

"Yes, I made it."

"It is the prettiest pattern I ever saw. I suppose you didn't give two dollars for that?" she queried, laughing.

"Oh! yes; I paid two dollars for the privilege of using it as long as I liked."

Nothing could exceed the blank consternation of the glance sister Ann gave sister Eliza, and which sister Eliza returned with interest. It said more plainly than tongue could speak, "Who would have thought our minister's wife could be so extravagant?"

After that the conversation turned upon other things; but every now and then I caught the inspecting glances of the sisters fixed upon my lounge-patterns, and the pretty ornaments that graced my parlor at different points.

Rigolettes, as they are called, were not in fashion: that is, they had not penetrated to Woodstock, there being, as I have hinted, only one Peterson in the place, and that was mine. When the women did not wear their best, they generally came out in homely cape-bonnets, which, if they were plain, did not improve their looks, and, if they were pretty, almost deformed them. I saw a beautiful pattern in Peterson, and, as I always considered it a duty to look as well as I could, I forthwith devoted my spare time to manufacturing one of the aforesaid rigolettes. (By-the-way, that isn't a pretty name for them.) I knit it in plain colors, blue and drab, I believe, and, when it was finished, it was really an exquisite thing, at once convenient and becoming.

"What! Are you going to dare wear that to the prayer-meeting?" asked Ward, after he had admired it sufficiently to suit even my fastidious taste.

"To be sure I am. What could possibly be neater?" was my reply.

"Nothing—if you are prepared to be victimized. It is new, and the Woodstockers resent every innovation. Besides, you look so provokingly pretty, that they will be jealous, even of the minister's wife!"

"Let them say and think what they please," was my rejoinder. "I shall not care. When I put my dress on, whatever it is, there is an end of it—it never enters my mind again. If they are weak-minded enough to allow distracting thoughts of any kind to disturb them in such a place. that is their fault, not mine. To be sure, I shall wear my new, pet head-gear." And I did. Some were foolish enough to stare—no doubt others made invidious remarks, but it did not vex me in the least.

The next day, pretty Annette Sawyer, one of the sweetest girls in the church, came over to the parsonage.

"I must see that beautiful hood—no, not exactly hood—you wore last night," she said, after her good-morning kiss. I brought it for her inspection. She tried it on, and had enough human nature to be pleased with the sweet pink and white face, whose freshness was enhanced by the rich shades of the rigolette.

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"It's just the thing. Where did you get it? If I only had the pattern, I'd make one right off. Haven't you the pattern?'

"My dear, I paid two dollars for the privilege of using it," I said, quietly.

"You did? Oh! dear me; then I can't have one!"

"Oh! yes, you can. Come over here with your materials, and I'll show you all about it."

"Thank you—how kind you are!—the best minister's wife *I* ever saw." I knew by the emphasis on the I, that she had heard some disparaging remarks about me, but forbore to question her. She was a constant visitor for the next week, and there were soon two rigolettes to be seen in Woodstock. From that time they multiplied. Cape-bonnets were discarded in summer; and in winter, pumpkin hoods were replaced by warm, thick, but lighter and more convenient wool.

About this time I received a delightful letter from my old friend Hetty. She was on the eve of a visit to a relative in a neighboring town, and we should, for one pleasant month at least, be only three miles apart. One week she was to devote to me, and I looked forward with childish eagerness to the period of the visit. She came at last, and our meeting was almost rapturous.

"Ward is as handsome as ever, and, I suppose, as good!" she whispered, when we had drawn toward my pet bay-window, rich with in-door blossoms.

"He is the dearest husband in the world, and we are happier than if we were rich," I said, with a smile.

"I dare say. This is love in a cottage; but then you own the cottage, and your husband gets a good salary. But, bless me! why, I do believe, you've half-furnished this parlor yourself."

"I have, with Peterson's help," was my reply.

"True—inestimable Peterson!" exclaimed Hetty; "and do you know I've been fighting for you this very day?"

"What can you mean, dear?"

"Why, my cousin, Mrs. E——; of course she don't know you, and she's the perfection of a strict church-woman, has heard that the minister's wife in this parish is a very haughty, ultra-fashionable, and extravagant woman. Heard part of it from some of your own members, too. I couldn't tell what to make of it, but I almost offended her in defending you. Don't you think they have set afloat such foolish stories as, that you order your patterns from Philadelphia, and pay enormously for their use; that it costs you three times as much for your clothes, dresses, and bonnets, (the latter article, I believe, they think is imported direct from Paris,) as it does the richest members of your church? But it's abominable. I knew that a minister's wife was subject to all kinds of petty slanders; still, when it comes to completely metamorphosing her character, it makes me indignant. Upon my word, you are laughing; don't you feel a bit bad about it?"

"Not a bit," said I, checking my mirth.

"Then I'm sorry I tried to exonerate you," she replied, with her old childish pout.

"No, dear—let me tell you," and I explained to her what the reader already knows, and something besides, which the reader will know if only he or she will be patient awhile. She clapped her hands and laughed till she very nearly cried, at which my husband came forward and twirled me round by the shoulders. "Look here, what does all this mean?" he queried.

"It means that I'm going to give a famous party," said I.

"Ah! another of your follies. Haven't you already set half Woodstock by the ears?"

"But I'm going to atone for it all!"

"As if you could!" he said, with a saucy attempt at a kiss, for which I tried to repay him another way; but he dodged. The party was, of course, to be given in honor of my friend. I determined on inviting all the members of the church, matrons, maids, young and old—wise and otherwise—scandal-loving and scandal-hating: the women to come in the afternoon—the men in the evening. A gay time we had preparing for the party. Jellies, cakes, and sweetmeats, was the order of the day. Hetty was in her element, and if she had been a cook by profession, working for wages, she could not have been more indefatigable. At last everything was in readiness, the programme arranged, the important day at hand. Ward had decided that we must set tables in the porch and the garden, and make it as much like a free-and-easy pic-nic as possible. By two (for the Woodstockers had not departed from many of their primitive customs), they began to come. Our parlors, sitting-room, dining-room, and even kitchen, were filled with busy-bodies, laughing, chatting, and, as usual, praising my handiwork. Now came my time. Once, in the lull of laughter and conversation, I spoke:

"Ladies," I said, quietly, "I have understood that some very strange, not to say cruel, reports have been circulated about me." Instantaneously there was a hush. The people

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in the other rooms felt the silence and gathered round the doors, anxious to see what was going on. "I understand that it was reported I gave two dollars each for the use of my patterns."

"I'm sure you told *me* so," said Mrs. Eliza, whose face was crimson. "And me," echoed Miss Ann—"And me, too," came faintly from a few other lips.

"Well, ladies, I'll explain to you how I gave two dollars for the privilege of using all the patterns which you have been kind enough to admire. In the city of Philadelphia, there happens to be published a handsome periodical of which you may not be entirely ignorant. It is called 'Peterson's Ladies' Magazine.' The price of a single copy, for a year, is two dollars—a sum within the means of most of the ladies present."

Such tittering and confusion as ensued! My friends and admirers (I had some) smiled and even chuckled, my slanderers turned as red as their ribbons, and various ejaculations passed from lip to lip.

"That book has been worth to me," I continued, following up my advantage, "perhaps thirty or forty dollars a year: so that you see, instead of extravagance, of which I have been accused, I have practiced the closest economy, and have made myself a pattern to you all. Now, what I propose is that you should be no longer destitute of such a means of improvement; for, though I am generally willing to lend, I cannot spare Peterson. The terms, as I have said, are two dollars a year; but, by sending for several copies, you can get the Magazine much cheaper. The larger the club of subscribers, the lower the scale of prices. Now, who will join me in buying all the patterns, receipts, and useful reading for one year, for a sum that none of you will feel?"

A murmur succeeded the hush. In the course of half an hour all my short-comings were cancelled, and I had a list of thirty names. Of course, when evening came, the news spread, and many a clumsy hand was busy with my nicknacks, many a manly eye roving over my pretty furniture. The result was that ten young men subscribed for Peterson—the Magazine to be sent, of course, to their respective lady-loves; and scores of hearts were made happy. I was proud to send my forty names in to Peterson, and happier still to see the quiet taste and thrift of our pretty town thereafter. Gradually the flaring colors and old-fashioned notions disappeared from our congregation. With these improvements came others. The shabby meeting-house was new painted and furnished, a pretty carpet made, the pulpit new-draped, and many things added that set people to wondering how they ever got along without them. Many an old house, that seemed tottering to its fall, is now made pleasant to the eye without and within. The very gardens feel the influence of Peterson. Young ladies allow no idle minutes to slip by, but the busy knitting-needle glistens in their fingers. The state by-words of "country girls," and "green," can be no longer applied to our young ladies: a prettier or more—well, suppose I say the word—genteel set of young ladies cannot be found, search where you may. In fact, Peterson has cheered, delighted, and improved us; and may his influence steadily continue, for it is productive of good wherever it goes.

TE DEUM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Dark was the cloud—'tis lifted now—
That shrouded my life's sky;
Drear was the night—the morning breaks,
It gleams up broad and high!
Gleams up the East hills of my life,
And cheers the Westward way,
'Long which my weary feet must toil,
To reach Eternal Day.

I thank Thee, gracious God, for this
Celestial ray of light,
Piercing the gloom, and dropping down,
To clear this dreary night.
I thank Thee that my anguished prayers,
Soaring on faith afar,
Have reached Thine ear, and set the doors
Of Thy sweet Heaven ajar.

The cup has passed. Forgive me, Lord,
If weakly I shrank back;
My heart had lost its hold on faith,
My feet had lost the track.
But, as the day of trouble is,
Strength is bestowed on me;
And, as the chastisement ordained,
So shall endurance be!

I thank Thee! Take my soul's best gifts,
Full gratitude and love;
And give me back, from Thy vast stores,
Fitness for courts above
Vouchsafe me patience, grant me strength,
To say, when trials come,
"Not my will, Father, not my will—
But Thine, oh! God, be done!"

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"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"He is that worst of all characters for a husband, an idle man, May, and, I fear, he adds to that the baseness of a fortune-hunter!"

"You shall not speak so of him! I will not listen to the slander! He loves me, of that I am convinced. I have not been an heiress so long, not to have learned when a man lies and feigns a passion for interest; when——" and her voice grew richer and lower, "he speaks to me from his heart. I have tested him, weighed him well; he has faults, many of them, but deceit is not one. He *loves* me!"

Mr. Moore looked sadly at the agitated girl, as, carried away by her own generous warmth, she left her seat and stood erect before him.

"Uncle Lewis, trust me, trust him. Let me be his wife with *your* consent."

"Of what avail will it be for me to refuse it, May? You are eighteen to-morrow, and, by your father's will, free to choose your husband; your property becomes your own, and my office as your guardian ceases."

"But not your position as my friend, my uncle, my second father. Can you think I was bound to obey you by none but legal ties, that my love, respect, and submission were paid only to my guardian? You wronged me, uncle, and in nothing more than this question of my marriage. I come to you, not as the guardian, whose power expires to-morrow, but as the friend, who, I trust, will stand by me through life, I come for counsel, affection, and advice; do not tell me, coldly, that I am free to choose my own lot. Speak to me now as you have always done, as if I were your child!"

"May, May, how can I speak? If truly, I shall grieve you. But you are right; you come to a friend for counsel, and he will speak as a friend should. Review Arnold Cooke's life, and see if I am not justified in my fears. Brought up by parents whose means were just sufficient to give him a liberal education and support him independent of business. Their small fortune he inherited on their death, and lost in his first speculation, leaving him a mere pittance. He had studied law, and, with energy and industry, could have carved out a name and fortune. What did he do? Absolutely nothing. With a fascinating manner and splendid education, he cultivated every refined taste, indulged in every extravagance, and lives a life of complete idleness, with means barely sufficient to support him. His office is a lounging place for young men of fashion, who repay his hospitality by inviting him to opera, rides, or drives. To crown all, he wooes an heiress, that her purse may supply him with his perfumes, kid gloves, and fast horses."

"You are severe."

"I fear I am just."

"Take the reverse of the picture. Arnold was an only child, of fine talents, and the pride of both parents. From his birth every whim was indulged, every caprice met compliance; his profession was studied merely as a refuge in case of necessity, and he was launched an orphan upon the world with cultivated mind, refined tastes, extravagant desires, and an easy fortune. The roguery of a friend persuaded him to the speculation which ruined him. He stood alone. His income was sufficient for a single man; he was popular in society, courted by the men for his wit, his good-humor, and his proficiency in athletic exercises; by ladies for his talent in conversation, music, and gallantry. Without any stimulus to exertion, he suffered his time to pass in floating lazily down the tide of time, content to let each day find its own occupation and resources. Then he met me, and his whole view of life changed. For my sake he will renew his studies, open his office for business, and begin a new life. Don't shake your head so mournfully, trust to a woman's heart and instinct. There is a mine of good in this spoiled child's heart, let me be the agent by which it is worked to produce good fruit. He stands now in a perilous position; my refusal will throw him back on his old life, with a heart ready to dare much evil, reckless and hard, to be wrecked in dissipation, or sour in misanthropy; my love will win him to nobler aims and higher aspirations."

"It is a dangerous experiment, May."

"Only one more argument, and I leave the decision in your hands. I love him! For his sake I could bear sorrow, poverty, anything but inconstancy. With him, life will be glad through any suffering; without him, the future

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looks mournful and dreary. If you so decide, I will dismiss him, but my heart will break in doing it, for I love him!"

And so, by her last argument, May Lawson won her uncle's consent to her marriage.

The world shrugged its shoulders when the news came out. The men congratulated Arnold upon his success, and smiled knowingly to one another as they spoke; the women shook their heads and wondered how May could be so blind as not to see through "that dandy's" schemes.

They had been married one year, and May was beginning to wonder if Arnold had been seeking her fortune after all. He was devoted as ever, kind, loving, and fascinating; but not one client had placed a brief in his hands, and she knew that their expensive house, mode of living, and luxuries were drawn from her purse. She was speculating upon this, when a quick, manly step, a cheerful voice made every doubt vanish, and she looked up to greet her husband.

"I have come up for you to ride, May, so don your habit! The broad braids, little wife, you know my weakness. Nothing sets off such mignon little faces as yours, like heavy braids and drooping plumes."

"Nonsense!"

"Sense, I assure you. When you tie that black beaver over those dark brown braids, and let the broad rim shade your face, I defy the world to produce such an irresistible little female."

She was nimbly plaiting the rich profusion of hair while he spoke, and there was a long silence. Turning from the glass for his approving smile, she was surprised to see him sunk in a revery, and, to judge from his appearance, a painful one."

"What is it, Arnold?"

He raised his head, as he felt her soft hand on his shoulder.

"The old story, May. Nobody trusts me but you; I cannot command one client. They think that my motive in marrying was a mercenary one, and they hold back from me. Let him live on his wife's money, and leave the profession open to those depending upon it for bread."

"I am almost tempted to echo the wish!"

"No, May; there are temptations enough for me to live in luxurious indolence; let your influence bear where it has ever rested, upon something noble, if you can find it in such a wasted nature as mine."

"If I had not found it, should I be your wife now? Who first led me to see where my wealth could bring me the blessings of the poor? Who pointed out to me the secret charities that make lonely hearts glad, and comfort proud poverty without the weight of obligation? Who told me of students struggling to support a widowed mother, or sister, or vainly trying to save the means of gaining an education? Whose delicate searching and anonymous letters have sent relief to those tempted to curse the world and die, yet too proud to wear any but a smiling face over a wretched heart? How proudly, I say, my husband led me to such deeds, and taught me that wealth is lent to give an account of it at last, whether wasted or blessing others!"

"Ah! May, your sweet face first made me look into my own heart, and find there only wasted opportunities and a useless life. What wonder if I turned from such a sight to try and aid you in your own loving schemes of charity, only bringing a man's frequent opportunities to assist you in your work?"

"The horses, sir," said a servant, and May sprang up from her seat beside her husband to get her hat.

Another year, and the crash of 1857 swept May Cooke's fortune away. Her uncle came to tell her the news, and left her stunned, sick with the prospect of poverty, and, spite of herself, shuddering at the thought of her husband's dismay. All the weary day passed, and he came not. Had he left her to bear her cross alone? Stung, indignant at her own heart for such a thought, it would recur as the evening set in and he came not. Wearied with waiting, sick with apprehension, she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed in bitterness and loneliness.

Hark! The well-known step on the stairs; but not slow, as of one disappointed, but springing and light.

"He does not know," she thought; "and I must tell him."

He came in with such a bright face, his cheek glowing, his eye bright, his lip smiling, that she turned faint at the thought that she must blast all this joyousness.

"Crying, May?" he said, coming to her side, with his face changing to a look of tender sympathy.

"You are very late!" she said, trying to steady her voice.

"Oh! you must get used to that. I shall keep business hours now. Off in the morning—home for an hour at dinner—and then off again till tea time."

"Have you heard?" she whispered.

"Yes. Do I seem hard and unfeeling, darling? Forgive me! But, May dear, you shall

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not feel any privation that my love can keep from you. We shall not be rich; many things must be spared; yet, trust me, I will work hard before you shall suffer. Oh! I cannot—I cannot help it, May! I am glad—glad of this! You are mine! Now I can prove to you, and to the world, that your fortune was nothing to me! I have seen your uncle to-day, and, through his kindly-exerted influence, I have secured the situation of book-keeper in a wholesale grocery store."

"You—you, Arnold, with your refined tastes and luxurious habits?"

"Why, May, the salary is one thousand dollars a year. Think of earning that!"

"Oh! Arnold, my own love!" And here the sobs came too thick for more words. His own voice was husky, as he said,

"But for you, May, I should be now a miserable lounger—a gambler, perhaps, or worse. I feel that I am a man with a true heart and a willing energy, and the turning-point of my life was in your words, 'I trust you, Arnold.' You did trust me, and, God willing, I will win the trust worthily."

Nobly he kept his word. The luxurious home was sold, and in a quiet house they began life again humbly. There is one child, a second Arnold, to knit his parent's hearts in a yet closer bond; and May knows that between her and poverty there stands a true heart, a willing, strong arm. Every sorrow is lightened before it reaches her; for it comes told by sympathizing lips, softened by loving tones.

"For better, for worse," they took their path in life together, and the trust of their betrothal will make their life sunny, though sorrow may for a time shade the way.

SING FOR ME SOMETIMES.

BY CHARLES GATES.

Sing for me sometimes, lady, sing for me,
When the quick pulses of thy spirit start,
In silver-flowing waves of melody,
And beats toward coral shores thy songful heart.

And I shall hear, though river tides between
Reach their bright hands from the far-throbbing sea,
And lonely hills lift up their crests of green,
To keep the winged messenger from me.

Sing songs of morning, luminous as the day,
And in their light of sound I shall rejoice—
And, through the iron midnight of my way,
Walk in the golden sunrise of thy voice.

Sing noonday songs, strong-souled, to dare and win,
Full of great heart-throbs for the triumph hour—
And I shall stand their orbed strength within,
Circled and crowned, like kingly brows, with power.

Sing songs of evening, dim and shadowy songs,
Veiled like thine azure, silken-fringed eyes,
And up my haunted twilight silver throngs
Of stars shall roll, and light my spectral skies.

Sing the glad songs that I have heard before
Burst from thy lips in sunny laughter free,
And I shall lose the sad and sullen roar
That rocks around me like a hungry sea.

Sing low, sweet songs, low as the noiseless dreams
That visit the white chambers of thy sleep—
And I shall feel, along the listening streams
Of my hushed arteries, their soft motions creep.

Then sing for me, oh! sometimes sing for me,
With the deep pathos of thy wondrous voice—
And I shall hear thy spirit's melody
Around my path forever, and rejoice.

GIVE MOONLIT HOURS TO MEMORY.

BY FANNY A. SPANGENBERG.

When moonbeams gild the mountain height,
And ripple o'er the sea,
And every echo answers back
The hour's sweet minstrelsy—
'Tis then I love to sit alone,
And give to fancy power,
To trace the past in fairest tints,
Or paint hope's brightest flower;

Or sit and hearken to the lay,
Trilled by the nightingale—
The crickets' chant, the streamlet's song
That thrills the quiet vale.

And oft methinks I hear the tread
Of some familiar friend—
Some loved one's voice, a tone, a sigh,
With Nature's music blend.

And when in other lands afar
Thy wandering footsteps roam,
In moonlight hours one thought, I pray,
Oh! give to me at home!
For then, as glide the waters by
Toward the distant sea,
And moonbeams ripple o'er the wave,
I'll watch and think of thee.

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THE EGYPTIAN BEETLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

CHAPTER I.

THE story I am going to tell you has but little law in it: however, I notice that the less the dry bones of legality enter into my narrations, the better the figure of it is liked, so shall not disturb myself on that score.

The facts I shall give you (I give only facts—no solution) trench upon deeper laws than any in codes Napoleon or English, the mysterious connection between matter and spirit. I am, as you may have guessed from my manner of expressing thought, no psychologist, nor am I even naturalist enough to give the technical terms necessary to clear my story to a scientific reader. I only tell it in a loose, gossiping way, leaving those who comprehend the subtle influences it treats of, to question or believe it as they choose.

Near the close of a hot field-day in the Richmond Court of Appeals, I was steadily jotting down notes for my junior counsel in the great case of Knote *vs.* Clarkson, when a slip of paper was placed on my desk by Flint, one of my pupils. Glancing at it, after awhile, I saw the words in a scrawling hand,

"Let me see you at your office immediately. It is worse than life or death."

"Pish!" I growled, pushing the tragical summons aside. "I've lost that point of Brady's, Flint, with your eternal meddling."

Flint was used to my growls, shook himself under it like a Newfoundland in a shower. Much he knew, or ever would know, of the case of Knote *vs.* Clarkson, or any other!

"Mr. Page," he persisted, "if you do not send some message to that old cove in the office, he'll be here presently, and—well, you'll wish he hadn't!"

I sent no message, however, and forgot the note in my junior Hoyt's sharp-shooting with Brady, until (there being a turtle dinner at Storm's that evening) the judge adjourned court, and Knote *vs.* Clarkson was laid over to make turbulent another day.

Going down the court-house steps, I was joined by Flint.

"Are those deeds copied?" I asked, perceiving the smell of the neighboring restaurant about him.

"Well, no, sir. Fact is, I couldn't trust myself back to old Sancho Panza yonder without you. Regular ourang-outang that!"

"Who is it?" I said, stopping.

"Think he puts up at the Hospital; stranger to me. Made his appearance in a yellow dressing-gown, one boot and one slipper. Fact, Mr. Page," Flint added, gravely.

"Professor Lewis! May Providence grant you sense, Thomas Flint."

There was no use to go any farther, or to expound to Flint that Professor Lewis deserved to be called the most profound and thorough scholar in Virginia. He sauntered off, muttering that, "If gentlemen chose to go unshaved in dressing-gowns about the streets," etc., etc.

I was a little of Flint's opinion, having small patience for eccentricity that manifests itself in untied shoes and a dirty face. However, this man was no sham affecter of oddity, I knew that. There lived no man in Virginia for whose knowledge and understanding I had a more thorough veneration. I hurried to my office, therefore, and found the little doctor, as Flint said, unshaven, unkempt, pacing to and fro like some wild beast.

"You are late, Mr. Page. I regret to have troubled you." (The man's voice was as gentle as a woman's.) "Can I see you alone a moment?"

I led the way into the inner office. Professor, or Dr. Lewis was, let me premise, occupant of a chair in the university at Charlotteville, but was spending the summer vacation in Richmond. While I placed a chair for him, he went limping uneasily about the room, rubbing his rough beard, or stooping to pull up his gray woolen sock when it got quite under his heel.

"Don't heed a chair, only give me your attention, Mr. Page," coming close, and speaking breathlessly. "There's a man to be tried for murder, next week. His name is Lehr: do you know?"

"I have heard. Yes."

The old man caught my shoulder in his eagerness. "Next week the trial is. Who defends him?"

"A man named Sholter, I believe, the judge appointed. Lehr is poor, unable to employ counsel."

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"Poor!" he laughed. "Mr. Page, I want you to take the case, and try to get him through. You *must* do it. Life and death hang on it."

"Of course. Death, most probably, for there is but little chance for him: his guilt is patent. I cannot take the case, Dr. Lewis. Impossible."

"Why? I am a poor man, and I know your charges are heavy; but I will give anything—double the usual——"

"You mistake me," I said, drily. "My time is thoroughly occupied. The cases this term are unusually important——"

"Important!" he cried, agitated out of his good-breeding, turning away and pacing again rapidly through the room.

I was startled, for the first time, into attention. The man's face was pale; big drops of sweat wet his forehead clammily; his mouth worked. What interest could he have in this wretch? An odd suspicion rose in my mind. Professor Lewis was self-made: had risen from the dregs of the people—could Lehr be a relative of his? More unlikely things had occurred in my practice. Be that as it might, the man's disappointment touched me.

"I could be of no use, doctor," I urged. "I fear the case is hopeless."

"I know that," he interrupted. "It is not that I care for. One man's life—the life of such a degraded creature as that weighs but little, compared to the great stake."

I was completely puzzled, groping at his meaning.

"Listen," he said, pausing abruptly, "you called Lehr poor. In money he is, I grant you. However, he owns that which I would pledge every rag I own to gain." (Despite the seriousness of the moment, my eyes fell on the dressing-gown.) "He has no money to employ counsel; but promised me that if I would secure you, I should have the loan of——I should have ——should be gratified in my wish."

My curiosity was roused. What could Lehr own, the loan of which he weighed against his chances for life? I asked no questions, of course.

"Let it be as you say then, Dr. Lewis. You must permit me, however, to defend Lehr as a favor to you. Put money out of the question."

I need not dwell on the poor little doctor's gratitude. He was a poor man. Shylock himself would not have taken ducats from such a single-hearted, simple-minded enthusiast.

"You will not fail of your reward, Mr. Page," he said, as he rose to go, "here in this world. You shall be honorably mentioned when the great discovery is known. Why, sir, naturalists have been on the brink of it since the time of Coildeau. I have it! In my clutch, sir, through that man Lehr." He limped and rubbed his beard, and tugged at his sock like a man demented. "When Champollion cleared away the obstacles to Egyptian civilization, there it was! The great secret that we had been stumbling against, needing only actual proof. Proof! I'll bring it—I thank God," he said, suddenly, pulling off his old cap, "that I am the man!" This was all worse than Greek to me.

When I had finally shut the door on the ecstasies of the professor, I sent to Sholter for the papers, and glanced over Lehr's case. A desperate one. The man was a vagabond, prowling in the negro purlieus for some months: stated by one witness to be a half-breed Choctaw, by another an Italian. The murder was a cold-blooded assassination of a small planter, on the high-road, for the purpose of robbery. The proof was ample. I saw no shadow of foundation for defence. Yet curiously enough, the case engrossed my time and interest more than even Knote *vs.* Clarkson. The man Lehr was jumbled up in my mind with Champollion, and Ninevite bulls, and the great secret of Egyptian civilization, until I was as near demented as the doctor himself.

Having shaken off Sholter from the brief with a fee, I satisfied Lewis that I would do the best I could with the worst cause I ever had defended.

"I must go with you," he said, in his impetuous way, "when you visit Lehr. He has no secrets from me," seeing dissent on my face. "He'll speak more openly if I am there. I have a power over him."

My interview with the prisoner mattered little: I knew his guilt as well as he did himself. I consented, therefore, to the doctor's presence with a latent curiosity as to the connection between the men. The old doubt would not be choked off that they were kinsmen.

Lehr was in the county jail. It was late in the evening when we went. I am not impressible, yet the strange excitement of my companion, the evident awe and disgust with which he regarded the man we were going to see, gave my blood a chilly shudder. I never, at any time, could pass without a shiver through the low tunnels of stone halls, with the solitary lamp creaking on its chain, the perpetual drip of water falling through mouldy pipes, the unnumbered black doors on either side gaping into dens where every demon that wrings the human heart hides. Now, it seemed to me the very arched way, going down to the mouth of the pit, that John Bunyan saw.

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The jailer, going before, unlocked a cell-door, and, putting his tin lantern down on the floor, so that its yellow light shone into the narrow room, left us. The doctor pressed past me, carrying the lantern with him. The cell was a stone closet, with a slit in the heavy wall for a window; green mould clung to the walls; the floor was slimy with damp; a low iron range ran along one side covered with a mattrass, on which the prisoner was stretched, manacled. A heavy-built man; with limbs lithe and stealthy in movement as a tiger's; and a tigerish glare in the glazed blue eye. He turned with a sullen grunt as we entered. The doctor placed the lantern on the window-ledge and bent over him, speaking some words, sharp and eager, in a foreign tone that at first I did not recognize.

The man sat up and began to talk to me about his case. He had no secrets from the doctor, that was plain; spoke openly of the crime; how he had done it; calculated, in his dull way, the chances of escape. The man's nature was thoroughly brutalized—bestial by birth, in thought and deed. Used, as I was, to contact with crime, I shrank from him. The doctor did not. There was a mysterious understanding between the two, as between members of some secret order. Yet the poor old professor was a purer man than I. Lehr talked of his death as certain, laughing the moment after, stupidly. It was a stupid courage. There was nothing game about the man; his very thick lips were cowardly, cruel. I was baffled in my attempt to understand him.

"He did not mind the hanging, though he had thought maybe I could get him off, and had been willing to pay a price to—" calling the doctor a name I never had heard given him before—Jose, I think it was. "He's one of us, you know," nodding to me, with a curious gesture.

I turned away, unwilling to pry into their secrets. The professor, with his eager face, and gentle voice, began to speak earnestly to the wretch, gaining for answer only a coarse jeer. The language they used had once been familiar to me, I was sure of that; it sounded like some old ghost-tale heard in childhood, with a dull presence in it of something unnatural, uncanny. The professor, except in the natural sciences, I knew, was unlearned, master of no modern tongue other than his own.

Standing back, leaning against the iron door, looking at the men by the yellow glare of the lantern, I felt myself on the verge of some terrible discovery. I knew not why. The tongue they spoke had in it something that touched a dark mystery, old as the world, underlying all nations and all times. I tried in vain to shake off the morbid fancy. It haunted me: the cell grew darker, the floor more slimy, the filthy muscles of the prisoner more disgusting; but, strangest of all, my distorted brain began to see a likeness between him and the simple old man bending over him. No likeness in feature and expression, but in a singular glaze upon the eyes peculiar to both.

The old man was urging Lehr, I could see, to fulfill his share of the compact. At first he refused, with a half-idiotic laugh. The earnestness of the doctor startled me. If life itself had depended on success, he could not have plead more vehemently.

The man consented finally, adding, in English, that the other must swear to return the loan in two days. He did swear, to my astonishment, an oath that his voice trembled in uttering. The other sneered.

"Swear by——" he said, lowering his tone.

"I cannot, Lopez." The doctor shuddered. "I am a Christian."

The man grunted, and turned his back, as he lay on the bed, as if the colloquy was ended. I pitied the professor. The very currents of his life were stirred. He came at last to Lehr, his face bloodless, and, stooping over him, whispered some words in the unknown dialect. The man nodded without speaking, and, half rising, loosened from his neck a thick cord to which was attached a steel case about two inches in length, of a tubular form. He looked at it, with the expression a heathen might give to his fetich, and then placed it in the doctor's hands, which shook as the old man took it.

I confess I am practical, and began to weary of the mystery, the fetid air, the glaring light. I turned away, and the doctor followed me slowly.

CHAPTER II.

The trial of Lehr excited little notice in Richmond. The murdered man had but few friends; the murderer's guilt was clear; he and his accomplices were of the vilest class. When the case was called, the court-room was sparsely filled. There was the usual number of local editors and reporters lounging in the galleries, with hot-pressed copies of the morning papers; there was a crowd of bar-room loafers and blacks near the door. Inside the bar, the lawyers cracked hickory-nuts, and talked lazily of the luck of Allen Knote in gaining the suit.

Lehr himself appeared indifferent as the

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others—as if the trial and death to follow were only forms of but little meaning. I could not help glancing at his brawny neck, and saw there the cord. The doctor, the only interested face in the room, bent eagerly over the gallery, intent on every word. Brady came up to me as the trial was nearly over, and the judge was charging—against the prisoner, of course.

"I did not think to find you on this business, Mr. Page," he said.

"A chance, merely."

"Your client will be hung, I hope. He looks as if it were indifferent to him, so I can hope it. By-the-way, what is he? Italian?"

"I do not know," I said, looking over at the swarthy face.

"Something odd about the drooping mouth and eyes. I heard a story about him just now."

I turned quickly.

"You see," Brady proceeded, lazily, "that woman yonder in the far gallery?"

I caught a glimpse of a young girl's face, deathly pale, behind a pillar; a dark, young face, as pure and womanly in its expression as I ever saw. There was a man standing near her: a sturdy, honest country fellow, one could tell at a glance.

"Who are they?" I said.

"They?" Brady smiled. "You see the connection? The girl is the daughter of this Lehr, and as innocent as she looks, they say. She came here, some months ago, and went into service: the man followed her—a Yorkshireman, I believe—and they were married. A case of old love, which this client of yours had hindered from running smooth. Odd part of the story is, that, when he came, by some strange power over her, he forced her to leave her husband, and go to the den where he and his gang hide, out of town; in a tent, they say. I hope, for the girl's sake, he'll get his deserts. She looks heart-broken."

Brady's wish was gratified. Lehr was found guilty, and condemned to death in a month from that time. He had not uttered a word during the trial, nor even seemed to heed its progress, until he was summoned, according to form, to show cause why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. I have heard very strange replies to that awful question—words wrung out of the heart's blood; but one like this I never heard.

He got up slowly, holding the bar with his hands, and stretching his brawny head and chest to the judge, with a low, slow laugh of stolid defiance.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. "Look here!" baring his thick arm, and pointing to the corded veins. "It's the Zingaro blood there. It's older than that hill yonder. The Rommany is free. You cannot keep him in your stone walls, nor kill him. The Rommany blood laughs at the death you talk of."

He sat down again. The words went through the room with a thrill. There was a silence for a moment. Then the judge rose and read the sentence. It did not rouse the shudder that the man's words had done. Men stood silent, staring at him as he passed out.

The Rommany! Why had I not seen it before? In Spain, years ago, I had learned fragments of the strange speech of that mysterious people, who pass, "like a shade," from land to land—an unsolved problem, the only relic of a century dead ages before Christ. I knew, that, be they where they might, in whatever disguise, peers or robbers, they held the same secret, were bound by the same tie, worshiped a God unknown to Christians. I glanced at the professor's face, as he hurried past me, intent, blind to all about him. The Rommany eye, with its glaze like a veil, to hide its intolerable secrets. I gathered up my papers and went to my office, thinking how dark a current underlies our commonplace lives, had we but the power to see it.

About a month after this time, and the day before the one appointed for Lehr's execution, I was alone in my library, after dinner, when a stranger on business was ushered in. I recognized him instantly: it was the man I had seen in the gallery—the husband of the gipsy's daughter. I shook hands with him. One of those straightforward, kindly-faced men, with whom it is natural to shake hands. He told me his name, and who he was, in a strong Yorkshire dialect, whose flavor I liked, coloring as he named Lehr as his father-in-law.

"God forgive me, sir, if I am well satisfied he'll worrit us no more, nor shame my Leah. While he lives, she dare not bide with me."

"Why?" I demanded.

"The law of their people's strong, not to marry with the stranger. My wife's a Christian; she's no drop of the Rommany in her heart."

"I know that. I have seen her."

"I come, sir, to see if I can get the body of this man, when the law's had its fill. It's different in this country and England about the burial of such as he. I'm glad of it. When I know that his body is laid safe in the earth, I'll think his poor soul has more chance of rest, somehow."

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"I understand," I said. But I hesitated.

"You will use your word for us?" he said, rising.

"I am sorry. By Virginia law you are entitled to the body; but the man himself has made another disposition of it. For some reason, of which I know nothing, he has given it to Professor Lewis—to be used for scientific purposes, I suppose."

The man was enraged, and, naturally, he looked on it as a scheme to shame his wife still more after his death. If the law, he declared, would aid him in the recovery of the body, he would have it, and so left me.

Other business, I confess, drove the matter out of my mind that night, or I would have remonstrated with Lewis, believing that a few words would have induced him to regard the honest pride of the poor Yorkshireman and his wife. However, I neglected it. The professor I had never met since the day of the trial. I knew he had been constant in his visit to the jail, secluding himself the remainder of the time in a room of the hospital which he had fitted up as a laboratory.

The execution was to take place at ten o'clock the ensuing morning. I congratulated myself that business called me out of town, and would detain me all the day. My horse was brought to the door, and I was preparing to buckle on my spurs, when the library-door opened, and the old doctor entered, his wrinkled face on fire with excitement. He closed the door, and locked it.

"For God's sake, look here!" he whispered, drawing me across the floor. "I have it. The truth shall be made known now!" taking a package from his breast and opening it.

"What truth?" I asked, impatiently.

"The connection between matter and mind. The secret of life!" he said, in a voice full of awe. "You know how we have come, terror-stricken, to this innermost soul of natural science; paltered about it, drawn back, when, by means of magnetism, and the occult influence of the force called *od*, we had almost grasped it. I need to palter no longer. To-night I shall call back life to a dead body!"

Was he mad? I peered into his feverish, skinny face. He looked up, coolly; then proceeded to unfold the package. It was the steel case that had hung around Lehr's neck. It opened with a spring, and disclosed a roll of what seemed to be fine ash-colored threads or hair. He put some of it in my hand. In my younger days I too had been a naturalist.

"Moss," I said, looking closely. "Where did you find this? It is a rare specimen. It looks like the gray *indotes hypaticæ* that covers the Nile banks."

"Your eyes are keen," he said. "It is of that species; is only found in the Nile region."

Without a word, as a Hindoo might touch his deity, he laid the substance that the moss had wrapped on the table: it was a *scarabœus* of immense size, dun-colored. My first glance convinced me that it must be artificial, belonging, as I knew it did, to no known species.

"A curious work of art," I said, indifferently. "Of what is it made?" taking it up to examine it nearer.

I saw my mistake instantly. The creature had once lived. I had once, in France, seen insects preserved by a mixture of cassia and myrrh, in a process similar to embalming. No such means had been used with this. The infusion in the veins was natural as in life.

"This *scarabœus* belongs to some species long extinct," I said at last. "What preserves it?"

"The same cause that gives it its power. A perfect equalization of the elements in its frame and blood combining to produce magnetic force in the highest degree possible. The Egyptians had strange secrets," he said, folding it up again; "and their descendants have retained them in a dim way." He turned to go away, and then halted as if he had forgotten his errand. "You will come, to-night, to my laboratory? I shall prove the theory I have been evolving for years: that life is mesmerism, magnetism—that subtle force whose right name we have not yet found, but which we can control. I will be first to control it. It is not," he said, looking out dreamily into the clear sky, "that I shall become immortal: I shall have power then: power to raise my race, and bring them back to their own place." He spoke to himself and went muttering down the street. Clearly, the man was mad.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the evening when I returned to the city. The streets wore an unusual air of excitement; groups stood at every gas-lit door, crowds of chattering blacks swarmed under the lamp-posts.

The morning's awful sight had made the city shudder, and it had not yet sunk down into its customary quiet. I rode rapidly down the street to my own door, and was met by my hostler, Otho.

"Pine's searchin' you, Mars' John, and Mars' Flint. Tink de debbil's to pay somewheres."

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Pine came down the steps. "Dar's two messagers fur you, Mars', frum de Hospital—tink."

I did not stop to hear, went in and contented myself with a glass of wine for supper, to strengthen me for what might follow.

A few moments brought me to the Hospital, and, passing through the long, wide corridors, I turned into an unfrequented part of the building, to the passage into which I knew the laboratory opened. Entering, I found a large, white-washed room, unfurnished save by a long pine table that stood in the center. About this table stood some half-dozen men, wearing an anxious look of dread and suspense. I knew them all, men of the first standing in Richmond for integrity and acuteness of perception in their several professions. No company of men would be less likely to become the victims of deception, had it been the poor professor's object to deceive.

That such was no object of his, it needed only a glance into his face to determine. It was pale, worn, tense with a terrible purpose. Upon the table, lighted by a chandelier, that hung above, lay the body of the man, Lehr. A massive bulk, knotted with tendons and nerves. Over the face and neck, with its purple line, some by-stander had thrown a handkerchief. A low fire burned in an iron stove near the table.

My eye took in these details as I opened the door. I left it ajar, and drew near the table.

The old man had been speaking. Whatever explanation he had given was over now, and he came close, standing beside the head of the body.

"*Is* the man dead?" whispered Judge C——, to his neighbor, one of the most skillful surgeons in the city.

Dr. Lowe nodded. "Dead enough never to live again!"

A slight smile flickered over the professor's pale face.

"Attend!" he said, unfolding the *scarabœus*. A profound silence followed, as we crowded around the table. He bared the man's chest, and, lifting the brutal-looking head, placed the *scarabœus* at that point of the spinal column where the nerves are concentred, holding it steadily. Every man held his breath, every eye strained watching the gigantic sinews of the dead man. The quick ticking of the watches struck painfully loud on the silence.

"It is useless, professor," said Judge C——, gravely. "I doubt the feeling that brought us to witness so sacrilegious a——"

He stopped, awe-struck; for the body moved. The brawny chest heaved—once, twice. Even in that moment I saw the old man's face livid, the sweat oozing from his forehead.

With a fearful struggle as though in agony, another convulsion passed over the dead man's frame. The hands clenched, the eyelids quivered.

"Great God!" said Judge C——, turning away. A sudden, hurried trampling sounded through the corridor; but no one heeded it. The right arm of Lehr was jerked upward, when a hand thrust it down, and the professor was flung back against the wall.

"What deviltry is this?" shouted a rough voice, and the Yorkshire farmer swept Dr. Lowe aside, and bent over the body, protecting it. He was accompanied by one or two policemen. The body lay stiff and stark now. The Yorkshireman waited a moment, his eyes flashing. "Cannot the dead rest? What did you with it?" In his groping, straightening the discomposed limbs, he clutched the *scarabœus* and flung it in the open stove. The professor sprang forward like a tiger when its young are stolen, with a yell; but it was too late. There was a momentary flicker on the red coals, and the secret of the dead Rommany had perished forever.

I did not see Professor Lewis again for years, and then I did not allude to his life-failure. The meek, earnest face of the old man would have forbidden a touch that could pain him. The whole affair remained in my mind a confused perplexity. I cannot affirm that it is quite clear to me yet. No greater effect was produced upon the body of Lehr than could have been done by a powerful battery. By what means, however, such effect was induced by the *scarabœus*, or how far that effect would have extended, if it had suffered no interruption, are matters for the curious to determine.

Some seven years after the occurrence, traveling on the National Road through Pennsylvania, an accident obliged me to seek shelter in a farm-house, whose complete, snug surroundings proved its occupant to be a native of Old or New England. I found there the daughter of Lehr and her husband, with some two or three rosy children. I remained over night. It was a homely house, and a farm that needed steady work to make it profitable; but inside there were as happy faces and honest hearts as ever cheered an old traveler through life. The black eyes of the children were brilliant enough, but bore no other trace of the Zingaro blood. On questioning, I found the daughter of Lehr was aware that her father possessed the *scarabœus*,

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but supposed it to be a powerful charm, held in his tribe as an heir-loom, and of whose uses she was ignorant.

Before I close, I must tell you one incident which may throw some light on the professor's theory.

About a year ago, spending the winter vacation with Judge C——, in Kentucky, we passed a week with Dr. Bardone, one of the most enthusiastic antiquarians in the South. One evening, as we had gathered about the fire, I noticed the judge's eyes intently fixed upon a bracelet on our hostess' arm.

"A singular ornament, Mrs. Bardone," he said, at last. "Pardon an old man's curiosity, but trust me with it a moment."

She unclasped the bracelet, and gave it to him. He looked at me significantly, and I crossed the room to examine it. It was a coil of golden wire, and in the center a beetle, exquisitely fashioned out of a composition which I did not recognize: a copy, exact in the minutest point, of that of Lehr.

The judge and I exchanged looks of wonder. Dr. Bardone, glancing up from his chess-table, saw us, and came over.

"A curious bonny-dye for a lady, is it not?" he said. "My wife brought it with her from Egypt, last spring. You know that in the time of the Pharaohs a peculiar species of the *scarabæi* was worshiped by the Egyptians, on account of some occult properties it was said to possess. Images of this deity, manufactured from gold, chrysoprasus, and this composition, were rolled in the folds of linen about the embalmed bodies of the royal family. When these images are found now, in the ransacking of the catacombs, they are sold at a high price to the English and American travelers. This is one."

"The species is extinct?" I asked.

"Went out with the children of Israel," he laughed, "or about that time. There is a tradition that one or two specimens were found in the Pyramids uninjured, but it must have been agos ago."

"For what occult properties were they worshiped?" I said, after a pause.

"The judge looks as sombre as though he meant to worship that," said the old doctor, laughing. "Here, I'll read you what Liguon says about them," taking down a book from the case, and reading the description of the extinct *scarabæus dietri*, as it was called. The analysis tallied with the fetich of Lehr.

"This species," proceeded Liguon, "received divine honors from the Egyptians, being supposed by them to possess the power of restoring the dead to life, if applied in less than twelve hours after death was considered to have taken place. Whatever phenomena may have induced this superstition may be referred to the presence of a superior degree of magnetic power. Superior, probably, to that possessed by any animal of the present day."

"There may have lain a great mystery in Lehr's fetich," said Judge C——, in an undertone, gravely putting the old deity out of his touch.

"I know no greater than he himself," I answered; "than the Rommany as he is."

A MESSAGE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

AUTUMN evening, fair and still,
With your diadem of stars
Peering o'er the forest hill,
Through the sunset's golden bars.

Vesper winds among the trees,
Stirring with your mystic tread
Winrows deep of yellow leaves,
Fleecy cloudrifts overhead.

Tell me—have ye caught a glimpse
Of a wanderer, strange and wild,
Yet no fay or woodland nymph,
But a little human child?

With a wealth of nut-brown hair;
Eyes of deepest hazel blue;
Little face so strongly fair,
With the soul-light shining through?

Has she wandered, in her flight,
Where your quiet haunts ye keep?
Is she far away to-night,
Lying lonely fast asleep?

Where she cannot hear my call?
Where she cannot know my fears
Of ye night-winds? She was all
I had in this world of tears!

Tiny footprints in the sand,
Finger-marks upon the wall,
Here the impress of her hand,
There her little garments all.

But she does not need them now,
Let me lay them sacred by
Brighter robes than these, I know,
She is wearing up on high!

Night winds—canst a message bear
To my darling one from me?
Bid her watch and wait me there
In a blest eternity!

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"BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MODERN CINDERELLA," "DORA'S GOLD," ETC., ETC.

"THERE was not a single young man in church to-day," said Miss Belle Savage to my wife.

She spoke complainingly, as if her just dues had been withheld; and indeed, I never see a beautiful creature of her kind, a graceful, agile, polished, perfect, dangerous young coquette, without paying it that hasty deference the East Indians pay to the spotted sovereigns of the jungle, and casting about immediately among my friends and neighbors for a desirable offering that shall leave my own household gods unharmed. The pretty, sprighly feline, whom we pet and pamper at our firesides, unsheaths her velvet-covered claws and seizes her unwitting prey; her sleek and splendid sister of the woods softly steals upon the traveler and bears him away to her distant den, to be munched at her leisure; and a certain type of the adorable sex, graceful, subtle, brilliant, caressing, soothes and steals her way to the guarded avenues of your heart, and, once getting that fragile organ into her velvet hands, mangles and tears it with the barbs of steel, and leaves the bleeding remnants to go in search of a fresh victim.

So with all due deference, and not intending any personal or pointed application of the above irrelevant remarks, (my wife, Caroline, says my remarks are always irrelevant,) it seemed to me very natural that Miss Belle Savage—I think it should be written Sauvage—should feel aggrieved at the deficiencies of our locality in material for her favorite amusement, and complain of the dearth of young men, her natural victims; and I immediately began turning over in my mind the names of all the families in the neighborhood, with whom we had exchanged cards, to see if among them there could be found any desirable young person of my own sex, who would be likely to accept an invitation to come to Birdsnest Cottage and be devoured.

I was proceeding rather awkwardly to remind our fair guest, that, among the inducements held out to her to visit Birdsnest, young men were not, specified; and in default of any more suitable subject, to recommend myself, when my Caroline interrupted me, as she usually has the good sense to do, when I am about to say anything particularly silly, by observing,

"Well, certainly, Belle, I should have thought your memory would have been a little longer, and the recollection of the agreeable flirtation you began this morning might have lasted till you got home." My wife's tones were rather sharp, and her manner was slightly acid; the two young ladies had been school-friends in youth, and occasionally renewed the remembrance of those early days by playful "spats" and skirmishes. "Would you believe it, John," she added, dragging me into the conversation to my great discomfort, "that ungrateful darling had the nicest little adventure in church this morning? I would have given my eyes for it—before I was married, of course—and she takes no more account of it, I suppose, than the fact that she dropped her handkerchief."

"And did a fairy prince in disguise pick it up?" said I.

"Something very like it. Your friend, Ned Vernon, blushing like a rose."

I winced. The arrow had struck near home. My dear Vernon, my kind, brave, chivalrous young friend, the truest heart, the noblest mind, the purest soul—why, in the name of Queen Hecate, and all sorceresses and witches, must he have gone to church on this particular morning, to hear old Bishop Slocum, whom I know he detests, and to meet his fate in this superb creature, losing his heart in the meshes of her glistening lashes and the maze of her glossy hair? Why didn't he stick to the Litany and refuse to look up, as he read, "From all crafts and assaults of the devil, Good Lord deliver us!"

"Perhaps he thought it was *your* handkerchief," I suggested, feebly, addressing Caroline.

"Then he must have thought I married under a false name," retorted my wife, inexorably, "for it was written plainly enough in the corner; and I am sure he never took his eyes off the lettering, except to look at Belle's face to see if she corresponded to the title."

"And yet she didn't see him?" I said, satirically.

"How could I when he was behind me?" retorted the saucy beauty. She sat before us, swaying from side to side on the piano-stool, her gorgeous painted muslin dress, a parterre of glowing tulips and roses on a black ground,

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fluttering like a gay butterfly in the breeze, and falling away, with stiff flutings of rich black lace, from the perfect arms and neck. I don't know that I use the technical terms properly in describing her dress, Mrs. Smith always assures me that I know nothing about ladies' fashions; but I am sure I can describe her, as she sat there, fair, calm, and roseate, her clear eyes brightening, and her scarlet lips smiling with the pleasing excitement of the subject. One little careless hand (there was witchery in every taper nail and every dimpled knuckle) lay indolently pendant from the black keys, and her musing glance, beneath the drooping eyelash, followed the motion of the fairy finger, from which had lately flashed a splendid jewel, young Miras' diamond-engagement ring, now a brilliant trophy from a heart as hard. For the ring had been returned, and the lover rejected, and my prescient heart told me who next was to ascend its sacrificial steps.

My wife had gone to "fix" her hair, and we were alone. Should I stand idly by while another, and, oh! how much worthier victim, was offered up to the Moloch of her vanity on the altar of her pride? I resolved to speak.

"Miss Belle," said I, with a sickly attempt at jesting, "do you remember the old fable of the boys and the frogs, and 'What is fun to you is death to us?' May I hope you will lay aside your usual pastimes at Birdsnest?"

She looked at me steadily from under her long eyelashes, and a raven tint of color rose in her ivory cheeks; but I was not prepared for the clear, haughty tone in which at last she spoke,

"Will you please explain your meaning?"

"Simply this," I answered, with the energy of desperation. "My friend's heart is too noble to be idly won, too true to be lightly cast away, like those I have seen you trifle with—forgive me, my dear Miss Belle—in the city. There I own your triumphs deserved, your warfare just; but this is not a foe worthy of your steel, an ardent, generous, enthusiastic boy, with a soul *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, like that of the Chevalier Bayard, and a heart that provokes because it knows not evil."

"And what is this to me? What do you ask of me?" she demanded, in low, uneven tones.

"Not to break this noble heart; not to embitter this generous temper; not to blight his fresh, young life, and darken his brilliant future; not to destroy his grand ideal of womanhood, and use the power of beauty and fascination God gives you, to torture one of the noblest creatures he has formed!"

Hearing Mrs. Smith's footsteps approaching, I retreated, without waiting for an answer, sure that, with my usual discrimination, I had said exactly the wrong thing; and deriving little comfort from the reflection, so dear to well-meaning persons, that I had been "trying to do my duty," and was suffering in its cause.

Of course this ill-judged interference only precipated matters, as such attempts are always sure to do; for when, on that very evening, Ned Vernon, looking even more handsome and elegant than usual, walked up "to consult me," as he said, on some trifling point of law that his clear brain could have settled, unaided, in five minutes, and I reluctantly presented our beautiful visitor, who had made her toilet on purpese, entering our secluded "smoking-piazza" in triumph with my wife, just as I had made their excuses; Miss Savage, shining clear and fair from the mist of her snowy draperies, as the moon from veiling clouds, dawned on his sight a goddess, and reigned in his heart a queen, to fill and bless its waiting throne at once.

Poor boy! how he loved her! Sometimes railing at me, for my impertinent interference, sometimes at himself, for his preposterous folly, again at her inaccessible beauty and bewitching reserve. For Belle, in revenge for my advice, had entrenched herself in that factitious armor of coldness and indifference which appealed most surely to his pride and love, to his strong will and gallant courage, and dealt out shafts of icy hauteur that pierced his heart more surely than the most tender acts of kindness could have done, wounding and winning it every day. He laid aside the claims of his profession, to which, for years, he had been so devoted, and spent day after day of that sunny summer in the not less engrossing pursuit of winning a woman's heart. Wholly unskilled in this new science, his past experience of life and study availed him little now; and he entered on the laborious task Belle had set him, ignorant of its difficulties, but with a patience, sweetness, and humility that would have won any other woman at once. His strong, manly intellect was brought within the petty scope of hers; his brilliant talents were displayed for her pleasure as jewels are laid within the grasp of a spoiled child, unconscious of the treasures it toys and trifles with and idly flings away; his dominant, firm will, which I had never before seen subdued by fate, or fortune, or mortal power, bent like a ductile reed in her hands, and all the passion and pride of his nature were subject to her despotic sway. It was his

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first experience of the *grande passion*, and, like a ship without compass or pilot, he floated serenely on the smooth, treacherous sea of her favor, or tossed helplessly at the mercy of every tempest that rose in the sky. Carrie pitied him, and thought it hard that he should be sacrificed to the vanity of her cold-hearted friend; but she dared not interfere, and I had found my counsel and advice but cavalierly received, and stood aloof, contenting myself with such occasional sarcasms and severities upon Miss Belle and her prey as I could not avoid, and gaining little favor from both. Time, wearing on, made my representations the more improbable, as her wounded self-love and vanity were comforted by the earnestness and ardor of his pursuit; and her innocence, in this affair, at least, completely vindicated to heretical eyes like mine. It was evident that Mr. Vernon's delusion was no fault of hers, and, this fact once fairly established, the chilling reserve of her manner disappeared like a dream, and a softer and sweeter sentiment took its place, greatly to the comfort of all. Our spirits rose to "concert pitch" again, and gayety and good-humor ruled in the family councils. Pleasure-parties were projected and carried out; little schemes of amusement occupied our vacant minds; we went sailing, rowing, riding, driving, and walking; we had strolls by moonlight, music on the river, pic-nics in the woods; and, but for the haunting anxiety, continually postponed to an uncertain future, that sometimes oppressed three, at least, of the merry quartette, never was a gayer summer spent by four happier people.

I am bound to say that Miss Belle's conduct was perfect, and that, after the memorable change noted above, nothing but our previous knowledge of her character proved her a coquette. No school-girl, just from Corinne and Mrs. Hemans, could have seemed more artlessly tender and impassioned, more innocent and sincere. Ever varying but ever true, by turns a goddess and a child, a thoughtful woman and a happy girl, she was always beautiful, lovable, and loved. At times I almost shared in Vernon's infatuation and believed her in earnest, finding thereby a charm in the sunny days we were spending, when the happiness of the two lovers recalled our own courtship, and restored us to the land of romance and enchantment in which they seemed to wander. Careless and gay as the birds and butterflies that loved and lived in the same sweet atmosphere, the two friends basked in the blissful sunshine, and floated through the idle happiness of the day; and we, admiring and unresisting, followed where they led. Whether we rode, and Belle, brilliant and majestic in her black habit and plumed hat, kept her graceful seat like a princess and emulated Vernon's perfect horsemanship; or whether we walked, she loitering on his arm through bloomy fields and fragrant lanes, talking in the sweetest, lowest cadence, romance suited to the place, and to the time; or whether we rowed out on the river, dipping white hands in the wake of the little boat, and shading dazzled eyes that spoke too plainly by the light of stars, joining with trembling voices in the refrain of the serenade; or whether we fished and flirted in the bright sunny morning, gay, saucy, and indifferent, the sunbeams glittering in the netted gold of her hair, lighting up her brilliant eyes, and flushing to deeper hue the coral of her lips and cheeks, while she held the quivering prey in her gentle grasp, and watched its unavailing struggle to escape from the tender mercies of her soft, white hands; whatever we did, Belle seemed natural, sincere, and loving.

Matters were in this pleasing state, when old Mr. Mills from the city, who had been Vernon's faithful friend, and was adopted by us as uncle and general guardian, having helped us all many times in many ways, came out to pass a day with us, and find what had become of his young *protege*, whose letters had almost ceased since his acquaintance with Belle began. Mr. Mills was a Friend and an old bachelor; in both capacities he disapproved of the gay coquette; and moreover, carried a life long wound in the kind heart that beat under his drab waistcoat, received from just such a fair and careless hand, thirty years before. He knew her well by sight and reputation, and his keen eyes lightened upon her from under his gray eyebrows, as he sat opposite her at our little dinner-table, and saw how her eyes drew Vernon as a load-stone draws steel.

"Thee finds it very pleasant here, I believe?" he said to Belle, in his harsh voice.

She started and colored guiltily, more at the look he gave her, than at the words accompanying it; but instantly recovering composure, responded with graceful indifference,

"Very pleasant, sir; my friends are most kind. I have passed the time delightfully."

"They have given thee their prettiest plaything to amuse thee?" he continued, glancing at the ardent boy.

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Thee will soon return to the city, perhaps?"

"Very soon, sir. I have many engagements to fulfill there."

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"Thee has left many unfulfilled. Young Amory is expecting thee, his house is nearly ready for his bride; he believes that thee will abide in it."

Belle flushed and paled, but was speechless in her anger. The relentless old man went on quite coolly.

"John Midas is buying magnificent jewels; report says they are for thy wearing. Two of thy lovers have sailed away to Europe last week to forget thee; the rest await thy return. Thee had better go!"

"What does this mean?" cried Vernon, starting up as Belle began to sob and tremble in her chair, and I stood aghast at the scene at my quiet dinner-table.

"It means," said Carrie, interposing with cool presence of mind, "that uncle will say disagreeable things; but he musn't do it at my friend's expense, or before me. Mr. Vernon, don't notice it!" she continued, in a private whisper. "Belle, dear, it isn't your fault that you are pretty; and we all know that the old bachelors try to avenge the wrongs of the young ones."

Silence and tranquillity being thus restored, the irate Friend remained quiet while he devoured his dessert, and then led the attack again.

"What does thee do to amuse theeself?" he demanded.

"We walk," said Carrie, laconically speaking for her friend, "and fish."

"With diamond baits, and pretty arts, and silken nets, eh! my dear?" said the irrepressible old gentleman. "I've seen such things before, and felt them, too. There's no wickeder or more cruel amusement in God's world, than that which inflicts suffering and pain on the creatures he has made."

Nobody answered this protest, and, when the ladies had left us, Mr. Mills turned suddenly about, on his young friend, and made his application.

"Does thee not see that she is playing with thee, eh! boy?"

The young man turned very pale, then his handsome face flushed deeply. He rose up, and went and leaned against the mantle, looking moodily down.

"I heard what she was doing," his mentor continued. "I knew what she could do. I came to try and save thee, if I can."

"From what, sir?"

"From misery thee knows nothing about," said the old gentleman, with tears on his frosty eyelashes. "From having thy heart torn and trampled by a heartless woman. From beginning the world broken in spirit and in hope as I did, by some fair Delilah of a girl, who forgets thee as soon as she has won away thy happiness and peace. I tell thee I have felt it all before."

"You mistake her, sir," returned Edward, in a low, earnest voice; "you do her great injustice in your opinion of her."

"I know her well," the Friend retorted, "better than thee can do. I know her ways and her class. I advise thee to leave this at once, unless she goes very soon. John, canst thee not make her quit thy house and return to her friends? She is too gay and wealthy for thy small means at best."

"I cannot send away a guest," said I. "And whatever may be my opinion of Belle's character for coquetry or insincerity, I will not prefer those charges against her under the shelter of my own house, or again allow any one else to insult her by doing so."

"Thee has a fine spirit, nephew John, and thee is right. I will not again become the girl's accuser. But, for my boy here, I want to save him from her arts, if I can. What does thee say, Edward?"

"I believe her to be sincere," said the young man, low and tenderly. "I believe that she loves me, and is true."

"Foolish and blind! A score in yonder city believe as much, only they will suffer less from the pretty cheat, because they have less to lose. But thee, who hast heart, and mind, and soul, and sense, far, far beyond this butterfly's desert, will throw them all down idly at her feet, and despise the guardian who loved thee before she ever came in thy way!"

"I do love you, sir," said Edward, with tears in his beautiful eyes, "I do respect your advice; you have been my best friend in the world to this hour. But if you knew how deeply my heart was involved in this——"

"I *do* know," said the old man, with a groan.

"You would not ask me to throw away my only hope of happiness in life till I had proved it false. Leave me alone to ask her if she cares for me; let me be free to find if I am beloved or deceived, and I promise you then to do everything you wish, except to give her up if she is in earnest. If not, and you are right in your estimate of her character, nothing can wound or pain me further, and I will go or stay, live or die, as it please heaven and you; but I must know this first."

So after long argument and confused noise of battle, ending as it began, with Vernon's immovable decision, from the pain of which his

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old friend would have spared him if he could. Friend Ira Mills took the late train for the city, Vernon went silently and slowly home, and I returned to my Carrie, to inform her that a new and thrilling drama, which we hoped might be a version of "All's Well That Ends Well," or, at least, "Much Ado About Nothing," was to be enacted at Birdsnest Cottage, and that she and I, though not principal characters, were to play a part by no means subordinate, and be eaves-droppers like Benedick and Beatrice, but with less stake in the result. Carrie was less willing to play her part than I had expected, (are women more honorable than we have been used to think them, I wonder?) even though the happiness of both her friends was the reward of success, and the plot and plan mine, whom she was vowed to obey and believe infallible. "It was such nonsense, and cruel besides," she said, remorsefully, going to look at the unconscious Belle, who lay on the sofa in her dressing-room, where she had cried herself to sleep with tears on the curved points of her long eyelashes, and her sweet lips sighing even in dreams. In spite of my own belief in the ephemeral nature of her emotions, I felt some of Carrie's misgivings; and, during her slumber, profound and deep as that of the Enchanted Beauty, we went softly and guiltily about the house, and sat, conspirator-like, talking in whispers in the quiet parlor when Vernon joined us.

At twilight she descended, gay as a bird and brilliant as a star, dressed with even more than usual taste and skill in some floating, fleecy robe of lucent white, with ribbon bows and streamers of faint rosy shades on waist, and breast, and rounded arms. She was evidently dressed actress-like for the "occasion," which we all knew was now impending, and I looked at my young hero to see how he bore it. He was very pale, and his beautiful eyes followed hers with an expression of admiring doubt, which all her skill could hardly read, though she did her best to dispel it. She sang and played for us, her fairy hands lightly lying on the keys, as her ravishing voice rose and sank in Italian arias, German romances, and Spanish madrigals, softly passing at last to the old-fashioned English ballads we all love best, thrilling, quaint, and sweet; and here she seemed to forget our presence entirely, and with her golden head bent, her confessing eyes drooped before her lover's steadfast, inquiring gaze, murmured the melodies of the dear old words that have set so many hearts at rest. Then came "Allan Percy," and the "Long, Long Weary Day," and as she sung—

> Alas! if land or sea
> Had parted him from me,
> I should not now sad tears be weeping."

Mrs. Smith and I rose softly and disappeared from the room, quite unnoticed; and soon afterward the enamored pair, crossing the sheet of moonlight that lay before the glass doors, followed us, sauntering up and down the chestnut avenue in front of the house, and, pausing at last before a row of rustic pillars, whose bases were of turf, and whose capital were roses, to remark on the beauty of the night.

"I wonder what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Smith," said the vibrant voice of Belle, but with some soft and sweet change, as I fancied, in its silver tones.

"They are not far off, I imagine," was her companion's reply.

Nor were we; for close against the luxuriant screen of roses, like a snake in the grass, I lay *perdu*, a reluctant, but intentional listener; and behind two spreading lilac bushes stood my wife, her head bent down, her arch eyes lifted, her warning finger held up to me, like a very statue of eaves-dropping, both eagerly waiting for the words that were to break the charmed stillness around us, the only words whose utterance would not desecrate the beauty of the hour and the scene. Before us nestled the little fanciful cottage, with its tiny minarets, and lattices, and balconies, its curving roofs and wide verandahs, built in a sort of barbaric style, that was as much Moorish as anything; and quite incongruously, but picturesquely surrounded by the chestnuts, pines, and hardy creepers of our colder climate; behind us lay the sloping velvet lawn, bathed in a flood of silvery splendor, that transformed my stiff little summer-house into a fairy temple, and my wife's prim flower-beds to enchanted gardens, whereof the white blossoms reflected, and the red absorbed the lustre in which they lay. Interested, however, in nearer issues, we turned from the exquisite landscape to the trembling lovers near us, and waited for the spell of silence to be broken, by the dear old story that some human lips have been telling and answering every hour since the world began.

It came at last, and since Adam first whispered it to Eve, in the lovely solitude and stillness of Paradise, I think no voice could ever have repeated it in words so simple and sweet, in tones so courageous and so sad, that yet never faltered in the telling. My wife privily put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I stood abashed and self convicted, unworthy of success in my own wooings before love so deep and unselfish, affection so tender and true. How

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dared I, or any man of my stamp, ask and receive the heart of any innocent and loving girl, while this godlike nature wasted love and trust on a shallow and superficial shrine? I saw his handsome face, stern and pale in the moonlight, turn anxiously toward his fair companion as he ceased, and I certainly expected that the answer she faltered forth would unbend its fixed rigidity, soften its sculpturesque beauty; but I should never have anticipated the new form which coquetry took in the shape of Belle, as all trembling, flushing, weeping, she clung to her lover, and, with her beautiful face hidden against his own, sobbed out broken confessions, and made sweet promises, in a way that he must have been more than mortal to resist. The marble firmness of his face relaxed and glowed with happiness: he took the sweet deceiver to his heart and impressed the seal of forgiveness on her pretty, penitent lips. Mrs. Smith's surprised eyes met mine, as the rapt pair went slowly down the walk, and she watched their mutual—yes, mutual—tenderness at parting with new and eager curiosity. A few moments later, the triumphant lover, with the steps of a conqueror, strode away from the little gate, and Belle floated past us, soft and slow, on her way to her own room; while Mrs. Smith and myself, after an elaborate stroll around the garden, locked the outer doors of Birdsnest Cottage and retired for the night.

The next morning our fair guest appeared rather subdued and quiet, and watched all day restlessly for a visitor who never came. Toward evening, however, he presented himself, pale and grim, at an unconscionably early hour, while we were sitting down to tea in fact, and, meeting Belle in the hall, openly kissed her on the cheek, like a husband of several years standing, to the boundless astonishment of Biddy bringing in the tray. She received it quietly enough with a soft blush and a pretty air of submission; but the little phrases of proper indignation and rebuke, that she had begun, died unfinished on her lips, as she caught sight of his stern, determined face; and, half-bewildered and wholly frightened, she tried to withdraw her hand from the strong grasp in which he held it and brought her to us.

"This lady is my promised wife," said he, loudly. "Tell them so, Belle."

"Last night——" began Belle, in faint explanation, as she tried to droop her blushing face.

"Say whether it is the truth or not," he repeated, in tones of stern command, "that you promised to marry me last night?"

"Yes, I did," said she, desperately; "but—"

"You hear this young lady, Biddy?"

"Sure, sir, I do."

"And you understand that she then consented of her own free will to marry me?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"I heard her last night," said my wife, composedly.

"And I also," said I, feebly supporting Mrs. Smith.

Belle lifted her drooping head proudly, and shot glances of fire at us. What did all this mean?

"Three very good witnesses," said the poor boy, magisterially, "absolutely invincible in a court of justice. On this hand," he continued, holding out the soft, little member, with a grim smile, "she wears a ring which I placed there in token of the bond or covenant of marriage between us. Your coachman, John, saw and heard me buy it with that intention. Is it so, John?"

"Yes, sur," responded the gruff tones of the invisible John.

"Another good and credible attestation," resumed Vernon, "and a proof that this ring was given and received in token of said compact between us. I summon you all as my witnesses, when needed, to repeat what you have said. Miss Belle," he added, turning on her a severe and searching gaze, beneath which her angry glance fell, "I have heard of many suitors whom you have at first accepted and afterward jilted and rejected; of bonds and rings worn awhile, then cast away; of vows made to be broken, promises never meant to be kept; of hearts first bent, then broken. But mine you will find of less malleable stuff, and I will not submit without a struggle to the fate of my predecessors. I now hold you to your solemn promise made in the presence of lawful witnesses, which renders you *de facto* and *de jure* my betrothed wife, and demand of you present acknowledgment and immediate fulfillment of that promise and of all your obligations to me, or offer you as the alternative the public arbitrament of my claims in a court of justice and a suit for breach of promise of marriage!"

He bowed to us all round, carried Belle's captive hand to his lips, relinquished it, and walked out of the house, followed by my wife's admiring glances.

His *fiancee* (by compulsion) turned on us like a tigress as he disappeared.

"This is your friendship!" she cried, fiercely, to Carrie, and "this your revenge, sir," to me. "I thank you both, and will remember the humiliation you have been the means of procuring

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me, as long as I live. I will neither eat nor sleep again under your roof, and shall leave it by the earliest morning train. I would quit it this instant, but for the additional publicity and disgrace. Oh! Carrie, how could you strike me such a blow?"

Trembling, weeping, and unnerved, but proud still, the stately Belle swept out of the room; my sympathetic wife, sobbing remorsefully, followed her; Biddy, with her apron to her eyes, withdrew to the back kitchen; and I, left alone, proceeded to fulfill my harder task of comforting the author of all this woe.

I found him distractedly pacing up and down after the manner of excited lovers, in a remote part of the garden, and accusing himself of every crime known on the docket of a grand-jury. When I had argued him out of these hallucinations in respect to himself, he fell fiercely upon me, and proceeded to charge me with enormities which never dawned upon the modest ambition of John Smith; and when I had with some difficulty cleared myself from the guilt of these allegations, I had to listen to a rhapsody in behalf of Belle, whose character was depicted in such angelic colors as would have astonished even her, whose vanity I know to be boundless, and whose appetite for flattery has been largely gratified. Having spent the short summer night in these agreeable diversions, he grew calmer toward dawn, and we returned to the house, where I ensconced my victim in the cheerful company of some bottled adders, in the inner sanctum of my study, which is, in fact, a cabinet of natural curiosities and specimens of entomology, anatomy, zoology, etc., whose horrors my wife conceals with a set of red curtains—and, with his last solemn charge, "Smith, you've ruined me," gloomily sounding in my ears, went to inquire after my visitor.

Miss Savage was savage indeed; she had spent the night in pacing up and down her room like a wounded tigress, and had just called her maid and set her to packing her trunks. She sent down word that she should like to bid me good by in the library, but utterly refused all intercourse with the heart-broken Carrie, who, being the most innocent of the parties implicated in the plot, was held most responsible for it, as is the way of the world. Having essayed in vain to comfort her in her disgrace, I left her accusing me of it all, and returned to my library to await the injured Belle.

In the gray of the morning she came, pale, worn, dejected, and wretched; a single night of watching and grief, the first she had ever known, had worked a startling change in her brilliant face. I softly closed the door behind her, and mutely offered a chair, which she was obliged to accept, for she was shaking like a leaf and could hardly stand.

"Mr. Smith," she said, steadying her trembling voice, "was this well done?"

"Was it ill done?" said I.

"It was," she cried, passionately; "you know it was. You and Carrie were the friends of years. Even if I deserved such humiliation, was it for your hand to strike the blow?"

"Was it mine that did strike?" I persisted.

She colored all over, her pale face glowed crimson from chin to forehead, and she hid it instinctively in her hands. I was struck with a new idea and boldly seized upon it.

"After all, my dear Miss Belle," said I, lightly and argumentatively, in pursuance of my experiment, "you cannot assume to regard my wife's share and my own in this absurd affair as anything but a foolish, practical joke. As such I assure you we considered it when we engaged in it: and if you can forgive the annoyance caused you, it will always be a source of gratulation to us, as we thereby discovered and exposed the real character of my friend Vernon."

"How?" she asked, in muffled tones, for her face was still hidden.

"His mercenary attempt on your hand," I gravely declared, "by which, of course, he intended to secure a share of your fortune in either case. He is a poor lawyer, and money tempts such men, you know."

"It was not his temptation," she quickly rejoined, "for, except through you, he could have no knowledge of my antecedents. I do not do you the injustice to suppose that you would be, knowingly, engaged in such a plot, and, unless you betrayed the fact of my fortune, there could be none."

I truly averred that I had not done so.

"Mr. Smith," said she, raising her sweet, serious face with a look of evident relief, "won't you be my friend? If I forgive your share in the pain and mortification I have suffered, and which I confess is deserved, won't you advise me what to do? Remember, I am an orphan, I have no real friends—I never meant to do wrong, but vanity led me astray, and I was not taught any better."

"Well!" said I, much moved by this frank confession.

"What shall I do? Ought I—should I submit to such demands?"

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"Certainly not," I rejoined, promptly. "Give the fellow five hundred dollars and let him go."

"But——" she stammered, blushing deepest pink again, "do you think that would compensate him?"

"Whatever you please then," said I, musingly. "Of course it must be compromised somehow."

"Yes," said she, eagerly.

"And no doubt you would rather give a thousand dollars than——"

"It's not the money!" she cried, springing up with a gesture of impatience. "He might have it all, and welcome; I have often wished he had; and should be glad of any way to help him, poor struggling fellow!" I saw the red curtains of the cabinet move, and shook my fist at them privately to be still. "But is there no other way, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," said I, "one other."

"And would you—have you ever known people submit to it?"

"Plenty of times!"

Dead silence fell between us for awhile. "What is it?" she at last whispered, under her breath.

"Why, you might give him your whole fortune."

She turned to me, half-crying, half-laughing, pretty and petulant, but with great earnestness and impatience, and said, "I told you once before that he should have it in any case."

"Commend me to the tender mercies of the wicked!" I cried then. "You, my cruel coquette, who so torment and trifle with your lovers and friends, are the most placable of enemies, and the most Christian of foes. What! you would give your whole fortune to a man," raising my voice for the benefit of the red curtains, "who has humiliated, mortified, and deceived you?"

"I deserved it," she murmured. "I had done it before to others——"

——"And threatened you with public disgrace, and ruin, or an alternative——"

——"I am going to take it," she faintly declared——

——"Which, of course, you scorn and despise?"

"No, I don't despise him!"

"Not despise him? What! Not despise such a selfish, heartless, mercenary, unfeeling——"

"He is *not!*" she passionately cried; "and you should be ashamed, Mr. Smith, so to traduce your friend, while I, who have every reason to hate him, am obliged to defend him against your aspersions."

"Well, why don't you hate him then?" I proposed, maliciously.

A long silence followed, during which the red curtains of my museum quivered with great violence and seemed about to fly asunder.

"Ah! why not?" I persisted.

"Because, Mr. Smith, ('stupid!' under her breath,) because I happen to love him!"

A rush and a smash in the inner room, and I hastened to the rescue of a large glass jar of green snakes, which lay scattered upon the carpet, regardless of our excited lover flying past me, and of everything but the alcoholic fumes assailing my nose, and the bits of broken glass that set my hands bleeding. When at length I emerged, injured and innocent, from my profaned sanctuary, Belle was leaning, rosy and happy, against the broad shoulder of her enemy, and looking up into his softened and agitated face, with eyes full of tears and pride.

"Well, what has become of my two litigants in the threatened breach of promise case?" inquired I, carefully setting my plate, full of recovered snakes, on the table. "Where's the implacable plaintiff, the Shylock who wanted his bond, the brigand of a lover, who literally demanded your money or your life?"

"Here!" said Vernon, whose handsome face was illuminated with the morning sunshine, and with a dearer glow. "If the devotion of a life can win your pardon, Belle!"

"And where's the ferocious defendant, the cruel coquette, the man-slayer, the destroyer of your peace, Vernon?" I pursued.

"Here!" said Belle, softly laying her pretty left hand in her lover's; "and this is the only ring I'll ever wear, believe me!"

"The court ought to begin," said I. "*Oyes, oyes!* Where's the crier?"

"Here!" said poor Carrie, putting in her tear-stained face at the door, and receiving ample satisfaction therefor.

"And as I am both judge and advocate," said her husband, "I report the case settled by amicable adjustment of a compromise between the contending parties, and adjourn the court for breakfast."

People in Belle's circle in the city, when they received cards and cake, and went about gossiping over it, wondered exceedingly how Belle Savage, with all her advantages, and all her conquests, could ever be content to settle in that horrid place, with no society but those two stupid Smiths, and a poor young lawyer for a husband; when she might have done, as all the world knows, so much better!

But that was long ago, and many things have since occurred to give the "sacrifice" quite a different aspect. Friend Ira Mills, who has

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long since been reconciled to Vernon's lovely and loving wife, has declared his intention of devising his whole fortune between them and my wife; and as the sum is sufficiently large to raise even the stupid Smiths to a high pitch of popularity, what will it not do for the handsome Vernons? Then the "poor young lawyer" is a judge now, and an honorable; for he took his seat in Congress during the brilliant session of the winter before last, and his beautiful and fascinating wife was greatly admired among the critics of the capital. The French ambassador termed her *la belle des belles*, and compared her to the imperial Eugenie. The Spanish envoy employed all the prettiest epithets of his musical mother-tongue in describing her charms; and the stolid nobleman, who represents England at our republican court, is said to have pronounced, with enthusiasm unbecoming a Briton, that she is the most perfect specimen of the American woman he has yet seen. But with such admiration Belle's vanity would not now be satisfied without the sweeter incense of her husband's love and praise. Her beauty, her talents, her fortune, and her life, are all devoted to his service; and, if so, they aid and honor him. She is content; for thus she keeps his heart, and strives no more to win the hearts of others.

Mrs. Smith and myself are well.

LINES.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

Could I be thy guardian angel,
Ever shield thine onward way,
Draw aside the veil between us,
Listen to the words you say!

If I could be only with thee,
Still unseen, yet ever near;
When the Heavens are dark above thee,
I would whisper words of cheer.

I would soothe thy troubled spirit
With the words of hope and love,
Gently guide thy faltering footsteps
To the way that leads above.

Ay, I'd whisper words of comfort,
And, if it might only be,
I would lead thee to our Saviour—
He is calling now to thee.

Tempted still? Ah! I would whisper
Of the only sure relief,
When thy way is rough or thorny,
And thy heart is bowed with grief.

When the clouds are black above thee,
And thy cherished treasures flown;
When thou gropest in the darkness,
Weary, sorrowful, alone—

Then, unseen, I'd linger near thee,
With some holy word, and true;
Point thee to a life immortal,
Just unfolding to thy view.

Yet I may not. Thou must wander
All life's tangled pathway o'er,
With thy feet all torn and bleeding,
Till thou reach death's dreary shore.

Then, oh! then may life immortal
Be to thee a passport given!
Wafted o'er death's chilling waters,
Thou shalt find thy rest in Heaven.

IN AUTUMN.

BY FITZ JAMES MACKAY.

In storms the dreary day closes,
All hushed is the twittering glee
Of the swallows that sang for me,
And hushed is the oriole's song;
For Summer hath gone with her roses,
And Autumn comes trailing along—
O'er the tomb where the lily reposes,
Sad Autumn comes trailing along!

But alas! the Summer hath taken
Not only the roses gay,
Not only the swallows away,
Not only the oriole's lay—
But hath left me entirely forsaken,
Having taken afar to her home
My darling, who will not awaken,
When Nature no longer is dumb.
I knew it would be in Autumn—
Alas! that Autumn should come!

Let the lily not murmur that sleepeth
Far down in the cold, dreary earth;
For it hath, in waiting, a birth
To beauty and Spring-time mirth:
But the heart of the poet that weepeth
For her that is fairer far
Than the roses and lilies are,
A watch that is endless keepeth—
Like the watch of a lonely star.

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MY THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A PROCLAMATION had been issued, by the governors of various states, that "Thursday, the twenty-fifth of November, be observed as a day of general Thanksgiving;" and people with no houses of their own, myself among the number, began to look about envyingly at their friends who were differently situated, and shrink with distaste from spending the approaching holiday in a boarding-house.

It was a pleasant house of the kind where I was domiciled—a sort of private family, who took a boarder or two out of benevolence, and really made them comfortable; but still it was a boarding-house, and I resolved, if possible, to spend Thanksgiving Day elsewhere. I had a number of friends in the city, with several of whom I was upon familiar terms; and, as I owed many of them visits, I concluded to pay them that morning, in the hope of receiving an invitation to eat my Thanksgiving Dinner in one of the comfortable mansions that now seemed more comfortable than ever.

I took pains with my toilet; I put on my rich, brown silk, (people are not pleased with shabby visitors,) my handsome velvet mantilla, and bonnet of the same material—both of which had done me good service for many seasons past—and, thus presenting a very good appearance for a maiden lady of limited means, I sallied forth upon my mission.

I bent my steps first to Mrs. Vendermeer's, for her house suited me best: and people who have nothing themselves are often very particular. The situation was delightful, the house very spacious and imposing, and the furniture, although rich, had a used look that banished the appearance of stiffness which spoils so many drawing-rooms. Mrs. Vendermeer, herself, was a particularly pleasant, chatty kind of woman, who took everything easily, and never appeared ruffled by the most untoward circumstances. There was a large, cheerful family—and, at holiday times, a large family is so pleasant—and, altogether, it appeared to me the most desirable place to select for my Thanksgiving visit.

The last time I was there, I had spent the day, and cheerfully employed all the hours of my visit in the manufacture of some roses, that were considered particularly natural-looking, for the adornment of Miss Lizzie's dress that was to be worn at a ball in the evening. Lizzie was her mother's pride and joy, and Mrs. Vendermeer's gratitude for the result of my labor was enthusiastic. Money was not scarce with the Vendermeers; but, as my agreeable friend observed, "It was just as well to save a garden-full of French flowers when you could"—and my roses were pronounced "so natural-looking!" and "such a trifling expense!"

I was warmly urged to repeat my visit very soon, and always to spend the day when I came. Of course, I would be invited there for next Thursday, and I considered it quite a bright idea to call there now.

I was kept waiting in the drawing-room, instead of being invited at once up stairs; but finally Mrs. Vendermeer appeared, flushed with pleasant excitement, and wearing a picturesque crimson shawl thrown over her shabby dress.

"Don't look at me!" was her first exclamation. "I am a perfect sight, this morning, having put on this old dress so that I need not be afraid of spoiling it. I cannot tell you what places I have been in to-day! Unexplored corners of the house that have not been visited for weeks, in the hope of fishing up unknown stores of bedding, and the thousand and one things that are needed for an unexpected inundation of visitors. Such a Thanksgiving as we expect to have! I told Mr. Vendermeer, last evening, that my Thanksgiving would come the day after, when they had all departed."

Mrs. Vendermeer had rattled on without cessation, but here she paused to take breath; and I ventured to inquire who was expected.

"Ask me who is not expected," she replied, with a merry laugh, "and I can answer you better. Almost every one seems to have taken it into his or her head to spend Thanksgiving with us. Some young friends of Lizzie's, at whose house she had a very pleasant visit, last winter, are coming—Dick returns from college, and brings a friend or two with him—Mr. Vendermeer's mother and sister—and one or two cousins of mine—and I really cannot imagine where we are to put them all. I am very glad to have them, of course; but I often think it strange that our house is so very popular."

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It was anything but "strange," I thought, with an inward sigh; for the aspect of affairs was certainly discouraging. Mrs. Vendermeer expatiated gaily upon the pleasure they all anticipated in being together; and Lizzie, who passed through the room for a moment, was also in a flutter of delight. All this was very pleasant, to be sure, for those concerned; but I appreciated it with the same feeling with which hungry little boys inhale, from the street, the odor of savory viands that are being prepared for some rich man's table.

No one seemed to think of asking me to take off my things; but when I rose to go, Mrs. Vendermeer declared that I must come and spend a day with them when Thanksgiving was over, and they had had time to breathe—I could not go anywhere where I was more appreciated than there. She had been holding my hand, and gave it an affectionate squeeze at these words, so that, notwithstanding a feeling of emptiness, I was obliged to depart with the conviction that Mrs. Vendermeer was a very pleasant woman.

Where should I go next? Mrs. Dellerby was not likely to be overwhelmed with company, as she had several young children, none of whom were old enough to bring home friends from college, or fill the house with a pack of girls; so I rang the bell there with a feeling of having come to anchor.

"Just in the very nick of time!" exclaimed the young mother, as I entered the nursery, "by particular request." "I am so glad to see you!" And her face beamed with an hospitable smile, in which I read the warmest kind of an invitation for Thanksgiving Day. After all, it is pleasant to go where one is so cordially welcomed, if the attractions are not so great as in some other places.

"Are you going away on Thanksgiving Day?" inquired the oldest girl.

"The very thing I want to talk about!" exclaimed Mrs. Dellerby; and I thought she was going to add: "Now, I will take no denial; you must certainly come here and help us eat our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Are you going to danpa's for Thanksgiving?" shouted a boy, who had scarcely emerged from his petticoat chrysalis. "I am! And so's Sally, and Dotophine, and ma, and baby!"

"These silly children," said Mrs. Dellerby—with a smile that plainly asked, "Are they not cherubs?"—"have persuaded me to go to grandfather's for Thanksgiving; and grandfather is just as crazy to have us come. After all, I think it is the true way to spend Thanksgiving; for my father has a capacious country-house: more comfortable than a farm-house, and yet countrified enough to be a delightful change from the city. All his children and grandchildren are to be there—a sufficient party of themselves—and I expect to enjoy a real old country Thanksgiving. In the morning, the closely-packed drive to church—the warm greeting from old acquaintances, and the pleasure of seeing their familiar faces again, genial with the feelings peculiar to such seasons—then home again to dinner, where every one's capacity for eating is taxed to its fullest extent—the great, open fire-place, with its roaring blaze of hickory logs—and the evening game of blindman's-buff, in which they all join, from the oldest to the youngest. I really believe that I look forward to it with as much pleasure as the children do."

The expression of her face, as she rapidly spread this Barmecide feast, piling on the agony without a single twinge of remorse, fully corroborated the closing remark; and again I was hopelessly cut adrift from my moorings and put to sea. The vivid picture, so faithfully drawn by my enthusiastic friend, brought to me the recollection that this was exactly the kind of Thanksgiving that, to use a homely phrase, I hankered after, and it saddened me with its very brightness.

The boy who had given me the unwelcome information, began, in an ecstasy, to train a chair in the way it wouldn't go, to demonstrate to me how they were to get to "danpa's;" and "Sally" informed me that they were all to wear their new dresses, and "ma" was in such a hurry that she had cut them out wrong.

"I could not wait for the dress-maker," said Mrs. Dellerby, laughing, "and I am sure that you can give me one or two ideas; you are the very person I was wishing to see."

I was warmly urged to take off my things, in which case I should have been expected to go regularly to work; but I confined myself to a few necessary directions, and an assurance that the dresses would do very well. Mrs. Dellerby was fully acquainted with my talent in this respect, and it was probably some such recollection that induced her to say:

"What a stranger you have been lately! Do come, after Thanksgiving, and spend a day or two with us; you know we are always glad to see you. Where are you going to spend Thanksgiving Day?"

"I have not yet decided," was my reply, as though invitations were pouring in upon me from all quarters.

"Excuse me for not coming down with you,"

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said Mrs. Dellerby, as I took my departure. "Wherever you are, I hope you will enjoy yourself as much as we shall."

The whole family were lavish of smiles, for which I felt savagely disposed to make faces in return. One comfort, though, remained to me: even *two* swallows do not make a summer. My list of friends was by no means exhausted yet, and all of them could not be expecting company, or going away themselves. Still, an unpromising beginning rather takes the stiffening out of one, and it was with a much less assured feeling of welcome that I rang the bell at No. 3.

This same No. 3 had always been an object of rather covetous admiration with me. I felt that here, if anywhere, I could find my proper "spear." The name of "Naxett" was on the bell-pull, which represented two Misses Naxett, spinsters—and one Mr. Naxett, bachelor—sisters and brother, who lived together in such delightful comfort that it always made my mouth water to look at them. To be sure, I could have selected a livelier household, one that suited my temperament better; for everything here was done by rule and compass. But I was quite willing, under the circumstances, to make a fourth in their Thanksgiving Dinner, and I thought it certain that here, at least, I would not meet with disappointment.

It was not encouraging, though, when I entered, to see the parlor furniture at sixes and sevens, and the parlor carpet being put through a course of tea-leaves; nor was the aspect of Miss Naxett, as she emerged from the further end of this confusion, what might be termed hospitable. She had no hoops on, which always gives a woman a terribly business-like air, being equivalent, in a man, to rolling up shirt-sleeves, and, in both cases, signifying a dogged determination to go to work, with no margin for trifling; her hands were packed away in old gloves without finger ends, and she had altogether an exasperating air of something important in view.

I felt embarrassed, and I thought that Miss Naxett eyed me as though she considered me a suspicious adventurer. By way of saying something, I made the commonplace little remark that she seemed to be busy.

"Yes," she replied, very concisely; "sister Patience has taken the upper rooms in charge, while I am superintending the parlor. We are expecting company for Thanksgiving—an uncle and his wife, whom we have not seen since our father's death; and these family meetings always appear to us so sacred that we think it right to do them all possible honor, and we give up everything else for that purpose."

"You must look forward to it with a great deal of pleasure," I said, while I thought:

"This is the age of steam: by your own confession, you have not seen these affectionate relatives for ten years, and could probably wait, with just as much composure, ten years longer."

I felt in a bad humor; but, being gifted with a considerable share of perseverance, I resolved to make one more trial.

The Bingler *menage* was not an alluring one—the center of the solar system there being as disagreeable a specimen of Young America as I ever encountered. I have always classed spoiled children in the same category with mad dogs, and the persecutions that I suffered at the hands of that wretched infant are not pleasant to reflect upon. That six-years-old nuisance was a constant thorn in my side whenever I made a visit to her weak-minded mother; and, if obliged to swallow her with my Thanksgiving Dinner, I hesitated about the dinner. But it would be very forlorn to dine in the boarding-house—seeming to say so plainly that I had nowhere else to go; and I walked twice around the block to consider whether I could possibly get down so large a dose of spoiled child.

The young catamount in question, who was a perfect interrogation-point, always declared war as soon as she saw me, and usually opened the ball by asking me what I had come for, particularly if I had come to spend the day.

"Why, Matilda!" her mother would remonstrate.

"Well, but why don't she have a house of her own?" continued the infant prodigy. "I don't like old maids."

At this interesting juncture, Mrs. Bingler would wink at me to admire her precocious wit, while my tormentor proceeded to inquire:

"Why don't you wear some other dress? Haven't you got any other but that? *I've* got ever so many! And I'm not going to be an old maid!"

Mamma in convulsions of laughter at "Matilda's comical remarks," and I in convulsions of anger that I cannot indulge in the satisfaction of shaking the little beflounced and befurlowed wretch. Thin children are always malicious; they are as unnatural in mind as in body. I can always get along with a fat, tearing, roly-poly; but I require some system of defence against a small girl of cadaverous propensities.

However, nothing more eligible presenting itself, I mustered up courage to ring the bell.

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I got no farther than the hall, though; my youthful enemy had the measles.

"What a malicious little wretch!" I could not help exclaiming to myself; "to think that, with the whole winter before her, she must select this week of all weeks to have the measles in!"

And quite worn out and disheartened, I returned to my boarding-house.

How people's moods change between the tying and untying of their bonnet-strings! I took off my things in a sort of ferocious despair; and then, catching up the first volume that came handy, I descended to the parlor.

It looked comfortably there, if not grand; and I had it to myself. The fire blazed brightly—the chair in which I established myself had a stuffed back—and the book in my hand was "Pendennis." Dimly conscious that I had something to be thankful for, and enjoying the quiet comfort of my surroundings, I forgot that there were Thanksgiving Days, and became lost in the maze of Mr. Thackeray's fascinating story.

So lost that I did not hear a voice, and a very sweet one, too, until it had spoken twice:

"Very sorry to disturb me, but she supposed it would not be pleasant for me to sit in the dust while the parlor was being swept. Mother expected an old friend to take his Thanksgiving Dinner with them, and they had a great deal to do."

I looked up in mute agony; but Hattie Linden's pretty brown eyes met mine with a look so full of pleasant anticipation, that I turned from them quickly for fear of exposing my weakness. "Mother expected an old friend"—that might be, but I knew that daughter expected a *young* one, who would, some day, be nearer than any other friend; and, banished even from that humble place by preparations for other people's happiness, I glided sorrowfully up to my room, and had a good cry.

I felt better after it; and then I sat down and thought of my first love. I have said my *first* love—but I never had any other. I was very young—only seventeen—and being taunted with having become too easy a prey by an aunt who never could bear to see people happy, I tried my power over him, and—*lost* him.

I seemed to see him again, standing in the door-way, as he stood that evening, with that look of perfect manliness, and those calm, steady eyes—as he asked me, for the last time, "Is that your final determination?" I persisted in my unreasonableness; and Eldridge left me forever. I tried to comfort myself with the idea that I had only shown a proper spirit, but there was a dreary void in my heart that could not be filled; and as the years passed on, and I found myself alone, I looked sadly back to Miles Eldridge, and the love I had so madly cast away.

I never knew what became of him; I heard that he had left the country on some voyage of adventure, and I never expected to meet him again in this world. I had not thought of him for a long time; but Hattie Linden's eyes brought a resurrection of the past, and I sat and dreamed of the tender grace of a day that was gone. 'Tis true that I was high up among the thirties; but the cold atmosphere had not touched my heart that throbbed and beat as foolishly as ever.

Thanksgiving Day came; and the only comfort I had in this fact was that it would sooner be over. I spent the morning in my own room, in company with a dull, depressing headache; until, weary of the same scene, I descended to the parlor.

A gentleman with iron-gray hair stood in one of the windows. "Mother's friend," I thought, "who has arrived before the family have returned from church." He turned quickly around, as I entered; and I wanted, yet dreaded, a second glance. Strange thoughts and reminiscences flashed through my mind; but I tried to banish them with the practical reflection that Miles Eldridge was probably dead or married long ago, and he might as well be one as the other.

The stranger suddenly turned again, and fixed his eyes upon me in a manner that was absolutely rude. With a mixed feeling of fascination and repugnance, I rose to leave the room.

"Stay one moment!" said he, in an agitated voice, "do not think me impertinent in asking your name—if I am mistaken, I will trouble you no farther."

I told him mechanically.

"And I," he continued, "am Miles Eldridge. Can you forgive me, and speak to me kindly again?"

"It is twenty years since I saw you," I replied, in a collected manner that surprised myself, "I was a foolish girl then, and did many things which I have since regretted."

"And I," said Eldridge, as he came forward, and took my hand, "was a self-reliant, exacting man, and have paid a life-time of sorrow for one hasty act."

I believed that I was dreaming, and gave myself up to a fascinating spell; but I learned, in those delicious moments, how deeply I had

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been loved—was loved still; for Miles seemed to see no difference between the face of seventeen and that of thirty-seven. He had everything to offer, in a worldly point of view; but what had I? It seemed humiliating to take so much, and give so little; but Miles' arguments were such as could not be answered.

I had forgotten that it was Thanksgiving Day—forgotten that the parlor was not Eldridge's and mine—and he, I believe, had forgotten that he came to see any one but me; the apparition, therefore, of Mrs. Linden in the parlor door was a surprise, and not an agreeable one. Unluckily, too, we were sitting on one of those horrid little sofas that bring two people into rather close contact—being one of the acts that are said to "look particular."

Mrs. Linden *said* nothing, of course; but I knew that her thoughts were turning perfect somersets in hopeless confusion.

"I have found an old friend," said Miles, in his straightforward manner, "where I little expected it."

He told Mrs. Linden our story in as few words as possible; and, after the first surprise, she seemed rather to enjoy it.

"I always said," she remarked, graciously, "that Miss —— never was cut out for an old maid; but that you should have met each other here, after so long a separation, does seem strange indeed."

I quite agreed with her; for that the day I had so much dreaded should have turned out so happily, was difficult to realize.

Hattie Linden's eyes were brighter still at dinner time, but they did not trouble me now; and with the suavity usually employed toward those who are supposed to be engaged, I was informed that I looked ten years younger. I remembered reading somewhere that to tell a woman she *looks* young, reminds her that she is old; but for this I did not care. Miles Eldridge was satisfied, and that was enough.

I never once thought of Mrs. Vendermeer, and her house full of company—Mrs. Dellerby, and her real country Thanksgiving—or the Misses Naxett, and their respected uncle and aunt—except to feel thankful that none of them had invited me to dinner; for if they had, the whole course of my life would probably have been changed.

I am not prepared to pronounce that the happiest Thanksgiving I ever had, for I have had two or three since; but I must say that it turned out very differently from what I expected.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

It might have been, but never may!
It might have been, but cannot be!
Oh! saddest words that mortals say;
Oh! thought that oftenest comes to me!
With every sight and sound of Spring,
Some memory comes my heart to thrill;
Where last year's flowers lie withering,
My spirit waits, regretful still!

Beside me my companions walk,
With hopeful thoughts, and voices gay;
My heart sighs through the happy talk,
"It might have been, but never may!"

I strive to speak as lightly, too,
Of hopes the future has for me;
The voice thrills through my soul anew,
"It might have been, but cannot be!"

Well, be it so! Since some must keep
The shadowed ways, why should not I?
Awhile I wait, awhile I weep;
But my deliverance draweth nigh!
The day will come, serene and blest,
That brings a full and sweet release;
Then to the weary shall be rest,
And to the troubled spirit, peace!

THE GOLD-FISH.—A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

Fields have their charms of forest, vale, and beam,
And skies their shifting clouds and glittering star;
But thou, sweet tenant of the limpid stream,
Than all their beauties, art more radiant far!
Thou hast a fitting realm in which to roam—
An amber element to breathe; a coral grove
Paved with the rosy-tinted shells thy home,
In which the sunbeams glimmer from above,
Like sunset glories in the Autumn glades,
Glanced from thy beauty, colored with its shades:
As from the bird, that dips her playful wing,
The cheerful melody of Heaven is felt,
Glancing like rapture in the heart, to fling
Gold on each cloudy thought, each lingering shade to melt.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 287.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LUKE CARR waited in a little room near the hall till his mother came down; then he went calmly out and confronted her.

"Mother, this way!"

The woman followed him without a word. She had been pale before; but now the color left her lips, and they began to quiver with sharp, nervous twitches.

"What is your will with me, Luke?" she said, without greeting her son, or seeming to heed his abrupt address.

"I want the truth, mother."

"The truth—and from me? Go elsewhere, boy. I know not what it is."

"Mother, I listened to every word of your conversation with Lord Lovat."

"Well?"

She turned upon him like a lioness at bay; her great black eyes on fire; defiance in every nerve of her body.

"Well?"

"I know that Dougal is his son."

"You are wise!" she answered him, sharply, and with sarcasm in her voice.

"And that I am a Macdonald, honestly born, if he is not."

"It is false! You have no such knowledge; you never shall have it!"

"Tush! mother, I heard all, and care nothing, though you love my handsome brother—no, cousin it is—a thousand times better than your crooked son. He has learned to live without woman's affection. You cannot love Dougal half so fervently as I do, and, with all the current falsehood about woman's devotion, you would not do so much for him, this day, as I would."

"But how can you aid him?"

"Look here, woman; I am not afraid to tell you. No one knows better than I how faithfully you can keep a secret. Stoop down, that no one else can hear, and I will tell you one."

The woman bowed her stately head, and Luke whispered in her ear. She turned deathly white, and a low cry broke through her lips.

Luke folded his arms and looked up in her amazed face, smiling.

"Would you have done so much to make him the heir of a duke?"

The woman did not answer; but her black eyes flashed, and her face lighted up till its dusky beauty was all aglow. She stooped down and snatched the hunchback to her bosom, covering his face with passionate kisses.

"No, I could not have done it; but I can worship the strong spirit that possessed the will and the power. Luke, Luke! I will be a mother to you such as you never dreamed of—nay, I will be your slave, anything—to prove that the blood in that wild heart beats in mine also! Why did I never trust you before?"

"It was not needful. I have read all your letters to Lord Lovat. He is crafty, but sometimes sleeps with the keys of the private cabinet in his pocket. I have a light touch, mother, and a quick eye."

"And you read my letters?"

"One and all. But you were cautious. They only spoke of Dougal. My poor honest claims were forgotten. I learned of them, for the first time, this morning. By my faith! mother, it is something to be the son of an honest father, and a Macdonald of the Isles! Hugh Macdonald! Did I hear the name aright? Hugh, son of old Macdonald of Boisdale! So, this stately old chief is my grandfather?"

"Boy, boy, will you have mercy?" cried the woman, lifting her hands in passionate deprecation. "If you heard that, the rest must be known to you. I have no proof of the marriage. We were two young girls, living together in our father's cottage, after he died, and was laid, with our mother, in the *campo santo*, supported partly by our own labor as lace-makers, partly by the little olive-orchard, whose fruit we sold. You heard how it was. They came together—the one brave, noble, generous—the other——but you have seen HIM."

"Yes."

The word seemed ground through Luke's shut teeth.

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"Yes, go on!"

"They were exiles, poor almost as ourselves, and had sought our remote village because it was obscure and cheap. We had a spare chamber in the cottage. The rent was something to us, the accommodations everything to them. It ended as you have heard. There was some form, which my sister believed to be a marriage; when she discovered the mockery, it killed her."

"Go on, mother!"

"My marriage was legal, no form wanting, no privacy was sought. Lovat and my sister were the witnesses. It was before we knew of his fraud. The certificate was given him for safe-keeping; for I believed him to be my sister's husband. Macdonald——"

"My father!"

"Macdonald was proud and restive; he chafed under the humble restraints of his exile. I did not see it; but he was fading away under our roof. Death was with us, constantly waiting as only death can wait, falling suddenly on the victim at last. In the morning we thought him only a little ill, at night he was dead!"

Luke went up to his mother and kissed her trembling hands. Her narrative was broken with sobs. She was so womanly, that the hunchback loved and pitied her with a compassion that he had never felt before. The woman shrunk away from his sympathy, groaning as if with pain.

"He was gone forever! Then, in our sorrow and helplessness, this bad, bad man, relieved from all fear of a good man's condemnation, carelessly revealed his perfidy. She might have forgiven him—I do not know; but as for me, I turned him from under the shelter of our roof. He only laughed. News had reached him from England that the ban had been taken from his name and estates. He was glad to leave us."

Luke had grown pale and cold while she was speaking, but his eyes were full of smouldering fire. His fingers clenched and unclenched themselves ferociously, as an angry tiger works his claws. His mother went on. She seemed glad to pour forth the secret that had rankled in her heart so many years.

"That year we two women became husbandless mothers. She died, leaving her orphan to me, with a charge which I will accomplish yet. She might have been insane in giving it—no human soul can tell; but with me—well, you have nothing to do with that. Lord Lovat had, purposely or recklessly, carried off all the evidence of my marriage. I sold everything—my home, the olive-trees, and the little furniture that had been ours. With the money I came to Scotland, bringing the children with me; came to demand my certificate of marriage, and claim a place for my son among the Lords of the Isles. He laughed at my application, this Lord Lovat; said that no certificate had ever been given; or, if there had, he had lost it. The perfidy which had killed my sister, extended to me. I was helpless—my money gone—in a strange land. He gave me that mean shelter in the mountains, doled out bread to his own son as if we had been beggars. If more followed, if he gave you and Dougal education and countenance, it was from hate of his heir. No generous motion ever touched him. We took the name of Carr, and lived on his bounty. I was poor, a stranger, and a woman—he, all powerful. Had I rejected his help, or resisted him, we might have died, as many another has; for not even the king dares to question Lovat's wickedest act."

The woman paused and drew her black hood with its flame-colored lining over her face.

"I will go now, Luke," she said, moving toward the door.

He stood as if turned to iron, looking far beyond her into the distance; but the fire in his eyes seemed to have sunk deep down into his soul; his teeth were clenched together so fiercely that the massive outline of his jaws seemed cut from granite.

The woman went out, and he did not know that she was gone, but still gazed into the distance, pondering something in his heart. At last he drew a deep breath and walked out of the room.

Luke found Lord Lovat seated in his easy-chair, chuckling over some pleasant thought that seemed to possess him. "Ha! Luke Carr," he cried, "come at last, and not too soon. Now give me an account of these last few weeks. Have you been on the track?"

"Yes; and shot my own brother!"

"Shot your brother? Laddie, this is sorry jesting."

"Still I pierced Dougal's shoulder with the arrow you poisoned for the Prince!"

"And is he dead?"

"No. I left him, a few hours since, on his way to the battle-field of Preston Pans."

"What, on his way to join that rabble rout? You should have put another arrow through him rather than that. Let him once strike a blow in Edward's cause, and this plan of the heirship is swept away forever."

"Not if the Prince should prove victorious, my lord? Then all England would rise to his help. The Fraser among the foremost,

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demanding, for his reward for adhesion, this dukedom and the removal of all impediments to Dougal's succession."

"What! Are you turning traitor, Luke?"

"No. Only cautious."

"And you think that a victory would make Edward king?"

"I think that after a victory, or just upon it, there would be little wisdom in pursuing negotiations with the other party. The Prince will be less anxious then."

"But supposing I keep up negotiations on both sides? Ha! Luke."

"And draw off or fall in as the Prince is victorious or defeated?"

"There is wisdom in that. If one could attain the same object without having a king's blood on his soul, it would be far more agreeable."

"And safer for me!"

"For you—perhaps. But a churl's life, more or less, counts for little in a game with kings."

The latter part of this speech was muttered inaudibly, but its meaning shone in the bad old man's face.

Luke understood it, and his eyes shone.

"I care for no risks, and shrink from no action which tends to give Dougal a position among the chiefs of Scotland."

"Then you are not working for me, your benefactor?"

"For you, my lord? Oh! yes, never doubt it. I am working for you; owing you so much, how could I help it?"

If the old lord had looked in Luke's face that moment, he would have been satisfied with the ferocity that spoke there. Eager as he had been to whet that bold, reckless nature into action, that look might have warned him to pause. But Lovat, blinded by selfish egotism, was intent on the subject before him, and, after revolving the question in his crafty mind, spoke again.

"It is but waiting for a day or two," he said. "A victory makes the way clear in one direction, a defeat makes your task an easy one. But lose no time. Follow that headstrong laddie, and bring him from the battle-field by main force, if necessary. He must not be seen with the Pretender till the time comes. After him, Luke, or it may be too late."

"But how can I bring him back?"

"Find the Master of Lovat, and say that I charge him, on his obedience, to send the young man back to his friends in Edinburgh. Say that my adhesion to his master's cause depends on that."

Luke took up his cap and went out, making no farther comment. He chose a fleet horse from the old lord's stable, and in less than half an hour was galloping at a rapid pace toward the village of Preston Pans.

All Edinburgh was aroused by the glorious news. Charles Edward had met Cope's army on its march back to the capital, and, after a bravely contested fight, occupied the battle-field. In a few hours his victorious army would be in the city, where all the Highland chieftains who had stood aloof were ready to receive him. Among the most powerful of these laggard warriors was Lord Lovat; from the very battle field a hunchbacked rider had come tearing up to the old chief's residence with written despatches from the Prince. The dukedom of Fraser should be his; but with regard to the pretentions of Dougal Carr, more space for consideration was demanded. In the meantime strict secresy was promised. In the joyous tumult around him, Lovat lost his usual crafty forethought. Anxious as he was to depose his son, the advantages offered to himself were the chief incentive to his action. He had been over cautious during the first stages of the rebellion, but now came forward with reckless daring and placed all his forces in the field.

A few days of tumultuous rejoicing, in which many a powerful clan poured its forces into the invading army; and the Prince, flushed with victory and strong in hope, marched at once into England. Lord Lovat, too infirm for the field, followed the army in his carriage till the roads become impassable. Then he halted and sent a message to summon Luke Carr to a last conference before he moved forward with the army.

Luke came to the side of the carriage, and, lifting the heavy leathern curtains, looked in.

"Get upon the wheel, laddie, and step in," said the old lord. "Let us have a few last words before you set forth on this uncertain invasion."

Luke clambered over the wheel and sat down in the carriage. There was something in his demeanor that struck the old lord as unusual, a preoccupation that bordered on disrespect, but this was no time for the old man to be fastidious. He was not a person to break his tools while they could be rendered useful.

"Now, laddie," he said, "remember my orders. So long as this Prince is victorious you have nothing to do, but keep with the army and win favor with its leaders; but when his downfall becomes certain, have a firmer hand and a sharper arrow than the last."

"And what am I to gain by this?" demanded Luke, almost savagely.

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"You? Oh! I have a reward in store! What, if by some magic power that no one guesses at, I would put a chief's plume in your cap also? Would that be worth the risk?"

Luke laughed scornfully. "A chief's plume for me! Not while this crown is in my back. A pretty figure I should make at the head of a clan!"

Lovat joined in the laugh.

"I have often thought of that," he said, with brutal sincerity. "How those haughty Islanders would thank me!"

Luke did not pretend to understand this sneer, but saying quickly, "Now, my lord, that my instructions are complete, I will follow the army, the rear guard is almost out of sight."

He let himself down over the wheels while taking this abrupt leave, and, clambering to the back of his horse, rode swiftly away, flinging back curses upon the old noble as he went.

The army moved on, winning victories as it went. Carlisle fell before it. Then came those rapid marches into the heart of England, which ended in a cold, inhospitable reception, which was only a negative repulse. With no enemies to fight, and no friends to welcome, Charles Edward found himself lost in the stagnation of his own adventure. All this was followed by a rapid, almost ignominious retreat into Scotland, the Stuart stronghold, and in a succession of small conquests and defeats that frittered away the Highland army and destroyed the prestige of former victories.

In Scotland some small return of prosperity fell upon the rebel army. The battle of Falkirk, that curse in the disguise of a victory, served to lure the Prince on with hopes of success, when it proved the most direct means of his ultimate defeat by demoralizing his troops, who fell back to their homes in order to secure the plunder which they had won. After this, Charles had occupied his forces at Stirling, crippled, divested of half his men, and harassed by dissentions among those who remained faithful to him.

While he lay in this condition, the Duke of Cumberland marched upon Stirling with a fresh, powerful army, before which the half-disheartened Prince fell back to the Highlands. Here the English troops hedged him in, interrupted his supplies from France, and at last brought him to a fatal stand at Culloden.

When the Duke of Cumberland entered Edinburgh, with full power to end the war after his own fashion, the Jacobins who had swarmed to the capital retreated to their Northern strongholds, knowing well that little mercy would be exercised toward them by the rude duke. Lord Lovat, now fully committed to the rebellion, retired to his castle of Dounie, and with him, almost perforce, went Lady Clanranald, her mother, Flora, and his grand-daughter, Kate Fraser.

Lady Clanranald, finding herself suddenly almost a prisoner in the capital, from which it was impossible to retire to her home on the Island, took advantage of Lord Lovat's escort, and, for a time, was compelled to accept his hospitality. Thus, when the day dawned upon the battle-field of Culloden, all the female personages, in which the reader may have an interest, were in the grim old castle almost within hearing of the cannon which sounded the Stuart knell on that fatal day.

On the sixteenth of April, nearly nine months after Charles Edward's first advent into Scotland, his army had retreated from a meditated night attack on the English forces encamped at Nairn, under the Duke of Cumberland; and while they were gathered almost in a mob, exhausted with a long march through broken grounds and morasses, half-famished for want of food, and wholly disorganized, the English army fell upon them. In a wild, straggling fashion the Highlanders were drawn up in order of battle; but even in the attempt Cumberland's troops fell upon them, in the midst of a heavy rain-storm, which beat fiercely in the faces of the Scottish soldiers, blinding them, while the English received it on their backs. Thus taken at a disadvantage on every side, Charles Edward entered upon the last terrible battle that decided the fate of his dynasty forever.

Seeking what entrenchments they could behind rocks and fragments of stone walls, the Scottish soldiery prepared for a desperate fight, and desperate it proved to be. With an overpowering force of artillery and cavalry leading the van, Cumberland commenced the attack with a fearful cannonade, which swept the Scottish ranks and drove back every advance; and though the brave clans fought desperately, advancing on the very bayonets of the enemy and firing in their faces, the storm of grape mowed them down like grass, and the fight threatened to become a slaughter almost before it had commenced. Whole companies fell, after they had forced their way into the very heart of the English center, and no man was left alive to report the fate of his companions. Then came the cavalry trampling down the front ranks, and hewing a bloody track down the Scottish lines. In vain the clans gathered in masses,

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resisting this advance with desperate valor. In vain they fired volley after volley, and, flinging away their guns, rushed on the enemy, claymore in hand, to be transfixed by a wall of bayonets. All these valorous men fell between the lines of the two armies, which closed over them in fierce contest, till the fight became a massacre.

From different eminences on the ground, the son of the youthful King James, and the son of the reigning King George, watched the progress of this awful fight. The last, coarse and ponderous, with a brutal smile on his heavy mouth; the other, pale, stern, and despairing as Napoleon watched the fatal evolutions on the plain of Waterloo, knowing that his fate wavered with every move.

As the fight raged hottest, a horseman came galloping out of the hot contest and addressed the Prince. It was Dougal Carr, white as death, and with spots of blood melting through the tartan folds on his bosom.

"Your highness, the day is against us, our men can scarcely keep the enemy back. The Irish pickets have checked the dragoons; the Macdonalds and Farquharsons hold their own, merging their two lines into one. This moment we can guard your retreat; the next may be too late."

Charles cast a wild, despairing look upon the battle-field. An English general, joined by the Campbells of Argyleshire, was breaking through the walls of an enclosure which protected the Highlanders; behind them was a battalion of dragoons threatening to ride them under hoof. Clouds of cavalry were bearing down from the front, infantry and artillery hedged them in on the right hand and the left. A fierce cry rang up from those doomed men—a cry that rent the heart of their Prince with a sound he never forgot to his dying day. Half-blinded with anguish, he saw those noble men rally and charge only to fall, helpless and mangled, under the hoofs of the English war chargers. Then groans, and low, smothered cries pierced him to the soul; mad with desperation, he wheeled his war charger and plunged onward, resolved to lead his followers in one resistless charge, or die with them.

Dougal Carr gave his horse the spur, and rode after him with headlong speed. One moment the Prince and the soldier rode side by side; the next, Dougal wheeled his charger, seized that which bore Charles Edward by the ponderous bit and wheeled him from his course. The Prince snatched a pistol from his holster and fired, commanding the young man to free his bridle-rein. The bullet whizzed through Dougal's hair, carrying away a fragment of his bonnet; but his hand only strengthened his iron grasp, and his heel still plied the sharp spur; drops of blood fell from the foaming mouth of the captive steed; blood streamed down the sides of his own gallant horse. The din of battle thundered behind them; the cool mountain air blew in their faces; fugitives on horseback and on foot rushed by them. Half a dozen chieftains had followed the Prince, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs on the broken ground now measured a considerable distance from the battle-field—no, not that—from the bleak moor where the brutal son of King George was butchering the men who had dared to fight for their true king.

On and on the horsemen sped. Chieftain after chieftain joined them, some wounded, some reeling on their horses from exhaustion. Every moment increased their numbers, every footfall bore them from the horrid cries of the fiendish massacre which was going on in the midst of Culloden Moor. Thus, with a great party of fugitives, the ruined Prince entered the wild, desolate vale commanded by Dounie Castle.

Lady Clanranald sat by a window over the main entrance, looking in sad loneliness down the valley. She did not like her residence in that bad man's house, and was terribly anxious regarding the movements of her son. The lady had been pondering over these things in a full hour's silence, while Kate Fraser and Flora plied their embroidery-needles at her feet.

All at once she saw objects moving in the wild distance. Horsemen, riding furiously through an opening against the sky, some holding torn banners by the staff, others reeling in their saddles—all plunging forward in ominous confusion.

The lady's eyes had been dim with tears, and she could not trust them. The scene which presented itself before her was so strange! What could it mean? Had a battle been fought in the mountains? Was this defeat or a joyful harbinger of some great triumph of the Stuart cause? She arose and leaned out of the casement, saying nothing to her companions, but searching the distance with her dilating eyes. The color ebbed from her cheeks, her very lips lost their rich crimson, her whole face was cold, and white as marble, when she turned it toward the young people.

"Flora! Katharine! go, warn Lord Lovat! There is bad news coming!"

Her voice was low and calm, but the frightened

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girls detected vibrations of anguish running through her clear words.

"What is it? Who has come?" cried Flora, springing to her feet and looking down the valley.

"Who—who is the messenger?" faltered Kate Fraser, with a glow of shame on her face.

"It is the Prince!" answered Lady Clanranald.

"The Prince! and Dougal Carr riding at his right hand!" cried Flora, eagerly; for she was too glad for any idea, beyond that of the beloved one's presence, to reach her heart.

"It is defeat—it is ruin!" said Lady Clanranald. "I do not see Clanranald. Mother! mother!"

Her voice was like the cry of a wounded eagle, her eyes shone like stars in her fierce anguish.

"Mother, *he* is not here! I see the Prince, our kinsman of Boisdale, O'Sullivan, Murray, and enough others; but my son—where is my son?"

The poor lady felt a sudden grasp fastened on her arm, and, turning her face, saw that of Kate Fraser looking into hers, pale, cold, and deathly. The lips were in motion, and the eyes were piercing; but the poor girl uttered no sound.

Lady Clanranald gathered the wretched girl close to her and looked forth again. In the far distance was another horseman, all alone, riding slowly, as if disdaining the appearance of flight. The lady's eyes dilated, her face began to quiver, the white lips slowly parted. Then a glorious burst of joy leaped to her face, and, pointing her finger down the valley, she directed Kate's glance that way.

"Look, child, look for me! Your eyes are young, and mine seem blinded—I cannot trust them. Who is that riding alone far behind the rest?"

Kate stood upright and shaded her eyes from the setting sun. A long, eager glance sufficed. The warmth came back to her face.

"It is he, mother—it is Clanranald!"

Lady Clanranald sank softly to her knees, and, leaning her forehead against the casement, wept those silent tears of gratitude which fall quietly where the soul has learned to suffer and grow strong.

Loud, broken bugle notes now reverberated through the valley. The Prince and his followers thundered up to the portals of Dounie Castle, and drew up the panting horses, waiting for admission. While the women stood trembling above, Lord Lovat went down to the great hall to receive his august, but most unwelcome guest. The old man had known too many reverses not to keep his usual self-possession. Though coarse and selfish in his nature, he had learned all those insincere and worthless nothings, at the French court, which make up the hypocrisy of social life.

When the great oaken portals were thrown open to admit the fugitive Prince, Lord Lovat stood within the dim stone hall beyond, with a band of retainers around him, smiling pleasantly, as if he expected some good news.

The Prince reeled as he dismounted from his horse; cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead and upper lip; his deep blue eyes had a glitter of steel in them. He walked directly up to Lord Lovat, with all the dignity which ruin brings to a character of genuine nobility.

"My lord," he said, "it is a fugitive, not a king, who craves hospitality where he hoped to bestow honors. The enemy are on our track, my very presence is full of danger."

"The son of James Stuart is welcome to my poor house, be he fugitive or king," answered the old man, kneeling, and kissing the cold hand Charles Edward held out.

All the old French grace had come back to Lovat's manner. You might have believed him at Versailles rather than in his own old feudal castle. Charles was soothed by his reception. Had he known the old hypocrite better, the very cordiality and softness of his manners would have filled him with apprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY GOOD ANGEL.

As I crossed a field of new-mown hay,
On a lovely Summer morn,
A pretty young dove 'neath a willow-tree lay
Panting, affrighted and torn.

I did not ask who, in wantonness base,
Had wounded the innocent thing;
But in my bosom I gave it a place,
Resetting its broken wing.

But when I had reached my cottage again,
Behold! to my joyful surprise,
The poor, wounded bird an angel became,
And viewed me with loving eyes.

My heart had been withering, for many years,
From a pain that no art could allay;
I told her—she wept—and her crystal tears
Beguiled all my sorrow away.

Had I passed that dove, on that Summer morn,
And selfishly kept on my way,
A withered heart I had certainly borne
In a troubled breast to-day.

J. L.

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THE LADY OF LEON.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

In the deep recess of a window, in the hall of an old Gothic castle, there sat a lady, whose pensive gaze was fixed upon the stone floor on which were reflected the different colors of the stained glass panes. Her anxious looks, and the silent tear trickling down her fair cheek, told that her heart was full of sorrow.

So wrapt in thought was she, that, for some moments, she was unaware of the approach of a gray-haired man, whose troubled countenance betokened similar feelings to her own.

"Ah! Percy, you are here!" said the lady, raising her eyes toward the new-comer.

"Yes, my lady," answered the old man, "I have but just descended from the highest turret of the keep——"

"And hast perceived no sign of my returning lord? I know full well thou wouldst have added that, for thy looks prove it."

"Heaven and our lady grant that, before sunset, I may report differently," said Percy; "but up to this time, although I have stretched my weary gaze for well nigh a fortnight, nothing hath met mine eye."

"Thirteen days, methinks it is, since the last tidings of the marquis reached us," said the lady, in a half-musing tone—"thirteen long days; but we must not give way to melancholy thoughts, good Percy. Go up again to thy position and scan the horizon. Perchance even now my lord is returning with victorious banners."

The warder of the castle bowed reverently, and left the apartment. While he ascends to the summit of the keep, a few words will be necessary to introduce the reader to our story and its characters. The time I write of is the end of the year 1481, when was begun that brilliant and deadly war between the Christians and the Moors of Grenada, which terminated in the success of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and the subjugation of the Pagans.

The capture and sack of the Spanish town of Zahara had roused the ire of the king, and his blood boiled to wipe out the insult. Under these circumstances he issued orders to one of his most powerful feudal lords, the Marquis of Cadiz, to carry an expedition into the Moorish territory, and strike where he might have the greatest probability of success. Roderigo Ponce de Leon was not a man to waste precious time. Accordingly, not long previous to the opening of our narrative, he had started out at the head of his retainers to attack a certain town and fortress that his spies had informed him were weakly garrisoned.

This was Alhama, a crag built city, with a frowning citadel, which, if properly guarded, might resist with ease all assaults. But the Moors, relying in their fancied security, had become careless, and thus the Marquis of Cadiz thought he would have an opportunity to avenge the capture of Zahara. A few days after his departure, the Lady Isadoura, De Leon's noble spouse, had received the intelligence that her lord was within a short distance of Alhama, and preparing for the coming conflict; but since then nothing had she heard, and her mind became filled with anxious fears lest the expedition might not have been successful.

Thus she sat musing in her castle hall, with her gaze still bent upon the rush-covered stone floor, when a glad shout saluted her ear—the shout of the warder Percy, whose eye had distinguished afar off the rays of the departing sun glancing upon the shining casque of a knight, spurring furiously his steed, whose way led toward the castle. The Lady Isadoura arose hurriedly from her seat, her countenance beaming with joy, as Percy re-entered the hall.

"Well, Percy, what tidings?"

"A warrior, my lady, comes this way."

"But one?" asked the marchioness.

"One only, lady," replied the warder; "and he seemeth to have lately come from the field of battle."

"Let us down to meet him, Percy, and that quickly, too, for his tidings must I know—be what they may."

With these words the marchioness left the hall, followed by the warder, and, proceeding through several passages, issued from the main door of the donjon keep into the court-yard. The portcullis had already been lowered to admit the knight, who, blood-stained and covered with dust, and mounted on a steed whose flanks smoked from his toil, dashed across the bridge,

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and, dismounting, knelt at the feet of the Lady Isadoura.

"Martin Galindo!" exclaimed the marchioness.

"Yes, lady," answered the young man, "Galindo, the esquire, whose master, the noble De Leon, is even now pent in the town of Alhama, whilst the Moorish monarch, Muley Abul Hassan, advances with an overwhelming force to capture him and his devoted band."

"But how is this?" said the marchioness. "Hath Alhama then fallen into our power?"

"Even so, lady," answered the esquire; "led on by the valiant marquis, we stormed its heights and captured it—but now danger hangs over De Leon. Abul Hassan, enraged at our success, is encompassing the town with his pagan hordes. My lord sendeth to thee for succor. Quickly it must be sent, or all is lost." Pale and with lips compressed, the Lady Isadoura answered,

"It shall be forthcoming."

"But to whom wilt thou apply, my lady?" asked the warder Percy; "before we could inform the marquis' friends of his position 'twill be too late, for the distances are long and——"

"Canst thou not bethink thee of one who liveth near?" said the marchioness.

"Nay," answered the warder, "I cannot."

"Then will I tell thee. The Duke of Medina Sidonia is our neighbor."

"And our enemy," added Percy. "Assuredly, you do not forget the bitterness with which Don Juan de Guzman parted last from our lord."

"I do not forget it, Percy," answered Lady Isadoura, "and I am full well aware of his enmity to my husband; but Medina is a good knight, and true, and never yet refused to lend his help to one in need."

"Thou judgest him rightly," said Galindo, the esquire, "no nobler man liveth in Spain than Don Juan de Guzman."

"Saddle my palfrey, Percy. This night I seek Medina's castle, and this night shall prove to thee he will not disgrace his knighthood."

CHAPTER II.

In the baronial halls of Don Juan de Guzman the banquet tables are spread, and the guests and retainers assembled around them, for today has the heir of Medina Sidonia brought home his lovely bride, and merriment with revelry crown the passing hours. The ruddy glow of the torch casts a fitful light over the long oaken tables, which are covered with the choicest viands that the country can afford. Pages and serving-men run hither and thither, helping the guests, and bearing in huge dishes of various meats. The duke sits at the upper end of the hall, where the floor is slightly raised, and around him are gathered the noblest personages present, including his son and the fair lady who hath honored the latter with her hand. All are joyous. The duke pours out a brimming cup of wine, and, rising from his seat, the halls being hushed into silence, exclaims, "Now, my knights and liegemen true, let us drink a health to our Catholic sovereigns, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!"

A shout of applause greets the toast, and all raise their cups to their lips. The duke drains the contents of his own; but, whilst replacing the golden beaker upon the table, his quick ear distinguishes the sound of a horn without. His countenance immediately wears an anxious look, and he whispers to his son, "Our feasting is interrupted. Heard you that horn?"

"I did, my lord," answered the young man; "perchance 'tis some stranger who seeks an entrance to the castle."

"More likely 'tis the Moor," said Don Juan de Guzman; "but, haste thee, my son, and see what means this blast."

Arising from his chair, the heir of Medina proceeded toward the door of the hall, but had hardly reached it when it opened, and a lady, attended by a youthful esquire, passed over the threshold and bent her steps in the direction of the duke. As she walked up the long hall, those assembled at the tables looked at each other in amazement and whispered, "'Tis the Marchioness of Cadiz!"

A shadow flitted over Medina's face as he recognized his visitor; but it was soon gone, and a smile usurped its place as he arose and bowed to the spouse of his deadly enemy.

"Welcome, noble lady," he said, "our humble castle is much honored by thy presence."

"I seek it as a suppliant," answered the marchioness. "The wife of De Leon comes to Don Juan de Guzman in her hour of need."

"Don Juan de Guzman, as he values his knightly sword, will ever be ready to help a woman in distress," answered the duke.

"There spoke the spirit that I knew was in thee," said Lady Isadoura, inclining her head; "but, my lord, when thou hast heard the favor that I ask, perchance thou wilt not be so willing to assist me."

"Speak it, lady!"

"I know, my lord, that hate exists between thee and my husband. Now, if thou art a true knight, all past will be forgotten. The Marquis of Cadiz with his vassals are besieged in Alhama,

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their resources are giving out; and, though their brave spirits are unquenched, they must succumb to the superior power of the Moorish king, unless my prayers are answered and thou wilt hasten to their rescue."

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, as Lady Isadoura ceased speaking, and one exclaimed,

"You misjudge us, lady, if you think that any true liegeman of Medina's will draw his sword to help De Leon!"

The duke's steel flashed as he unsheathed it from its scabbard; and, casting a withering look upon him who had spoken last, he said, "You do not misjudge us, noble lady. My sword is at thy service. I will hasten to De Leon's succor, and every vassal who loves me will follow!" The arched ceiling of the hall resounded with a wild cheer.

"Alhama shall be relieved and Abul Hassan foiled," continued the duke, addressing Lady Isadoura, the swelling feelings of whose grateful heart now burst forth in tears which could no longer be restrained.

CHAPTER III.

At early dawn, some days after the events described in the previous chapter, Roderigo Ponce de Leon and his companion in arms, Ortega de Prado, stood upon the battlements of the Castle of Alhama. The face and form of the marquis showed evident signs of the great sufferings he had endured, but his eye still burned with the fire of unquenched valor and fortitude as he looked from the heights upon the Moorish camps below. Well might his body be worn out—almost three weeks having passed in constant scenes of strife. During this time had he and his faithful followers captured both the town and citadel of Alhama, repulsed the daring assaults of the Moors who had rushed from Grenada to their rescue—and all the while the brave defenders could but just keep from starving.

"This day settles our fate," said De Leon, gloomily. "If the marchioness does not bring us assistance, we must succumb to the Moor."

"Our men will die first," answered the veteran De Prado. "Muley Abul Hassan shall mount o'er our corpses in the breach before Alhama again is his."

"Amen to that!" said the marquis. "We must die for the honor of our faith. But hast thou heard any murmuring among our men?"

Ortega smiled, as he replied, "Those who claim Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon for their lord and master do not murmur."

The heart of the marquis swelled with feelings of pride. "God make me worthy of such noble liegemen! But see! what means this stir among our enemies?" The movements which the marquis descried seemed to be general throughout the Moorish camps. There was unusual bustle and activity.

"By our holy Virgin! they are preparing to depart!" cried Ortega de Prado.

"Then aid must be coming," added the marquis. "Yea, behold that dark line of armed men now appearing from yonder hills! Would that our gallant band had strength sufficient to sally out upon the retreating pagans! But it must not be. Muley Abul Hassan shall depart in peace. Hasten!" continued the marquis, turning to his companion, "and spread the gladsome tidings!"

De Prado obeyed Don Roderigo's orders, whilst the latter proceeded to make all preparations to receive his coming friends.

Evening was approaching. The last detachments of the Moors had disappeared in the distance at the same time that the Christian column was arriving in front of the walls of Alhama. De Leon, surrounded by his knights, had gone forth to meet his preservers, whilst the boom of ordnance gave out a welcome from the ramparts. The leader of the reinforcements, clad in a rich suit of armor, and mounted on a superbly caparisoned charger, rode toward the marquis and dismounted.

"De Leon!" he exclaimed.

"Medina!" cried Don Roderigo, in tones of amazement.

"Ay, rightly guessed, brave heart! But all that is passed must now be forgotten. Thy wife called on me to assist thee. I answered the call, and Juan de Guzman offers his hand to his former enemy."

The marquis grasped the extended hand, as he cried, in admiration, "Thou art a noble knight, and an honor to Spain's chivalry! Henceforth let us be as brothers!"

At this juncture, a lady, mounted on a palfrey, and attented by an esquire, rode up and dismounted.

"Isadoura!" exclaimed De Leon, as he pressed her in his arms.

"Ay, Isadoura, thy wife," answered the lady, "who is not only glad at heart that she hath rescued thee from the Moors, but also that, from this time forth, the houses of Medina and Leon will be united in bonds of friendship."

And the assembled armies shouted until the heavens rang again at the sight of this noble spectacle of a woman's love and devotion.

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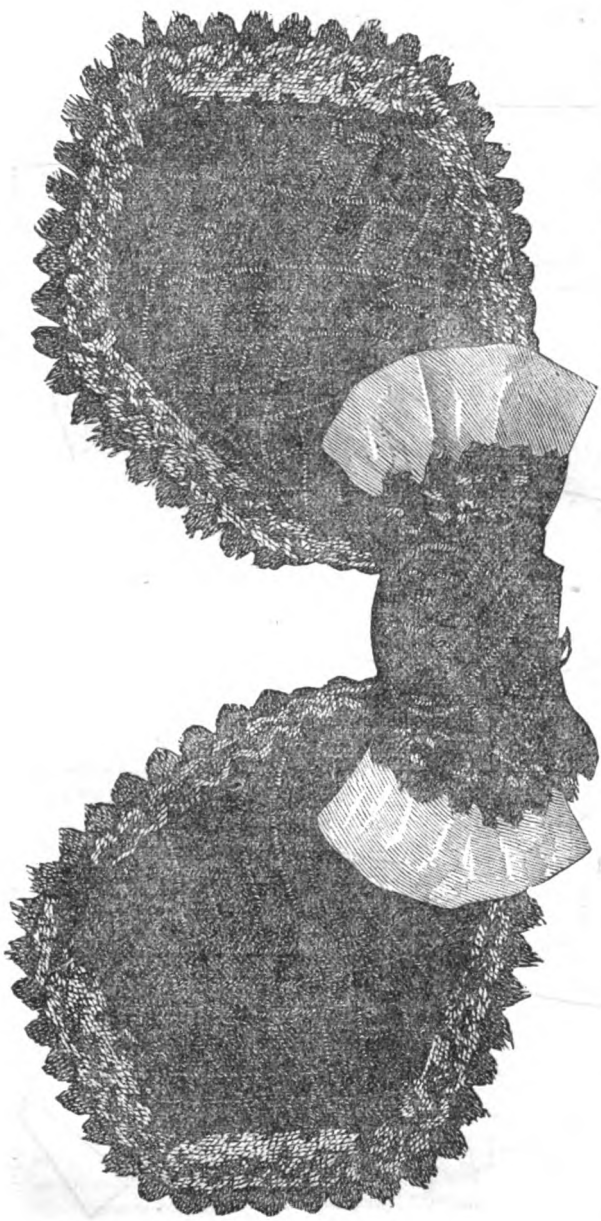
RIBBON CRAVAT BOW.

ORNAMENTED WITH STRAW AND TRIMMED WITH LACE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This very pretty style of bow will be found very suitable for the elegant little stand-up collars now so much in vogue.

It should be made in two colors, either in ribbon or velvet; or would look pretty made in two distinct shades of the same color.

If two colors are chosen, the darker one should be used for the ends and knot, whilst the lighter is only used for the two bows. The following mixtures will be found pretty: green and white, black and lilac, and cerise and brown.

The ends of the bow are about six inches long and four inches broad, and are pointed. These pieces are ornamented with a narrow straw trimming, placed in rows in a slanting direction, to form crosses. This is sewn on to the ribbon or velvet, which is afterward trimmed all round with a narrow black lace, put on plain, except at the corners, where it must be a little full.

After this is completed, the small bows should be put on; these are made of the lightest colored materials, and should be about two inches in width. The loop or knot of the darker shade should then be sewn round it, and the bow is complete.

To form the cravat for the bow: a piece of the ribbon should be folded in half, with a strip of stiff muslin laid between, and the ribbon slip stitched together on the wrong side.

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WAISTED ZOUAVE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our pattern and diagram, this month, are for a Waisted Zouave Jacket, made of cashmere and ornamented with black braid imitating a guipure pattern.

The lapels, collar, pockets, and edges, are trimmed with a small ruche alternately black lace and ribbon the color of the garment. It makes a very beautiful garment.

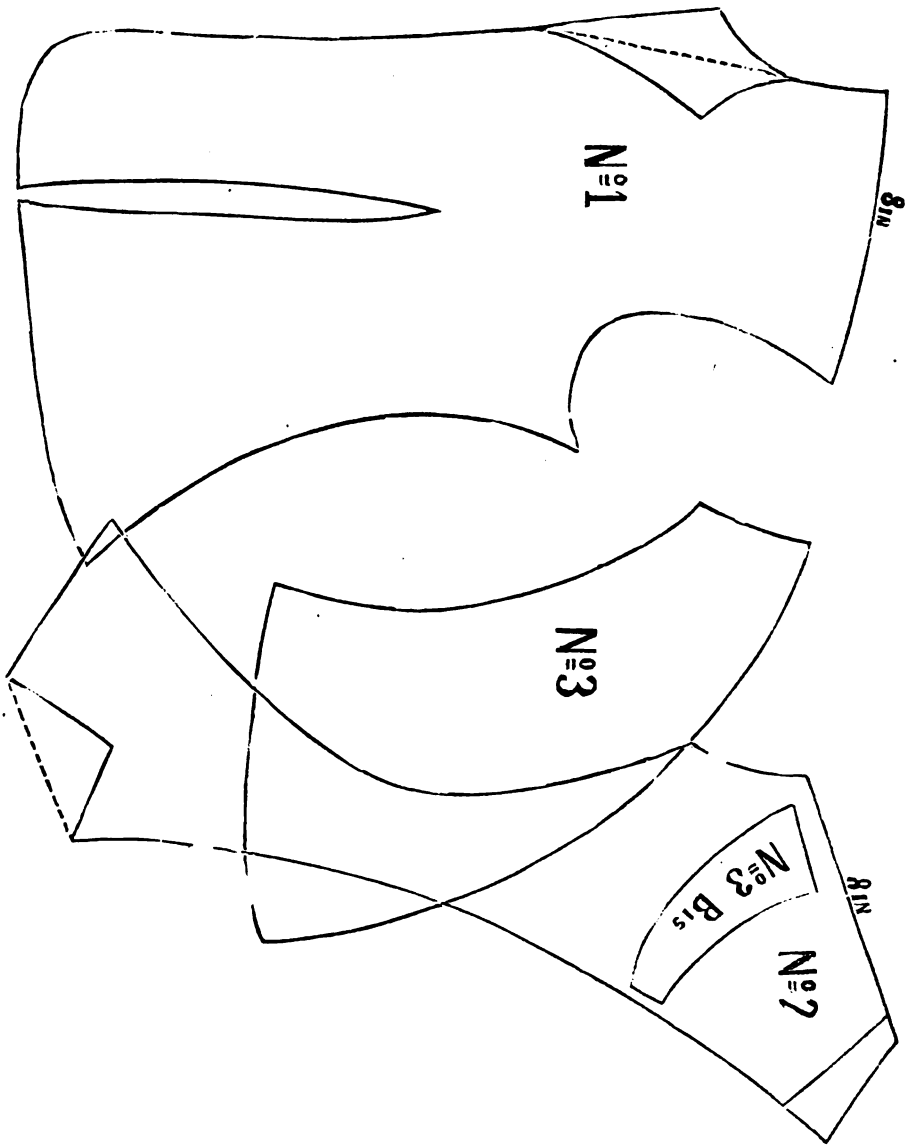

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DIAGRAM NO. 1.

No. 1. FRONT, with narrow lapel on the same piece.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

No. 3. *bis*. SIDE-PIECE of back joining the breasts in front.

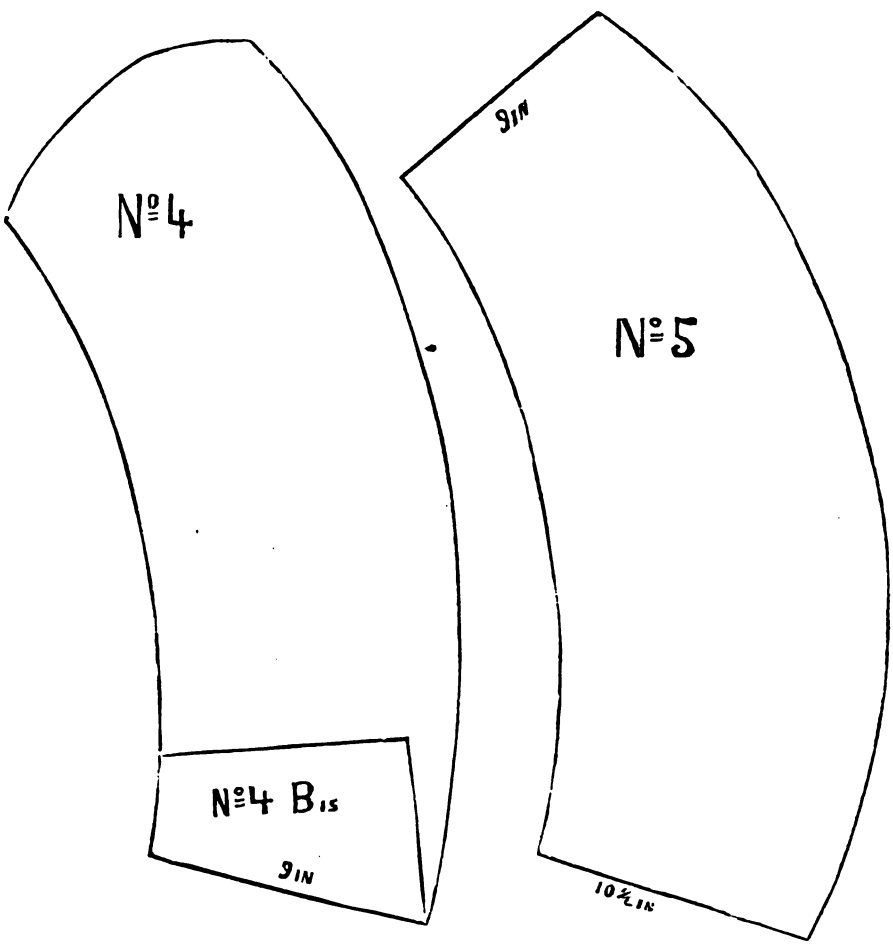
DIAGRAM NO. 2.

No. 4. FRONT OF SLEEVE.

No. 4. *bis*. CUFF.

No. 5. BACK OF SLEEVE.

This is destined to be one of the most fashionable articles for this fall and for the coming winter. It can be made, with the assistance of these diagrams, without the aid of a mantua-maker. On former occasions we have described, at length, how to enlarge the diagrams from our engravings and cut patterns from them in paper, so that it is unnecessary to repeat the process now.



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KNITTED UNDER-SLEEVE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS REQUIRED.—A large pair of box-wood knitting-needles, ¼ pound of white, and 6 ounces of a pretty shade of violet, single Berlin wool. This warm and pretty article is composed of two kinds of wool, and is knitted to form 2 small and 1 large puff. It is nearly entirely made of plain knitting, and is, therefore, quickly done. It is best when knitted loosely, to give it a very elastic appearance. It is worked in the following manner, and is commenced from the bottom by casting on 36 stitches in white wool, and knitting 12 rows. The violet wool is then joined on, and 24 rows knitted with this color. After these are completed, the commencement of the work should be taken up upon the needle to form the first puff. The white wool must then be joined on, and 2 rows worked, the first knitting 2 stitches together to fasten in the puff. 2 rows of violet and 1 of white, and 23 rows of violet, are then worked. After the band is worked, the 2nd puff is commenced in the same manner as the first, with the white wool. This puff is also fastened like the other, and 2 rows of violet, 2 of white, and 1 of violet worked for the band. For the 3rd puff, which is the largest, 40 rows must be worked with the violet wool, and in the 1st row 24 stitches must be made, so that at the end of the row there are 60 stitches on the needle. This increase is made by knitting 2 stitches into 1 stitch at intervals along the row. After the 40 rows are completed, join on the white wool and knit 1 row, taking 2 stitches together, and so decreasing the number till there are only 30 stitches left on the needle. The top of the sleeve is then knitted to form ribs, which is done by knitting 1 stitch plain and 1 stitch purl alternatively to the end of the row. After knitting 24 rows in the same manner the sleeve will be the required size; it should then be cast off and sewn together on the wrong side with some of the same colored wool.

The colors may be altered to any the worker may like, such as pink, scarlet, blue, green, or otherwise.

INSERTION OF CROCHET MEDALLIONS FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Boar's head cotton, No. 16.

Ladies are often at a loss to find a piece of work that they may take up at any leisure moment. The crochet insertion which we now submit to our subscribers is particularly suited for this purpose, or will answer extremely well for twilight work. For 1 rosette make a ring of cotton about 4 inches wide and 12 threads thick, and begin to work it round as in 1 row, with double crochet. When the half of the

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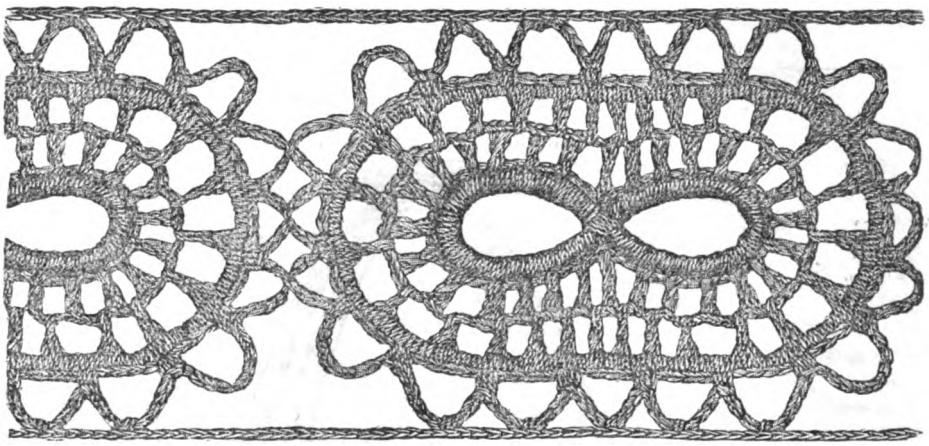

ring is reached, turn it round into the form of an 8, and crochet the other half thickly over. 2nd row: The first row must be worked round with 20 long stitches, between each of which make 2 chain; miss 1 stitch of the previous row between each of the long ones. 3rd row: * 1 long into the 2 chain of the previous round 2 chain, repeat from * to the end of the row. 4th row: Double crochet into every stitch. 5th row: On the first two stitches in the previous row * 2 double crochet, then 5 chain, miss 2, repeat from * 19 times. With these 5 rows 1 rosette is finished; the number of rosettes wanted must be made separately in this manner, and the three middle scallops on the narrow side of the rosette sewn on the corresponding 3 of the next one; in this manner all the rosettes are joined into one stripe. At the top and bottom of the rosettes a row of chain-stitch must be worked, and joined on to the 5 middle scallops with double crochet, as shown in our engraving. The insertion is then placed in the petticoat, and sewn on through the chain-stitch. It may also be used for trimming children's drawers. When crocheted in scarlet wool, or any bright color, the strips may be sewn together and a wool fringe looped in at each end. A very pretty winter antimacassar may thus be made in this manner.

BRAIDED JACKET.

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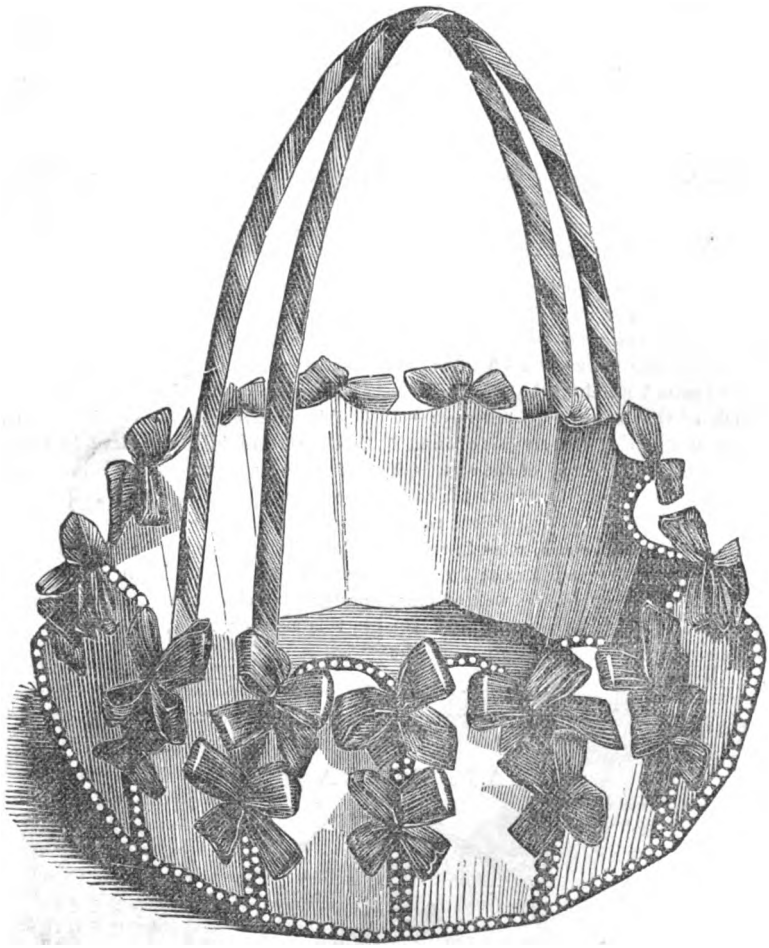
COTTON BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The sides are formed of twelve sexagons, which are to be cut in cardboard, and round each of which a very fine wire is to be sewn. The bottom is a piece of the same cardboard, having twelve equal sides made to fit exactly with the sides of the sexagons. All these are to be covered with pieces of colored silk brocade or satin. If the silk should have a pattern on it, and one of its flowers can be introduced into the center of the sexagons, the effect is much improved; if not, two prettily-contrasting colors may be made to alternate. According to the present fashion, grass-green and blue, or mauve and Magenta, are considered good accompaniments for each other. Each piece of cardboard should be tightly covered, and the edge of each may be finished in three different ways. Either it may be sewn round with a bright-colored silk, with sufficient regularity to make the stitches appear ornamental, or it may be neatly bound round with a narrow ribbon of a different color, or it may have a row of chalk-white, gold, or steel beads sewn on to the edges, so as to conceal the under-stitches. If this mode should be chosen, the row of beads round the bottom of the basket must not be sewn on until the twelve

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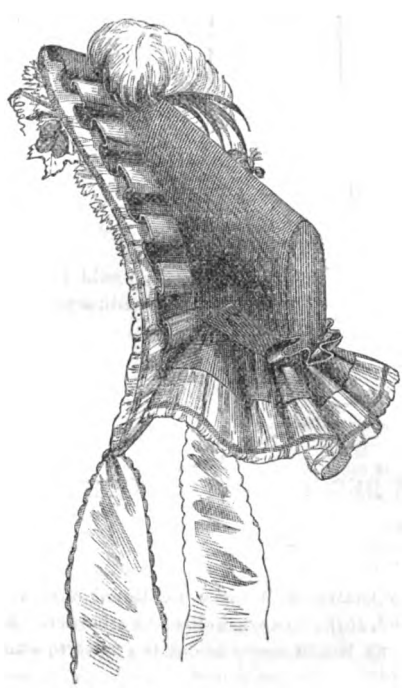
sexagons have been sewn on to the twelve-sided shape which forms the bottom of the basket. When this last-mentioned part has been done, the points of the sides must be fastened together, two and two, with a stitch and a bow, and the points meeting round the top of the same. A double handle is then to be attached, crossing at the top, as will be seen in the engraving, each being twisted round with colored ribbon. For the beadwork a strong and fine thread is necessary.

CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a beautiful and new pattern for a Carriage Wrapper. It is worked in single crochet, in different colored stripes, in Berlin wool. When each stripe is sufficiently long, the stars are worked in with a wool needle, each of the four leaves requiring three stitches to form it. This part of the work is very slight, but it adds much to the appearance of the work. All the stitches of each star meet in the center, but the middle stitch in each leaf is longer at the top. When the stripes are completed they are joined together by a double row of sewing, the stitches being taken all one way, and the contrary way returning, so that they cross each other; for this purpose black wool must be used. The arrangement of the colors are in some measure fixed by the laws of contrast; maize-color, violet, green, gray, and Magenta join well together, without being too violent in effect. The stars should be in alternate rows of black and white. A fringe, composed of the different colors, with black interspersed, completes this wrapper.

NEW STYLES FALL BONNETS.



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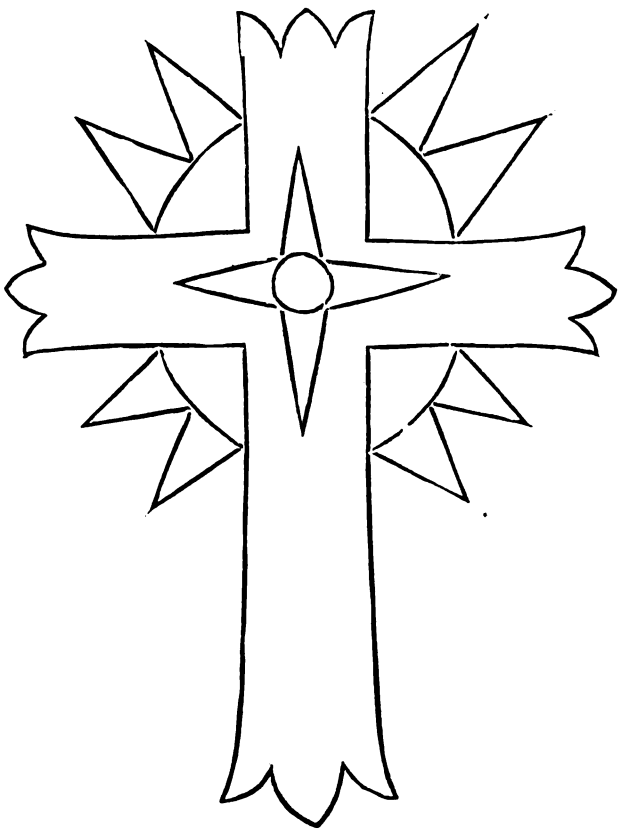
BIBLE-MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty design for the end of a Bible-Marker. The pattern may be worked either in silk or velvet applique, or embroidered in silk, or the pattern outlined in gold twist. Procure a piece of corded silk ribbon one yard and a quarter long, and three and a half inches wide, and cut a piece of velvet large enough to cover the cross. Form the pattern on a piece of card or stiff paper, place it on the wrong side of the velvet, and with a sharp penknife cut it out in the desired shape. Gum this velvet on to the ribbon, and finish off the edges with good twist sewn neatly on. The center star should be embroidered in fine gold twist. To make the marker complete, four crosses should be made, and two sewn on each end, one on each side of the ribbon; the extreme ends of the ribbon being ornamented with a gold fringe one and a half or two inches in depth. The length of ribbon we have given is sufficient for a double marker, it having no ornament at the top, but merely passed through the book twice. To work this in a more simple manner, gold twist might be sewn on over the lines indicated in the pattern. It would be very appropriate for a sermon-case, either embroidered in silk or applique in velvet.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE, OR BERCEAUNETTE COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of this beautiful Knitted Counterpane. Cast on any number of loops that will divide by twelve, with three additional ones at each end, to be always knitted as a border. Knit 3 rows before commencing the pattern, knit 8, *

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make 1, slip, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, repeat from the star to the end of the row. Purl the back row with the exception of the first 3 and the last 3, which are always to be knitted. Second front row: Knit 6, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl back row. Third front row: Knit 5, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl the back row. Fourth front row: Knit 4, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl the back row. Fifth front row: Knit 3, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, repeat from star. Purl back row. Sixth front row: Knit 2, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Seventh front row: Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, repeat from star. Eighth front row: Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, repeat from star. Purl back row. Tenth front row: Knit 5, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, repeat from star. Purl back row. Eleventh front row: Knit 6, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5, repeat from star. Purl back row. Twelfth front row: Knit 7, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2, make 1, repeat from star.

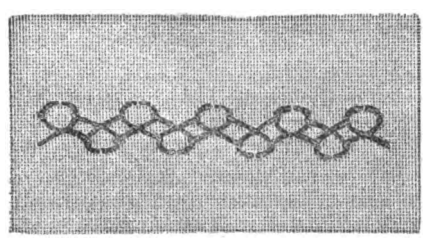
This pattern, if knitted for a counterpane, should be in No. 10 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s best knitting cotton; if for a berceaunette cover, in No. 16. If for this last-mentioned article, it should be done on steel needles, and lined with colored silk.

SMOKING-CAP IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This colored pattern, in the front of the present number, is a Smoking-Cap, and is to be made in black velvet or cloth. The leaves are of green velvet; the stems, outlines, and the veining of the leaves are embroidered with white floss or embroidery silk. The grapes are embroidered with silk, shading from dark gray to white. The pattern gives the proper size for the crown of the cap. The border should be eighth of a yard in depth, and five-eighths long. In making up the cap, interline the crown-piece with a stiff pasteboard. The whole cap is to be lined with quilted black silk. Finish with a handsome silk tassel of white and green sewing silk, mounted with bullion.

NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1863. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1863 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now *the largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1863, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found elsewhere. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh. Among the new writers added, this year, are the author of "Dora's Cold" and "Breach of Promise of Marriage," and the author of "The Murder in the Glen Ross" and "The Egyptian Beetle." This last writer, especially, is one of the ablest in America. *No series of tales, for years, has attained such sudden and wide-spread popularity.* It will be seen that one of our novelets for 1863 will be by this writer: and "The Second Life," the novelet in question, is, probably, the most powerful we have ever printed.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson*" *never descends to be a merely advertising medium* for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—Be of good cheer. Never despond. The sun will rise to-morrow; the world go on pretty much the same; you, we, and all of us, get our fair share of prosperity and happiness, no matter how dark things may look to-night. People always magnify trouble, which, at a distance, looms up large and terrible, like a dead tree in the dark, but which, when we reach it, turns out only an old stump after all.

SCREENS IN PEACOCK FEATHERS.—Many ladies in the country are in possession of very beautiful feathers, especially those of the peacock, for which they would be glad to find ornamental uses for the decoration of their apartments. One of the prettiest of these is to form them into screens, whether as hand-screens or a fire-screen, according to the quantity of feathers they are enabled to command. Circular fire-screens are very elegant, made in the following way: Mark a circle of the size required upon a piece of Penelope canvas, cut the feathers so as to leave their stems a couple of inches below the eyes, lay them all round the outer edge of the circle marked upon the canvas, passing the stem through to the back of the canvas, and fastening each one down with a few stitches; repeat row after row, taking care to place the feathers sufficiently close together perfectly to cover the threads of the canvas, until the vacant circle in the center becomes sufficiently small, and in this center place one of the smallest of the miniature looking-glasses that can be procured. Hand-screens may be made exactly in the same way if round, or if of the pear shape, then the feathers must be placed all round the upper part in curved lines, to suit the form, and the miniature looking-glass be placed just above the handle. The finish of these screens is also open to another choice to which many ladies may give the preference. The photograph of a friend, a relative, or of some noted public character, mounted in a round or oval frame, gives a corresponding interest, and is not less elegant. A third way is to work a handsome star in beads as a substitute for the two modes above mentioned.

A REMEDY FOR SEA SICKNESS.—In all ordinary cases, if in dread of sickness, lie down on the back at least a quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do. Let head, body, and back become, as it were, part of the vessel, participating in its motion without muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Travelers may like to test this counsel. If the results should not be successful, anyhow the advice will all the same have come to them without fee.

TASTE AND NEATNESS IN DRESS.—Nature has wisely given woman a love of neatness and generally an excellent taste in dress. To look like a "fright" is the dread of all the sex. A few touches in the way of ornament; a graceful, stylish fit; neat collars and laces: how these transform a lady! Not to know how to dress is to be only half as agreeable and pretty as you might be. Taste and knowledge, too, supply the place of money. There is more truth than is usually supposed in the old saying, "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

TAKE "PETERSON" FIRST.—The Dryden (N. Y.) News says, speaking of this Magazine:—"No lady should be without this Magazine to grace her parlor table. As the time for subscribing for a new volume is near at hand, we would advise all who cannot afford to take but one magazine another year, to subscribe for Peterson's, as it is the cheapest, and we believe the best now published."

PAINTING.—"She isn't all that fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself!"

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A New and Splendid Premium.—Two years ago, it will be recollected by old subscribers, we gave, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, a large-sized mezzotint for framing, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison." The picture from which it was engraved was one of a pair, painted by an eminent English artist, T. G. Duval; and its great popularity has induced us to have the match-picture, "Bunyan's Blind Child Parting from Him in Prison," engraved also. In some respects this second picture is better than its predecessor. It is engraved of the same size, twenty-seven inches by twenty. Most of those who have received the first mezzotint for a premium, will prefer this match-picture even to the extra copy of the Magazine. It will be seen, by referring to the Prospectus, that by getting up a club of three, five, or eight, any person becomes entitled to this splendid premium. Or by getting a club of sixteen, this mezzotint, and also an extra copy of the Magazine, may be earned; or a copy of both mezzotints, if no extra copy of the Magazine is desired. This mezzotint is neither a catch-penny affair, nor an old worn-out plate, but a first-class engraving, costing a thousand dollars to engrave. Such a mezzotint, when framed, would be an ornament to any room. The prospect of obtaining it, for a premium, ought to stimulate thousands, in a country so populous as this, to get up clubs. Anybody can secure, with little, or no trouble, three, five, or eight subscribers for "Peterson," at our astonishingly low prices, by exhibiting this, or any other number, as a specimen.

What the Newspapers all Say.—The newspaper press, which is a good judge, because it has the opportunity of comparing the various magazines, each month, says, with wonderful unanimity, that "Peterson" is the best as well as cheapest. We could quote hundreds of notices in proof of this, but have space for only a few. Says the Glocester (Mass.) Telegraph:—"Peterson, first of all the monthlies, comes first to hand, and is rich in its contents. It abounds in fashion-plates for dresses, which the ladies cannot do without. Let every family have Peterson. It is the cheapest as well as the best of the Ladies' monthlies." Says the Bangor (Me.) Jeffersonian:—"Peterson's Magazine is well worth ten times its cost. No prettier or more useful holiday present can be selected for a lady." The Mansfield (Ohio) Herald says:—"Peterson gives better original stories and engravings than any other Two Dollar Magazine in the United States." The Mining (Pa.) Record says:—"Like pure old wine, Peterson grows better with age: always taking care to be so progressive in his improvements, as to distance all competitors."

A Hint.—Sir David Brewster, writing on the illusions produced by the two eyes of a person combining the pictures of objects formed on their retina, says:—"In the decoration of our apartments, and in dresses, male and female, small recurring patterns should be avoided, and particularly small squares. The observer can hardly avoid uniting these squares, or analogous figures in female dresses, thus causing part of the dress either to bulge out or sink into hollows, a result which, while it gives pain to the eye of the observer, does not improve the person who is observed."

A Mussulman Notion of Crinoline.—A German journal relates the following anecdote, on the authority of a traveler, recently returned from Africa:—"A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wives, 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it, they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their dress.' Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this son of Mahomet."

Hair-Brushes.—A subscriber has written to us for directions as to the proper method of washing hair-brushes, an operation that requires much care if the brushes are to be preserved hard, and in good order. We all know that hot water and soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction. The following method we have tried, and found it answer admirably:—Dissolve a piece of soda about the size of a large walnut in two pints of *hot water*, pour the water into a basin, *and dip the brush up and down in the water* (without letting the water touch the back), until all traces of dirt are removed, using no friction whatever. Shake the brush well after rinsing it in a little clear cold water, wipe the back and handle with a soft cloth, and put the brush to drain in a shady spot. In cold, damp weather, the brush may be allowed to dry on the corner of the fender, provided there be not too large a fire. Clothes-brushes may be cleansed in the same manner.

A Pretty Border.—A very pretty, simple little border for a child's skirt and pardessus, may be made in the following way, without requiring an illustration:—Take a braid one-third of an inch wide, lay one row on the edge, and another just so far apart as may leave an inch of space between them, on which cross a narrow braid backward and forward, so as to form a chain. If on white, the braid may be mauve-color; if on colored cashmere, either black or a pretty contrast.

Do You Prefer Reading?—It will be seen, by reference to our Prospectus, that we offer a choice of three different kinds of premiums to persons getting up clubs. But if reading matter alone is preferred, we will send, instead of the extra copy, or mezzotint, or Album, a dollar and a quarter's worth of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications. A catalogue of these publications, (to choose from) will be forwarded, gratis, if written for.

Our Steel Engraving, this month, is from a very celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. How arch the expression of the girl! How sly the cat! In our December number, the principal engraving will be from an original picture; and there will be, in addition, a superb title-page, containing portraits of several of our most popular contributors.

Skeleton Leaves.—In preparing skeleton leaves, it is better to select the leaves of those plants which will require about the same time in steeping, as some will take double the time of others. This plan will ensure more success than when the leaves are indiscriminately placed in the same water.

Cheapest Published Anywhere.—Says the Addison (N. Y.) Advertiser:—"We think that Peterson gets up the best Magazine of the kind that is published in the United States: and it is the cheapest work for ladies that is published anywhere."

The United States Treasury Notes.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, which we prefer to all other ways of remitting. Remit at our risk.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World, showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel, originally written for the "Cornhill Magazine," a London periodical, has just been republished, in a neat octavo, by the Harpers of New York. It is very much better than

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"Lovel, the widower," which preceded it from the same pen; but inferior to either "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," or "Vanity Fair." Its inferiority, however, is more relative than positive: it is the same old story, and, therefore, not so fresh. But, after all, is not Thackeray, even when repeating himself, better than most others when doing their best and as yet unhackneyed? What knowledge of the world, what delicate satire, what purity of style, what anatomization of character, what exquisite detail of delineation, and, in spite of a very general opinion to the contrary, what large-hearted charity! Thackeray's chief fault, in "Philip" as elsewhere, is that he is unjust to woman. His female characters are still divisible into "Becky Sharps" and "Amelia Osbornes." In this novel, there is one improvement: there is no woman of the "Becky Sharp" school; but both "Charlotte" and "The Little Sister" are substantially "Amelia Osbornes," say with variations. Yet it is not intentional in Thackeray to depreciate the sex. He describes them simply as he has seen them and believes them to be: it is his misfortune that he has seen none of a loftier cast, nor has any ideal of such. We believe, however, that there are, even yet, in this work-a-day world, beings like Miranda, Portia, Rosalind, Imogen, Cordelia; we think we have known women, who, under similar circumstances to those imagined by Shakspeare, would have been what his heroines were: and we are sure that thousands of others might become capable of being such, if a lofty ideal was held up to them, if they were not told by novelists, and made to feel by the examples of too many around them, that the end of life is to be "the earth, earthy." It is here we take issue with Thackeray. No doubt he describes modern life, in certain phases, women and all, truthfully; but it is only a worldly life, at best; it pretends, indeed, to nothing higher: its moral is, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," with the added word of charity, "Speak no evil of the dead." Now, is this the view of life that will develope the highest manhood, that will make heroes or martyrs, Washingtons or St. Catharines? Is it not a low aim in a writer? That is all we have to say. Thackeray is exquisite Sevres, so to speak; but Sevres, after all, is fragile and transitory.

Edwin Brothertoft. By Theodore Winthrop. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This novel is another proof of the great versatility of the late Major Winthrop. "Cecil Dreeme" was a picture of city life; "John Brent" gave us life on the plains; and "Edwin Brothertoft" daguerreotypes the life of our Revolutionary fathers. The same essential qualities, however, characterize each fiction. Major Winthrop would have made a narrative-writer, rather than a dramatic one. He describes well, and graphically; but his characters rarely talk naturally. This absence of the dramatic faculty was a defect which time might have partially supplied, but never entirely. Our author was also wanting in constructive ability. His plots are no plots at all. But this, also, practice would have corrected, at least in some degree. On the other hand, the racy style, the vivid narrative, and the nobleness of soul, which characterize these three novels, would never have deteriorated, but probably have improved with age. Hence, if Winthrop had lived, he would, we think, have become one of our foremost writers. As it is even, "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft," will always be read, not only with a sigh for their author's untimely death, but also for the positive merit which they display as the early works of an unusually promising writer.

First Book in Chemistry. By W. Hooker, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an exceedingly well-written little book, and cannot fail to make the study of chemistry interesting to children. It is profusely illustrated, and in that excellent style which characterizes all the wood-engravings the Harpers put forth.

Les Miserables. St. Denis. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—We have here the fourth number of that remarkable serial, "Les Miserables." In "St. Denis" the fortunes of Cosette and Jean Valjean are still pursued; the time is the early years of Louis Philippe's reign; and Marius, Thernadier, and other characters, already familiar to the reader, continue to come and go on the stage. The story, as a story, occasionally drags, in order that the author may more effectually expose the injustices of society. But, with these exceptions, the interest is intense. A French atmosphere, however, pervades the book, as it pervades its predecessors: a certain "fuliginous" glare, as Burke would have called it, that seems, to Americans, melo-dramatic, as when the blue lights burn, just as the curtain falls, in a fairy spectacle at the theatre. Another volume will conclude the serial. The entire work is an eloquent protest against social evils. It is a cry, from the profoundest depths of humanity, speaking through the voice of genius, for the wronged and down-trodden of the great cities of Europe, nay, of civilization everywhere. What the Bible inculcates in "Do unto others as you would be done unto," what our forefathers meant, when they said, "Governments were instituted for the greatest good of the greatest number," that Victor Hugo, the exile for opinion's sake, seeks to teach, in these fictions, which unmask the social evils of our time, with such relentless severity to the oppressor, and such tender brotherhood for the oppressed.

The Mystery. A Story of Dramatic Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this story does not seek, like Victor Hugo, to expose the frightful abyss over which modern civilization impends, but employs the novel in its strictly legitimate capacity only, to tell a pleasant tale. And well she tells it! No cotemporary writer, not even excepting Wilkie Collins, or Charles Reade, is more skillful in the management of incidents than Mrs. Wood. In the present story, well-named "The Mystery," the interest begins with the first chapter, and is not only maintained, but also deepened in intensity, almost to the close. It is quite impossible to lay down the book, after once having begun it, till one has reached the end; and we advise nobody to take it up, therefore, unless there is leisure to finish it before bed-time. This faculty of arresting and fixing attention, merely by the skillful handling of incidents, is one of the rarest among novelists. It is one, too, never allied with the capacity of delineating character dramatically, unless in the very highest genius; and not always then. A fashion has grown up of calling all novels of this class "sensational;" but this is unjust, and is often only the poor revenge of critics who cannot themselves write a readable book. "The Mystery" is Mrs. Wood's best book.

Like and Unlike. A Novel. By A. S. Roe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—Mr. Roe is favorably known as the author of "A Long Look Ahead," "I've Been Thinking," "To Love and Be Loved," and other popular fictions. No one can charge *him* with being a writer of the "sensational" school; and yet he is never dull either. He is in fiction what a Pre-Raphaelite artist is in painting: he seeks to delineate life exactly as he sees it, and the consequence is that his novels have that rarest of all things in modern stories—local color. "Like and Unlike" is, probably, his best work. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Practical Observations on Vegetable Diet.—If the world is indebted to the farmer and the agriculturist for raising the products of the land for the food of man, surely some gratitude is due to him who shows how food thus

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produced can be rendered most beneficial for the support and enjoyment of mankind. To support the largest number of persons on the smallest piece of ground is the object to be attained; and, in order to accomplish this desideratum, cookery must be brought to our aid, compelling each article to yield its strength. And if proper attention were paid to the perfect cultivation and preparation of vegetables, much less demand would be made for animal food.

It is customary in dietaries to show the estimate of the comparative degrees of nutriment contained in each article of food, by showing how much of the elements of nutrition they separately contain; and a conclusion is arrived at by ascertaining the quantity of starch, albumen, fibrine, etc., they may hold in their composition; or, still further, by the oxygen, carbon, iron, and other elementary substances of which they are composed. Such researches are vain; the amount of nutriment is not to be measured by such means. *It is to the organization of the food we are to look, rather than to its crude particles.*

In the application of heat, great care is requisite, and in some cases a strong heat is less effective than a moderate one, as is the case with some beans, and even with potatoes. When too strong a heat is applied to the beans, they remain hard, though they boil; the reason being that the heat penetrates quicker than the water, and by roasting the interior prevents it from softening.

The Value of Wheat and Oil.—The most important vegetable, as generally estimated, is wheat; and considering that it not only forms the basis of bread, but also of pastry and other luxuries, it may hold the high rank it has obtained. Bread is generally spoiled by not being baked enough, under the erroneous idea of economy. It is then unpalatable, and more sparingly used; but it is a poor way of lessening its consumption by deteriorating its quality. Oil is an important article of vegetable diet, and is a good substitute for butter or fat. Pastry should be made with oil: it is as light as butter, and as rich; but it depends upon the skill of the operator. It requires a large quantity of oil. In order to make it light, it should be rolled out several times, and each time a little flour and oil spread upon it; and then, being doubled and very lightly rolled, so as not to adhore, each roll will produce one flake.

Tea Cakes and Pound Cakes.—Tea cakes should be made with oil, flour, and brown sugar, without water; and pound cakes in the same way, except that they are baked in deep pans, so that the interior of the cake is very soft. The general cause of failure is not using sufficient oil.

Bread Puddings.—A very good bread pudding is made by beating up bread and water and oil and sugar together, and boiling it in a basin, covered by a cloth, for an hour and a half (if it be a pint size), or it may be baked, and currants may be added.

Plum Pudding.—A very excellent plum pudding can be made in the same way, with the addition of chopped raisins, brandy, cinnamon, and lemon-peel chopped fine.

Cheesecakes —Cheesecakes are made with potatoes, oil, sugar, and lemon, beaten up fine, put into an oil crust, and then baked.

Custards.—A capital custard is made of tapioca, sago, or arrowroot, beaten up in cold water to the thickness of treacle, and boiled for an hour, which thickens it: oil, sugar, and cinnamon being added, put into a deep dish, and bake until the top is browned to a crust.

Rich Paste and Fruits.—Rich paste may be made by blanched almonds pounded with sugar, which is of fine flavor, resembling rout-cake. Preserved fruits are well known: they should be preserved in bottles, *without* sugar, simply by boiling the bottles which contain them.

Potatoes.—Potatoes are, from their good qualities, as well as their cheapness, a most important article of diet; they are best when young, about June, and after some weeks they begin to change from waxy to mealy, at which time they are not good, but shortly become settled and mealy. Potatoes are considered nutritious although they be waxy, and thus glutinous. They should be put into cold water, and boiled slowly in the rind, to prevent the air from turning them rancid. After which they should be mashed with a *wooden* pestle, with oil and salt, and may either be thus eaten, or may be made up into patties, and fried in oil till brown. They then make a very rich dish.

Brocoli and Cauliflower.—Brocoli and cauliflower are among the best and most nutritive vegetables. Cauliflowers are best in the autumn; they should be simply boiled ten minutes in hot water, and skimmed, but should be divided and washed, before boiling, to avoid insects. When mashed with oil and salt, and spread on bread, it is an excellent substitute for butter. Young cabbages serve the same way. Greens should be used when young, and before they turn into a globe, and when the outside leaves are left.

Turnip Tops.—Turnip tops may be used similarly, and also spinach; they are both excellent. In all these preparations care should be taken not to boil too long, in which case the vegetable becomes watery. When properly done, it may be known by removing the greens from the plate, and observing whether they leave the same clean green liquor on the dish, which is the criterion of their being done.

Turnips may be done the same way, but are not so good as the tops.

Artichokes.—Real artichokes are one of the best of vegetables, and may be done as above.

Parsnips are very good and substantial; they are best when young, in the autumn: they will be found very palatable when mashed up and fried in oil, like potatoes.

Green Peas stand pre-eminent, but are often spoiled; first, by being gathered either before or after their becoming mature; and, secondly, in the boiling, as the essence of the peas is wasted in the water. They should always be steamed, or stewed, and then their flavor is delicious, and, if gathered long before used, should be watered in their pods.

Broad Beans are not much inferior to peas. They should be used when their eyes begin to change color, and are improved by being skinned, and stewed with oil without water, after having been boiled previously.

Mushrooms are well known as a superior and useful vegetable; they resemble meat in flavor, and are stewed without water, adding black pepper and salt; the thin flat ones are the best, but they should be broken, in case of maggots or maggot-holes.

French and Scarlet Beans, etc., are singularly nutritious; they should be used before the seeds are grown, and should be stewed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, for a short time, after having been boiled. The beans, when dried, form a principal item of food. Very good soups can be made with vegetables alone; celery or lettuce are principal ingredients; parsley, carrots, and parsnips are added; and the whole should be stewed two hours, taking care not to make the liquor thin by too much water.

Another excellent vegetable is the onion. They should first be boiled, and then stirred with oil, without water, after which they may be browned before the fire. Jerusalem artichokes and beetroot are not equal to the vegetables just treated upon, but they are also good. Cucumbers form a nice dish when stewed, and balls made of bread, oil, and parsley added, to render the whole substantial. Rice is in high esteem, but it is seldom cooked properly; it should be first soaked for a day, and then slowly stewed till quite soft. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate form important articles of diet. Tea and coffee have generally

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received an ill name as to their effect upon the nerves, but without reason. Coffee ought merely to be scalded, not boiled; cocoa and chocolate should never be bought from grocers, but of the manufacturer, and asked for pure, otherwise it is adulterated.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Hashed Game—Ingredients.—The remains of cold game, one onion stuck with three cloves, a few whole peppers, a strip of lemon-peel, salt to taste, thickening of butter and flour, one glass of port wine, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of ketchup, one pint of water or weak stock.

Mode.—Cut the remains of cold game into joints, reserve the best pieces, and the inferior ones and trimmings put into a stewpan, with the onion, pepper, lemon-peel, salt, and water or weak stock; stew these for about an hour, and strain the gravy, thicken it with butter and flour; add the wine, lemon-juice, and ketchup; lay in the pieces of game, and let them gradually warm through by the side of the fire; do not allow them to boil, or the game will be hard. When on the point of simmering, serve, and garnish the dish with sippets of toasted bread.

Time, altogether one hour and a quarter.

Seasonable, from August to March.

Note.—Any kind of game may be hashed by the above receipt, and the flavor may be varied by adding flavored vinegars, curry powder, etc.; but we cannot recommend these latter ingredients, as a dish of game should really have a gamey taste; and if too many sauces, essences, etc., are added to the gravy, they quite overpower and destroy the flavor the dish should possess.

To Make Crumpets.—Set two pounds of flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm; then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten, and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter, and beat them all well together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying-pan; then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow.

Irish Stew.—Take two or three pounds of the neck of mutton and cut it into chops; pare three pounds of potatoes, cut them into thick slices, put them into a stewpan with a quart of water, two or three carrots, turnips, or onions may be added (the last are seldom omitted); salt and pepper the mutton when added to the gravy; let it boil or simmer gently two hours, and serve very hot. Its excellence much depends on the last instructions being fulfilled.

To Make Flour Paste.—Paste is formed principally of wheaten flour boiled in water till it be of a glutinous or viscid consistence. It may be prepared with those ingredients simply for common purposes; but when it is used by book-binders, or for paper hangings to rooms, it is usual to mix a fourth, fifth, or sixth of the weight of the flour of powdered resin; and where it is wanted still more tenacious, gum arabic, or any kind of size, may be added.

To Keep Grapes for the Table.—Fasten packthread lines near the ceiling of a cool but not damp room. Pick the grapes before they are very ripe; cut out every one that is decayed, but do not let their juice touch those that remain; seal the extremity of the stalk to keep it from drying, and hang the bunches on the packthread.

HORTICULTURAL, ETC.

Plants in Windows.—We have made, this year, various remarks about the management of plants in windows; but, to oblige our correspondent "Annie," we will briefly sum up what is best to do with window plants. In the first place, never water the plants but when they actually require it—a fact which may soon be ascertained by simply feeling the soil with the finger, when, if it is moist, no water will be needed; but, if dry, which will not happen oftener than every other day in autumn, once a week, perhaps, in winter, but daily in spring and summer, then water them thoroughly, upon the principle that "a thing worth doing, is worth doing well." Secondly, never permit the plants to stand in water; that is to say, if saucers are used, take care to empty them as soon as the water has run through the pot. Thirdly, use rain or river water in preference to anything else; but, if spring or pump water is all that you can command, let it stand in the open air for two or three days previous to using. Fourthly, let the room where the plants are be kept up to as regular a temperature as possible, and the flowers themselves as near the window as you conveniently can, provided the weather is mild; but, in severe weather, it is advisable to keep them in the center of the room during the night. Fifthly, whenever an opportunity presents itself, give them as much fresh air as possible, either by removing them outside, or by throwing up the window as high as you can. Sixthly, shade them from sun in hot weather, otherwise it would cause those in bloom to throw off or drop their flowers. Lastly, examine them every now and then to see whether they are full of roots; and should you discover such to be the case, lose no time in shifting them into pots a size larger; but should the plants thus cramped be considered not worth the trouble, an additional supply of water will, to a certain extent, remedy the evil. It will also prove a great benefit to them to occasionally sprinkle a little water over their foliage, which will not only remove any dust, but freshen them up. If these rules are carefully attended to, you will have little cause to complain of your pets looking sickly, their buds falling, or their blooms dropping.

Mildew.—The plant upon which the mildew has begun to make its appearance should be syringed with a strong solution of green leaves of the elder; or, where this is not to be had, a decoction of nitre, in the proportion of one ounce of nitre to one gallon of water, will answer equally well. We have known sulphur and soapsuds to do the work, provided the case has not been of too severe a nature; but sometimes we have seen it fail. At all events, the latter being a very simple remedy, it is worth a trial.

Specimen Fuchsias.—Good, turfy loam, with a small portion of well-decomposed manure, is the right sort of compost to grow them in; but where you have a desire to encourage them, by means of liquid manure, let the solution be both clear and weak. In a word, an ounce of guano, to three gallons of rain water, or double the quantity of superphosphate, to a like quantity of water, is the proportion to use, as the principal object is to avoid using it too strong, and to vary the kinds in the same way that we vary our food.

DESSERTS.

Artificial Cheese.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonfuls of wine-vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain, then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rose-water, put it into a cullender, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

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Boiled Rice Pudding.—Swell a large cupful of rice in milk until quite soft; then mix with it two eggs, milk and cream sufficient to make it very thin. Butter a mould well, stone a few raisins and stick them round the mould; add currants and sugar to the rice; fill the mould, tie it over and boil it. When sent to table add a custard, flavored with a teaspoonful of rum, round the pudding. This is excellent when eaten cold.

Blancmange.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

Rice Blancmange.—Take one pint of new milk, add to it two eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of ground rice, two spoonfuls of brandy; grate a little nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, boil it; when near cold, put it into your mould; when quite cold, turn it out, mix a little sugar, cream, and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

Cheese Cream, a Plain Family Way.—Put three pints of milk to one half-pint of cream warm, or according to the same proportions, and put in a little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either of china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour; serve with a good plain cream and pounded sugar over it.

Rice Balls.—Pour upon a half-pound of rice three pints of boiling milk, and boil it with a little cinnamon and lemon-peel until it is quite tender, then sweeten it; allow it to remain until it is cold, and make it into balls. Beat up two eggs, roll the balls in it, and afterward in grated bread-crumbs; fry them in lard, drain them on a piece of paper, and serve them up covered with sifted sugar.

Lemon Ice-Cream.—Take the juice of four lemons, and the peel of one grated; add two gills of syrup, and one pint of cream; mix it altogether, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

To Remove Soreness Round the Lips.—Soreness round the lips is often, if not always, caused by a heat in the places affected, and may easily be removed by applying any of the cooling balsams which are so common, Milk of Roses and Cold Cream being the two most in use. To prepare the former, take five ounces of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter almonds, two pints and a half of rose-water, half an ounce of white curd soap, half an ounce of oil of almonds, two ounces of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, twenty drops of English oil of lavender, twenty drops of otto of roses, and a pint of rectified spirit. Blanch the almonds, and beat them with a little of the soap and rose-water. Melt together the oil of almonds, spermaceti, and white wax, and mix with the former into a cream, and strain it through fine muslin. Then add, gradually, the remaining rose-water; and, lastly, the spirit, with the essential oils dissolved therein. To prepare Cold Cream, take six ounces of lard, one ounce and a drachm and a half of spermaceti, three drachms of white wax, three ounces of rose-water, fifteen grains of carbonate of potass, three-quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, three drachms of essential oil of bergamot. Melt the three first, then add the rose-water, carbonate of potass, and spirits of wine, stirring well, and when nearly cold, add the perfume.

Aleberry is a beverage much in request in some parts of the country as a domestic remedy for a cold. It is made by boiling ale with spice and sugar, and adding toasted bread.

Cold in the Head.—A Belgian physician, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome affection may be frequently arrested by a brisk friction of the *back* of the head with some stimulant lotion, as lavender water, sal volatile, etc.; and, moreover, that a similar rubbing, practiced two or three times a week, will prevent the "catching" of a cold by those who are liable to do so from slight causes. Just one other little bit of domestic medicine before we close. There are people for whom cod-liver oil is needful and proper, and who are yet unable to retain and digest this useful remedy. According to M. Dannecy, ten grains of calcined magnesia suspended in a little water, and taken after each dose of the oil, will coax the most recalcitrant digestive apparatus into submission to the infliction.

Pomade for Chapped Arms and Hands.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Parsnip Wine.—Wash the parsnips clean, and cut them in slices the thickness of a penny; to one gallon of parsnips add two gallons of water, boil till the parsnips are soft, then strain it off. Put three pounds and a half of sugar to the gallon; cut four lemons, boil them in a little of the wine, and put them in while it is warm; set it with a little yeast, the same as beer. Let it stand a day or two before you put it in the cask to work.

Preserving Butter.—The French, who use butter very freely in their cooking, preserve it for winter use by melting it in a hot water bath, into which they place the vessel which contains it, straining it through a tammy cloth after it has well settled, while in a liquid state, and adding to it a little salt. By this process it will continue perfectly good for many months.

Ginger Beer Powders.—Take of powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water, mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

Rain Spots may be removed from cloth by carefully sponging the article all over with cold water, and hanging to dry in a cool place. *Or:*—You may get rain spots, or nearly anything else, out of cloth, by rubbing it with benzine.

Wine Stains.—An easy method of removing wine stains from table-cloths, is to hold the stained part in milk while it is boiling on the fire. The stains will soon disappear.

Rice Glue.—This elegant cement is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it; it is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with white lace. The cloak is of the style called the "Colleen Bawn," and is trimmed with swan's-down and white lace. Head-dress of blue ribbon and long blue ostrich feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS of the new colored silk called "Leather Color." The dress is trimmed with black velvet and narrow black braid. Bonnet of white quilted satin, trimmed with black velvet. Two rows of narrow black velvet ornament the strings.

FIG. III.—THE MARIANA.—A dress of maize-colored foulard silk, braided with a narrow brown braid. The deep circular cape, the sleeves, sash, Medici waist, and the close-fitting jacket, known sometimes as the Figaro, and some-

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times as the Senorita, are all braided to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—THE FRANCESCA.—A dress of gray French worsted poplin, trimmed, as well as the basque, with black velvet.

FIG. V.—THE ISABELLA.—A cloak of black silk, with a deep ruffle at the bottom. The deep pointed collar is formed of guipure lace.

FIG. VI.—THE CAROLINE.—A cloak of gray cloth, ornamented with black braid. It is cut so as to fall rather plainly just at the back, and in front, but full on the shoulders.

FIG. VII.—A FULL CIRCULAR CLOAK, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. It is cut very full on the arm, forming a sleeve. There is a double box-plait on each shoulder, ornamented with three black velvet loops, fastened at either end with a black velvet button. The edge of the cloak is bound with black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—WHITE MARSEILLES VEST, braided with black, to wear under a Zouave or Senorita jacket.

FIG. IX.—BONNET OF ROYAL PURPLE VELVET, (from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York,) black and white illusion, front bound with purple velvet. A plaiting of purple velvet extends down the left side, and on the right side a fulling of wide white blonde lace: both are finished directly on the top, so as to be seen from the front, by a small white ostrich feather, fastened by a black poppy with purple velvet leaves, part of the flower extends down with the lace on the right side. The cape is bound with purple velvet, and covered with black and white illusion about half-way up, when it is finished with purple velvet, which connects with the bonnet in a box-plaiting. The inside has a white insertion edged with black, through which a purple velvet fold is run; on the top is a double loop of purple velvet, a couple of red roses, a white and purple aster, finishing on the left side with a black flower and a red rose-bud: all the flowers inside are intermingled with black lace. Broad white strings.

FIG. X.—FRENCH BONNET, (from Mrs. Cripps, 571 Broadway, New York.) The body of this very distinguished bonnet is of black velvet, the crown plain and flat; the front is black velvet about half-way up the side; but the upper part of the front is finished with a fan-like trimming of velvet; the color, new and exceedingly rich, can only be described as a tawny orange. This trimming is fluted on the top of the front, forming a beautiful edge to the bonnet, then it passes plainly about half-way down the sides and folds into the face trimmings. This unique trimming is completed near the crown by a fullness of black thread lace, which nearly covers the plain portion of this trimming, and, folding over the hem, mingles with the inside ruche. On the left side of the bonnet this lace falls both ways, and is gathered in profuse plaits in the center with a band of the orange velvet, held in place by jet ornaments connected by delicate jet chains. A black ostrich feather springs from this cluster of lace, sweeping to the left side and curling over the front. The cape is black tulle, headed with black velvet finished by a band of orange velvet, edged with lace and fastened with jet. The cape is bound with black velvet. The face trimmings are a full ruche of blonde, with black velvet bows with golden centers, a black velvet band extends over the top edged with black lace; a double bow of the tawny orange velvet ornaments the right side. Rich black strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The maize-color which has been so fashionable during the summer, still retains its sway; but it frequently deepens into the various shades of fawn as the colder weather approaches. The rich shade of brown known as *cuir* or leather-color, is extremely elegant, as well as the *Havannah*, which is an indescribably rich shade of gray. Dark blue, green, and violet are still very popular.

MAIZE-COLOR trimmed with white is very pretty, but is rather light for autumn wear, except for the house. A favorite trimming for a maize-colored dress, consists of rosettes of black ribbon, in the style called "Watteau Bows." These are placed in rows at the bottom of the skirt, and have a very pretty effect. Black braid or velvet, instead of being in straight rows, may be set out in a Greek pattern. Sometimes this pattern is formed of narrow black lace insertion. These styles of trimmings may be used for dresses, however, of any color with very good effect.

TRIMMING is still universal for skirts of dresses, though there is but little on the skirt. One narrow flounce, a few rows of braid or velvet, a braided pattern, or a narrow quilling of ribbon seems indispensable. Sometimes there is a narrow flounce with a design in braiding above it, or two flounces with the braiding between them. Black lace insertion is frequently put on silk dresses of richer description, not only on the sleeves and body but around the skirt.

MOST BODIES are made with small points at the back and in front, and the bodies are not much trimmed, except they are braided.

THE ORIENTAL VESTS AND THE SENORITA VESTS, at present so extremely fashionable, are at once becoming and convenient. They are simply jackets, varying little from those designated last year the "Zouave" and the "Figaro." In like manner, the "Saute-en-Barque," this year so popular, is merely the paletot of velvet or silk which has been worn with slight modifications during the last two years.

The "Saute-en-Barque" is of the style of the jacket in "The Isabella," Fig. No. 5.

EVENING DRESSES, if of a thin material, are frequently made with two skirts, the upper one rounding off from the front and trimmed with a ruffle of the same material as the dress, or a narrow lace ruffle.

BONNETS are not so high nor so pointed in front, but still sufficiently high to admit of a good deal of trimming on the top. One of the prettiest bonnets which we have seen is of gray Neapolitan. The cape is of gray silk, edged with pink piping. In front two small tufts of pink feathers are separated by a bouquet of moss rose-buds. The under-trimming is formed of blonde, black lace, and rose-buds. Strings of pink ribbon. Another is composed of white crape, puffed and trimmed with brown ostrich feathers, and brown strings.

CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, AND SACQUES will be worn longer this winter than they were last year, and will fit less closely to the figure.

SHOES, ETC.—Some time ago we noticed partial symptoms of the revival of an old fashion of the last century—we allude to silk stockings having colored ornaments in the corners, or, as they are technically called, "Clocked Stockings." The ornaments are embroidered on stockings of silk and Lille thread. Last year this fashion had just made its appearance, but it is now getting more widely spread. These embroidered stockings are worn in full dress, and with high-heeled slippers. It is considered good taste to have the latter of the color of the dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The dress and jacket are of gray alpaca, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons. Hat of black felt with a long gray plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt is tucked with rows of white braid above the tucks, and the body and caps of the sleeves are also tucked. Full white under-sleeves.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.—The pantaloons and vest are of gray cashmere, and the jacket of navy blue cloth, trimmed with brass buttons.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

DECEMBER.

1862.

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SOFA CUSHIONS.

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A TOUGH SUBJECT.

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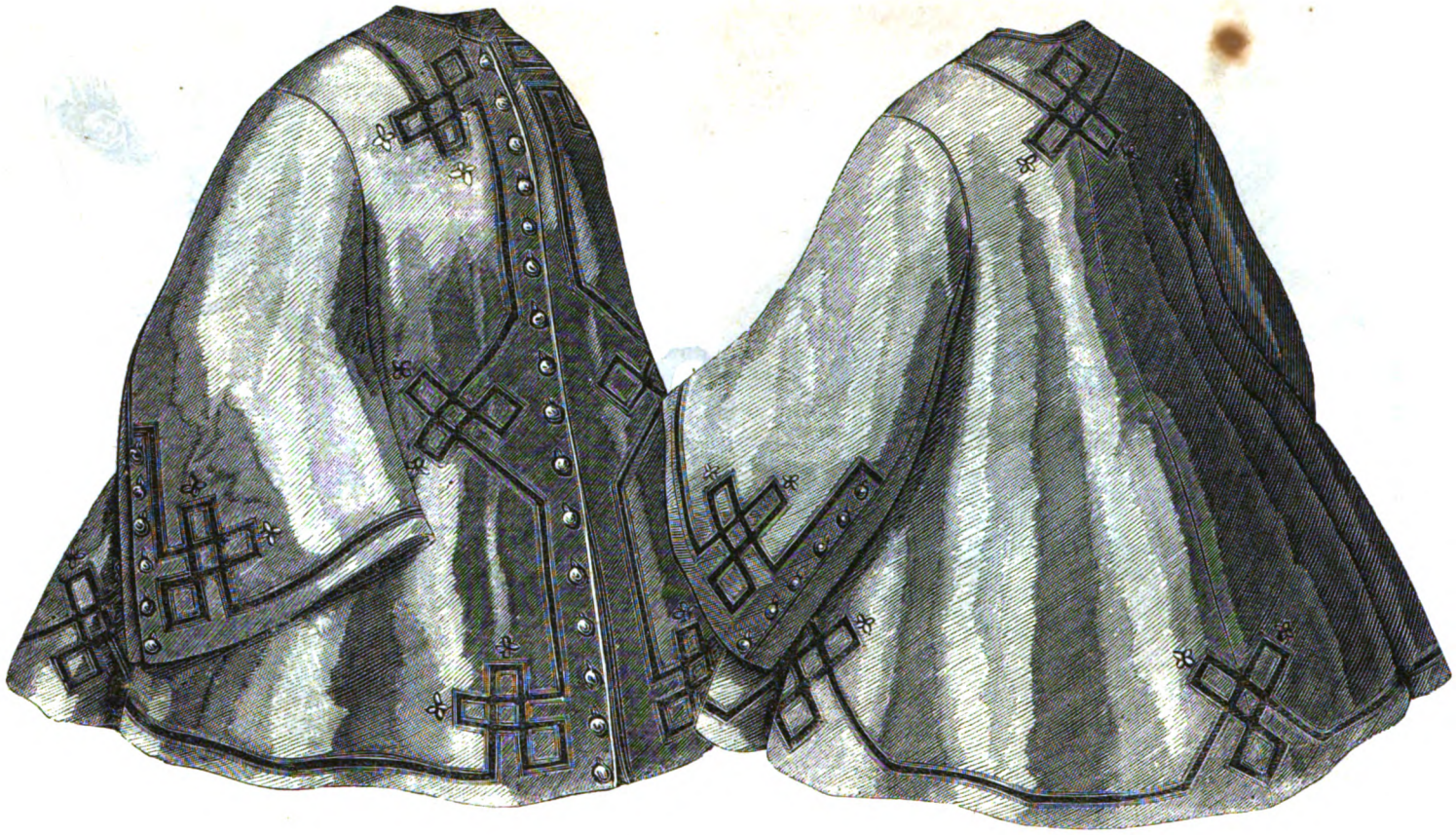

SACQUE CLOAK: FRONT AND BACK.

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NEW STYLE BONNET

NEW STYLE BONNET.

NEW STYLE BODY.

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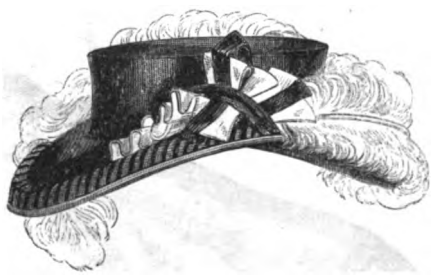
WINTER BONNET.



WINTER HAT.

BLACK LACE BASQUE.

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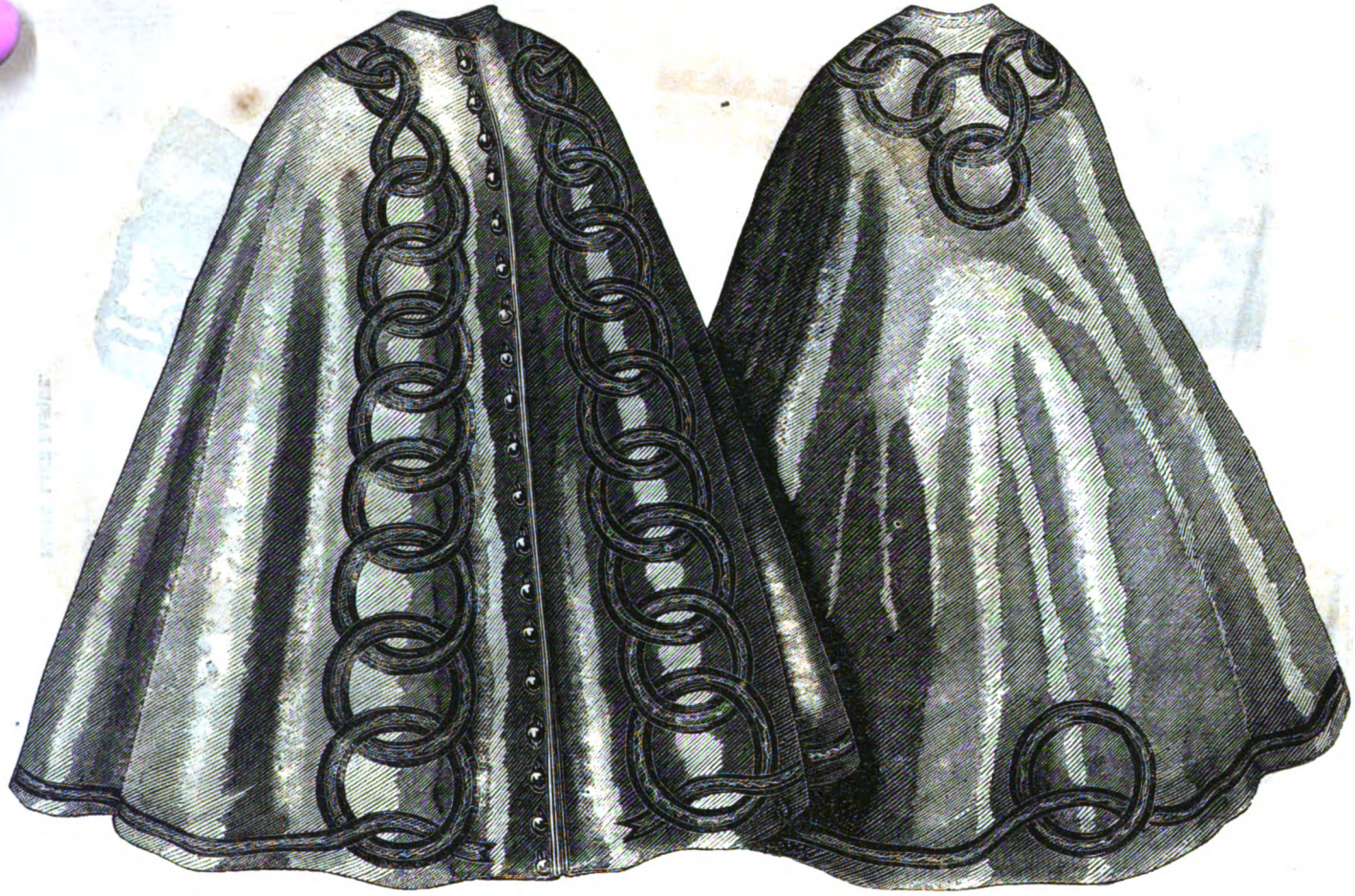

NEW STYLE CLOAK: FRONT AND BACK.

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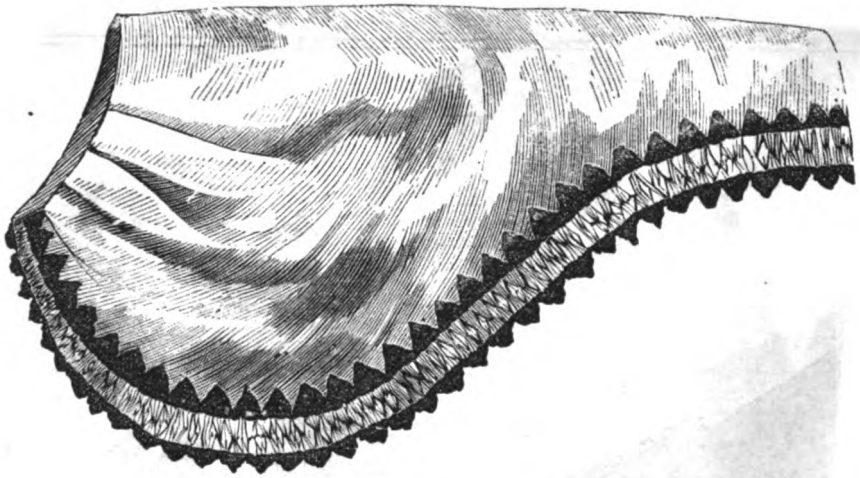

CLOSED SLEEVE FOR WALKING DRESSES.

HEAD-DRESS.

HEAD-DRESS.

NIGHT-CAP.

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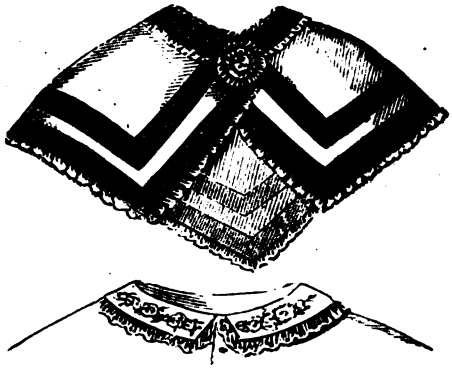

COLLAR AND CAPE.

THE MATILDHE CLOAK.

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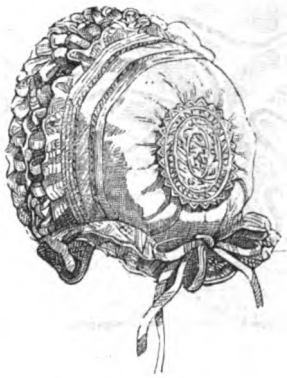

INFANT'S CAP.

INFANT'S CAP.

FRINGED CLOAK.

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LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER: PART OF SIDE AND BACK.

LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE.

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NEW STYLE OF APRON.

NEW STYLE OF APRON.

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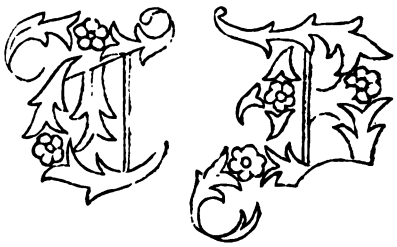
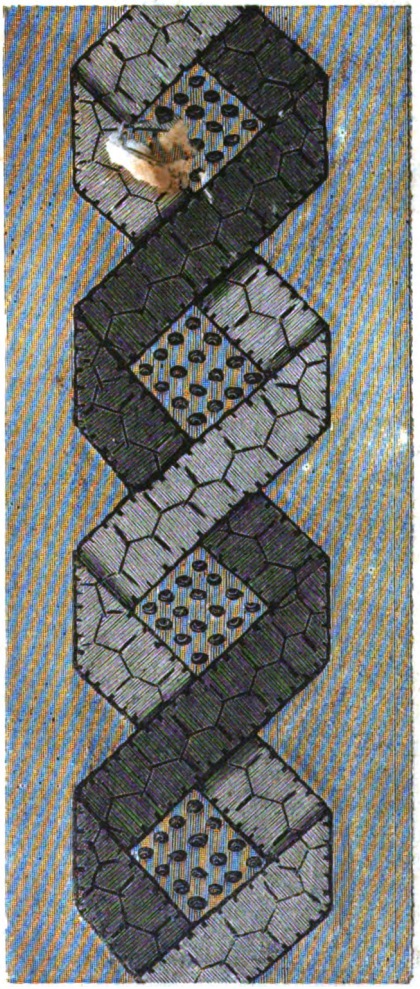
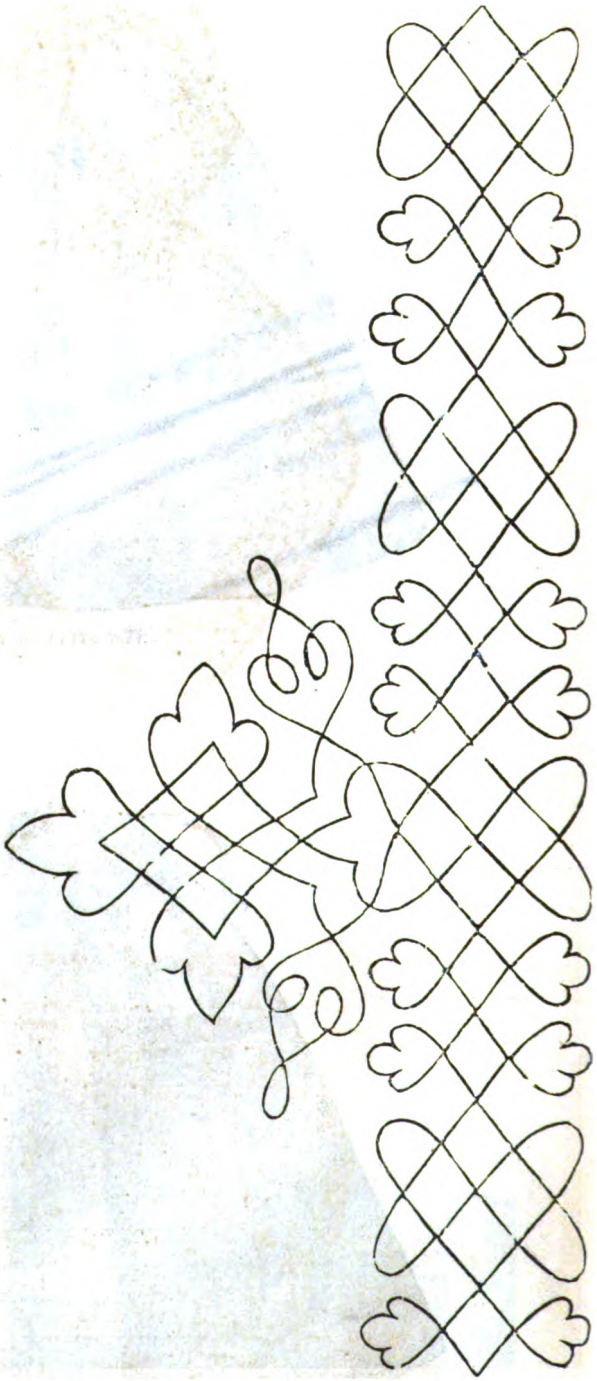


LETTERS FOR MARKING.



RIBBON TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

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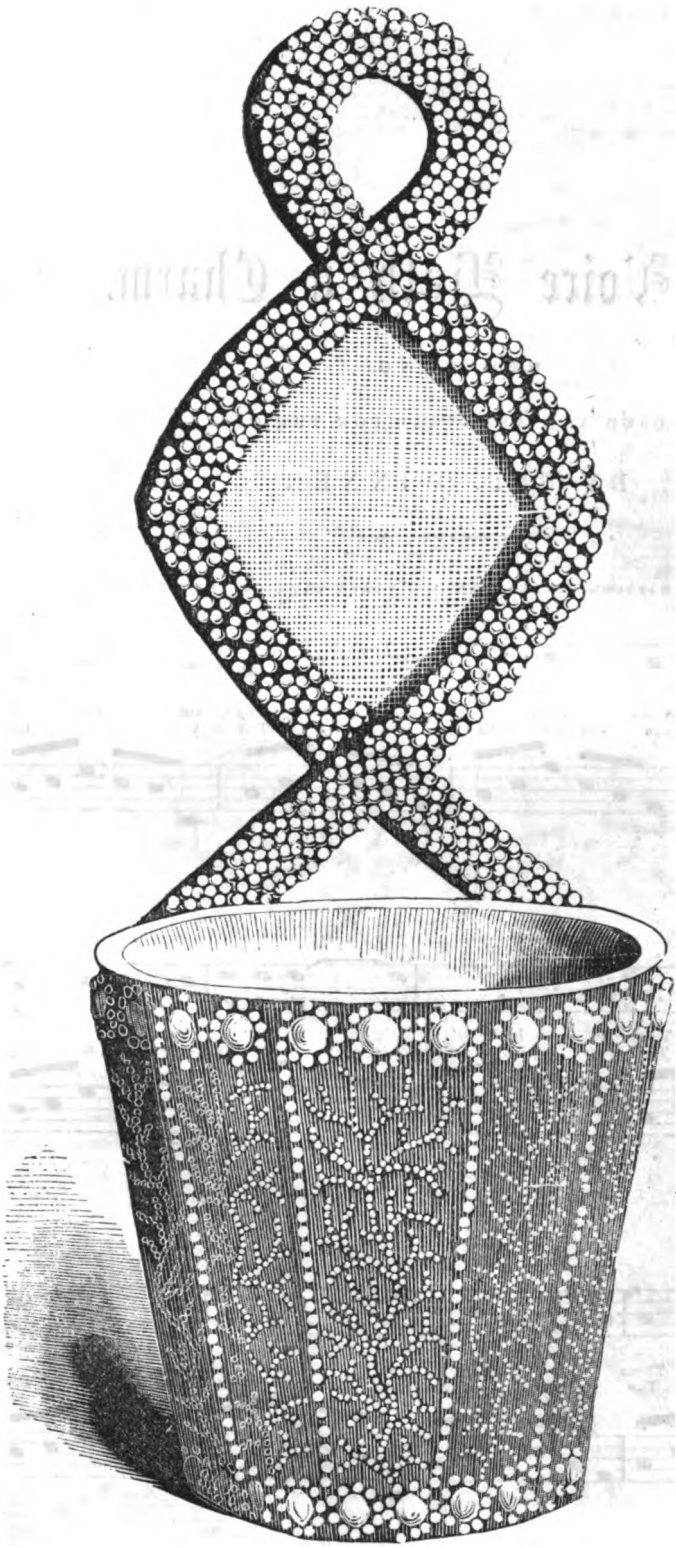
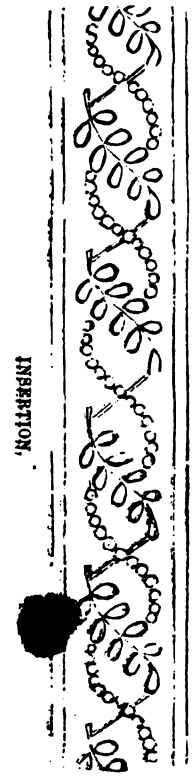
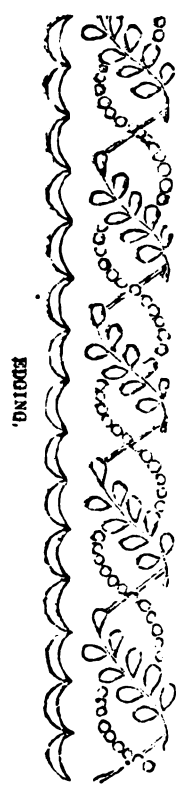


HANGING ALUMETTE BASKET.



INSERTION.



EDGING.

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Thy Voice Hath a Charm.

NEW SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER

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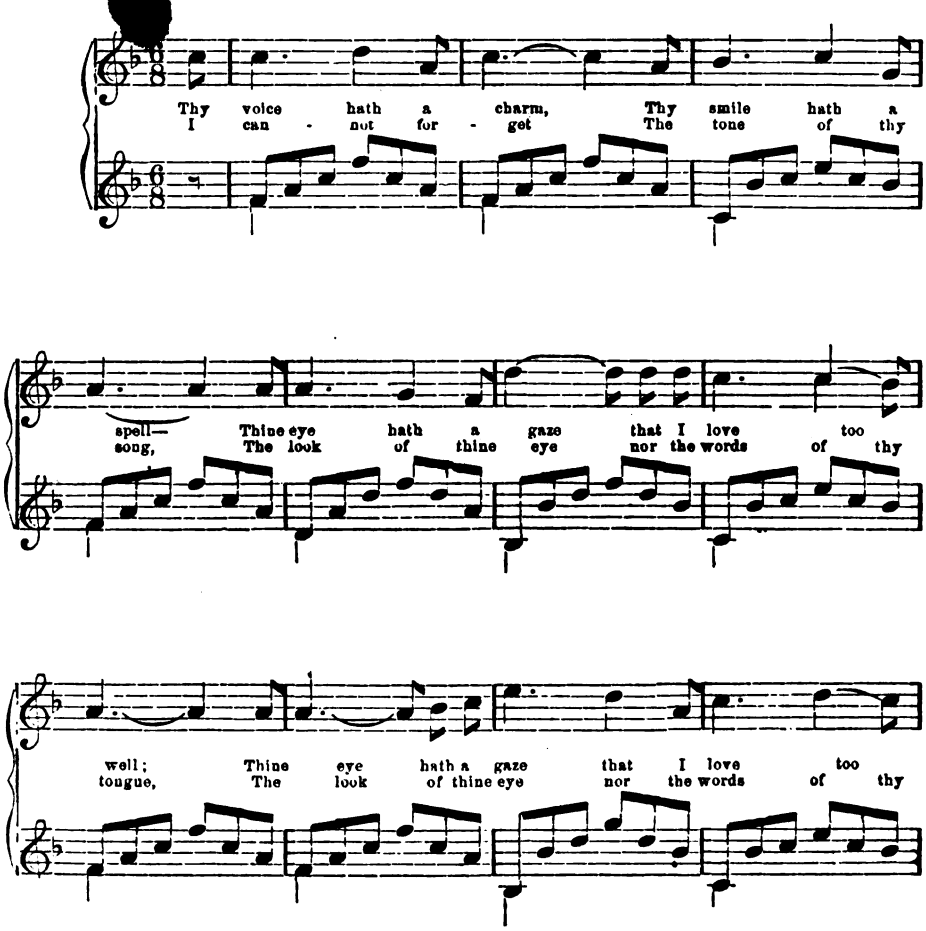

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THY VOICE HATH A CHARM.

well. For sweet to my ear is the song's hap - py
tongue. For sweet, ev - er sweet, is their wel - come de-

strain, And fain would I have thee re - peat it a-
cree To keep me for - ev - er still dream - ing of

gain; And long on my heart the gaze of thine
thee. Oh, turn not a - way; thy heart I would

eye Still lin - gers and lives when thou art not
learn, Thy friend - ship and praise may I ask in re-

nigh. Lin - gers and lives when thou art not nigh.
turn. Friend - ship and praise may I ask in re - turn.

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EMPRESS COLLAR.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1862. No. 6.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

IT was Sunday evening, and through the thickly gathering twilight Randall Williams looked forth from his study window, across his garden, the village paths, the clustering cottages, to fix his large, melancholy eyes upon the church spire. The sun was setting, flooding the village with golden light, and there was no fairer face illuminated by the rays than that of the young minister of Blyewood, Randall Williams. Waving brown hair shaded his broad, fair brow, and his features were delicate as those of a woman. There was sorrow, a deep, longing look in his eyes, but it was not remorseful, nothing lingered in the expression to mar the saint-like purity of his face.

"Dreaming in the twilight, Randall!"

The voice roused him, and he held out his hand, as he turned, with a ready smile, to greet his sister, a tall, fair woman, some fifteen years his senior.

"What is it?" she asked, softly; for, with the quick perception of a loving heart, she saw that his reverie had been a painful one.

"What is it? What, Anna?"

"What is it that has changed you, Randall? Sorrow you have had to bear, sorrow and pain from your early childhood, and nobly you have borne it. None know that better than I, who have had all your love since our parents died. But *that* was a settled pain, a patiently borne burden. Now, Randall, something new troubles you. I have marked the change for months past. You are restless, paler than usual, and now for two weeks past this has increased to an extent that alarms me. I have waited, brother, for your confidence. Tell me now, what is this cloud?"

He sat silent, the pale features working with pain, the delicate fingers nervously clutching the arms of his chair, and his whole frame nerving itself for composure.

She watched him with wistful eyes—eyes that had rested on his face through his twenty-five years of life, to meet ever a loving, frank glance, and now saw the face she loved averted from her.

"Randall!" It was a tone of such pleading pain that it broke down all his reserve.

"Anna! Anna! why will you force me to tell you? I have been a fool; I love, oh! how deeply I cannot tell even you. I could have buried it away in my own heart, but she is dying—my love!"

"Dying? Ella Graham?"

"Ah! you guessed it!"

"No; but there is no other dying in the village! My poor brother!"

"I have tried to conquer it!" he said, bitterly. "I knew well how absurd it was to expect any to love *me*——"

"Randall, I love you!"

"With a sister's love, pure and true; I have proved it, Anna. You are accustomed to it; but is not *this* a figure for a lover?"

He stood erect as he spoke, and Anna's tears rose, as she marked the face of despair, the figure that accounted for it. Every joint seemed twisted; the whole form leaned to one side, while the ill-matched limbs and emaciated frame made the man dwarfish in size. It was an angel's face on the frame of a Caliban.

"Randall, does she know?"

"Know!" he cried. "She know! No, Anna! I could not see her shrink and shudder at sight of me! She sees in me only her parson, her friend; as such I believe she likes and trusts me. Never speak——how can you?——she is dying!" and with a cry of anguish the deformed sank back into his seat again.

There was no word for a sorrow like this. Anna Williams knew well that an attack of typhoid fever had prostrated her friend and Sunday-school scholar, Ella Graham, and that to-day Randall had offered, by her father's request, the prayer for the dying! She took the fair head in her own arms and softly caressed him, seeking with mute sympathy to comfort him.

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The same setting sun with its golden light flooded another scene, and here too was pain and sorrow. In a large room, furnished with cool matting and soft white hangings, a group stood sadly round the bed of the fair girl, whose soul seemed so soon about to leave its earthly tenement. She lay, half-raised by pillows, her eyes closed, her breathing faint, her long, fair curls lying in careless profusion round her pale, but lovely face. Her parents, and her two manly brothers, in silent grief watched round her bed, while beside her the doctor kept his keen eyes fixed upon her face. Suddenly she opened her large blue eyes, full of light.

"Mother!"

"Yes, darling!"

"I want to see the minister—before I die—now. Mother—may I see him *alone?*"

Before the sentence was finished, her brother had started to comply with her request. She smiled, as she saw him leave the room, and then the white lids fell wearily over the blue eyes again.

It was but a few steps from the house where the dying girl lay to the parsonage; and the footsteps of Leon Graham had scarcely died away before they were heard returning, moving slowly to keep pace with the limp of the clergyman. Up the broad staircase to the sick-room, and then all withdrew softly, and Randall Williams was alone with his love and his sorrow.

Ella lay quiet, her eyes fixed on the door, until it closed after her mother, who was the last to leave the room. Then she raised her hand to hold it out to the young minister. He came to her side. Every outward sign of emotion he had stilled for the performance of the duty for which he believed he had been called there, to pray for a dying parishioner. Not one trace of his strong emotion lingered on his pure, calm face, as he bent over her to catch the low words she uttered.

"They tell me I am dying," she whispered, "and I will confess to you the only secret of my life. My shame, had I lived, for——" and a faint flush rose to her pale cheek, "I love where my love has been unsought. He——" and she dwelt a moment on the word, "has been much with me, and from him I first learned to look upon life as more than a gay holiday. It is from his teachings I have learned to face calmly this—my dying hour. If I tell him now, will he scorn me? Randall—can you not guess—do you not know—how I love you?"

"Me? Deformed! dwarfish! hideous!" burst from his lips.

"Not so! If God has sent affliction, has He not granted patience? If He has made the body to suffer, has not He beautified, exalted the soul?"

And seeing his great love, his joy even in prospect of a last parting, in his expressive face, she whispered again,

"Oh! Randall, do not speak of your cross to me, as if it could taint my love. I am dying, but remember, I say, Randall, I love you!"

The time passed away quickly, for, in his joy, the minister could bear even a parting gilded by such consolation as was his now. The group outside waited long, till the mother's heart could bear the suspense no longer. Softly opening the door, she saw the child she feared to lose sleeping calmly; while by her bedside, praying fervently, knelt the young minister.

One after another followed her into the room, till, with his grave, professional face, the doctor stood again beside his patient. With an eager look, he scanned the peaceful face; noted the quiet breathing; felt the even pulse, and with a long-drawn breath let fall the glad whisper,

"She is safe! Let her sleep quietly, for this is the slumber to bring her back to life."

It fell on Randall's ear, as he still knelt there, and glad tears coursed down his pale cheeks. Safe! The one word nestled close to his heart, as he rose to obey the doctor's request to leave Ella alone with her mother. Safe! He whispered it softly to himself, as he walked home. He shouted it in his sister's room, as he fell, sobbing, like a child, into her outstretched arms, "Safe, Anna! She will live, and she loves me!"

There were not wanting wondering words, when the fair girl married the deformed minister; but they who loved her best knew that her happiness lay in his love, her future was safest in his keeping.

THE GREAT IN MIND—A SONNET.

Mark where the ocean, with her serried waves,
Rolls their impetuous charges on the shore;
Mark where the furious tempest foams and raves,
And vivid lightnings let the torrents pour;
And there the fretted rock and stony plain
Alone impregnable to storms remain.
All that bestowed on them the common stamp
And feature, perished in the clattering tramp
Of warring elements, and stern and bold
Forms individual to the gaze unfold.
There is a power, too, in the swelling grief
And passions, scathing flesh to crumbling part
All that is frail from intellect and heart,
And lift their features forth in strong relief. J. R.

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 345.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter had come, and, to a certain degree, the widow's plans had been successful.

The Delancy set tolerated her because their leader did; even Mrs. Doshamer knew her again when they met, and Polly was as smiling and polite as if she did not long to throttle her, whenever they came face to face.

Any quantity of people visited her because others did; and, as for the men, her gay suppers were quite attractive enough to need no other reason for their acceptance of her invitations.

But there were drawbacks, and bitterly the widow felt them. She could gain no very secure foothold. She might present herself at Mrs. Delancy's receptions; occasionally a card was left at her house in return, but this sort of acquaintance was not what Polly struggled for by any means.

Then, too, uncle Copcutt was getting fearfully stubborn. He actually told her once in so many words, that, if it were not for Jenny, he would "cut the concern" and buy himself a farm in the country. She would not hear of his troubles, did not believe in them; and, at all events, solaced herself with the idea that, after Jenny's marriage, she could live with her and send the old man adrift, if he chose to go.

That Jenny was to marry Andrew Winston was a settled thing in her mind. She had looked at the matter so long that she was blinded, as people are when they stare at the sun, and really could not see anything else.

As for Jenny herself, the girl really troubled her occasionally. She was getting very odd—had taken to reading, and did not care half as much about gayety as formerly. Indeed, on several occasions, she had excited her sister's wrath, by declaring that she did not think society paid for the trouble they took to get into it.

"We hardly ever go out," said Jenny, "that we are not in some way mortified before we get home."

The widow remembered Mrs. Doshamer's sneers—the Shaker story which turned up in various forms—the slights she had not chosen to see, and grew green at the recollection—but naturally that only made her more furious with Jenny for reminding her of those things.

"You're a regular Copcutt!" she ejaculated, for the three hundred and fiftieth time. "I'm a fool to be the slave I am for an ungrateful minx like you!"

She grew so violent that Jenny was glad to soothe her in the best way she could manage, particularly as uncle Copcutt was not there to lend her even his poor support. Of late the old man was much occupied down town, rushing about Wall street and haunting brokers' offices, to the great loss of spirits and flesh.

The widow decided to give a grand ball—no common affair, but a regular ball, such as nobody had that winter given. It was all that was required, she felt certain, to place her upon the topmost wave of popularity.

"It will bring out Andrew Winston, I know it will," she said to Jenny. "I had a dream last night—I saw him proposing to you here in the boudoir—and you know I am like grandfather Dyson, my dreams always come true."

Jenny blushed and turned away—it was a habit she had, of late, whenever her sister brought Winston's name into the conversation.

"It will happen," said the widow, "I know it will!" and she stared straight before her, as if she saw the exact spot where the important performance was to take place.

"I don't believe that he is a marrying man," said Jenny; but the widow snapped her up immediately.

"Don't talk trash," said she; "do be a Dyson! Father always said he would have been Napoleon Bonaparte if he had been born in Corsica, and I believe in my soul he would! Andrew Winston's wife you will be, now mark my words."

Jenny did not dispute the fiat. She had unbounded faith still in her sister's determination, although she had grown ashamed of the means she employed to gain her ends, and a sort of pain gathered in her blue eyes as she listened to her words.

"Now," said the widow, "you are to say nothing to uncle Copcutt! I don't intend to

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speak a word to him until everything is arranged and the people actually invited, for he'll worry my life out if I do. I only wish I could contrive someway of getting him out of town until it is over."

"I think he seems troubled," Jenny ventured to say.

"You are very wise all of a sudden," retorted the widow. "It's only his horrid vulgarity and poor spirit; I believe he grows stingy—old men almost always do."

"Oh! Pauline, he is not that, I am sure!"

"Much you know about it!" cried the widow, on the high road to one of her frenzies. "You're an ungrateful piece, anyway! Pray, where would you be if it wasn't for me? Teaching school or married to some Pennsylvania farmer."

Jenny sighed as if she would not have cared much what her fate had been so that she could have been honest and true; but it would have been a dangerous proceeding to have hinted that, and the widow entirely misinterpreted her sigh.

"I don't wonder you gasp for breath," said she; "just think of it! Look where you are now—living like a princess, and who have you to thank for it but me?"

"I have never denied that you have been kind and generous," replied Jenny. For the life of her, as she looked back on her life, she could not give more hearty praise to her sister for her efforts in what she deemed the advancement of both.

"You are a good girl, very good," said Polly, too much occupied with thoughts of her ball to be ill-natured. "Only wait till I see you Andrew Winston's wife and I shall be perfectly satisfied. I ask no better revenge on Mrs. Doshamer—if we don't pay her off then, my name is not Pauline Rushman."

Silent still was Jenny; her blue eyes looked out of the window, but saw nothing of the scene upon which they rested. In spite of her worldly training, of the hard lessons she had learned, which would have chilled many a woman's nature like a frost, the poor child's heart had awakened at last and completed the change which had, for some time, been at work.

"I have such a brilliant idea for my ball," said the widow, going back to the subject just then uppermost in her thoughts; "but I shall tell you nothing about it yet."

She always said "my and mine," even when addressing uncle Copcutt. She was so accustomed to governing them both, that it never occurred to her they had a right to say anything, except what it was her gracious pleasure to permit them to enjoy.

"I have half a mind to arrange one room in Turkish style," she went on, "and have attendants in it. That artist—Freeman, you know, might be of some use."

Jenny turned from the window at that name. She had been somewhat pale of late, but there was color enough in her face now.

"He could help, you know," pursued the widow; "he comes here enough, in all conscience."

"He is received in excellent society," said Jenny, with as much spirit as it was safe to show.

"Of course, those sort of people always are," returned the widow, carelessly; "but he is insufferably conceited!"

Jenny shut her teeth hard together, but turned to the window again, her face so eloquent that it was well the quick-witted widow did not happen to look up.

She had taken a sheet of paper and pencil, and was scribbling down such names as she could think of at the moment.

"The Tysons," said she, "I must have them."

"Why, Pauline, they have never called on you," said Jenny, her face flushing now with different emotions from those which had agitated her a few moments before.

"That makes no difference," said unscrupulous Polly; "I was introduced to her, the other day, at Mrs. Delancy's—I dare say she will call before the ball comes off."

"I would wait and see," returned Jenny.

"Oh! mind your business!" cried the widow, without a bit of foreign elegance. "You are putting on great airs lately, I just advise you to drop them."

"Mrs. Archibald——"

"Oh! sister, you know what Mrs. Morton said!" ventured Jenny.

"Mrs. Morton is a stick!" cried Polly. "Mrs. Doshamer visits her, and so do oceans of people —I don't pretend to be any better than my neighbors."

Jenny sighed.

"There you go again! You are enough to vex a saint with that everlasting gasping," quoth the irate widow. "I declare, I'll just go to my own room if you can't stop—you put me out completely. I wish to goodness you'd go down and match that worsted—I promised Mrs. Phelps to do it. Hunt till you find it, for I told her I knew where there was some. Go dress yourself and order the carriage."

Jenny went away not sorry to escape, and

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left the widow to her pleasant occupation and to undisturbed thoughts of this grand ball, which was to place her upon the pinnacle she had so long sought to attain.

"I tell you, Jenny, this ball will be a success," she said again and again to her sister. "I never felt so confident about anything before. I don't look beyond it—I rest satisfied there."

But Jenny was not enthusiastic, and was properly reproached for her stupidity and ingratitude.

"Black ingratitude at that," said the widow, "the blackest of the black! But what can one expect in this world?"

Still those were not times when she could be angry very long. Besides, the elation caused by the thoughts of the ball, the widow and Jenny had received cards for a stylish party, to which she had been dying to go. Luckily for her she found some means of obliging the lady who gave it. She heard of some particular thing she wanted, and it being among the possessions Polly had brought from Europe, she sent it to her at once, and the consequence was the invitation to her party.

Uncle Copcutt did not go, but the widow and Jenny were off in their grandest and most becoming attire. I use the first adjective to express the widow's dress; and the last for her sister's, as of late the girl had grown so simple in her tastes as to excite her sister's indignation.

There was a foreign count there, to whom the widow had been, for some time past, trying to obtain an introduction, and that night she had the supreme bliss.

Mrs. Doshamer managed to trouble her happiness as she always did. The widow had approached a little group where the count stood, and her old enemy was trying to explain to him something about our country life which he could not understand.

"Stop," she said, suddenly, "Mrs. Rushman will know all about it?"

"What will Mrs. Rushman know?" asked the widow, smiling and altogether delightful.

"Country life," returned Mrs. Doshamer.

"I always do spend my summer there," said the widow, looking very grand, and as foreign as she could at short notice; "I supposed all Christians did the same."

"Oh! of course," returned Mrs. Doshamer; "that isn't what I mean at all. The count was talking of the difference between our lower classes and the peasantry in Europe. Now you, who have spent these latter years abroad, and lived in a country tavern during your early ones, are just the person to explain that to him."

The widow grew livid, but she hid it pretty well. People were staring—the foreigner looked dreadfully puzzled.

"Madame refers to my having told her that I once spent a summer at an old Pennsylvania tavern," she said, speaking to the German, but making her words intelligible to all about. "I was a child at the time, and my parents thought the air would be good for my health."

"We met such a dear, delightful old Shaker at Lebanon, last summer," said Mrs. Doshamer. "He was an old friend of Mrs. Rushman—his recollections of her childhood were quite beautiful."

"He was a poor man who lived on a property of my father's," explained the widow, her head whirling a little, but still determined to make the best of it.

"Was that it?" drawled Mrs. Doshamer. "Oh! I did not understand it in that way."

"That is the correct one," said the widow, "at all events. But all this is Greek to the count," and she turned toward him with her bewitching smiles.

Mrs. Doshamer had to let her go pretty nearly unscathed that time; but, before the evening was over, she found means to punish her as she usually did if the widow strayed within the circle of her orbit.

An hour or two after, she saw Livermore and another old reprobate laughing over a paper they held. Like all people in a similar position, the widow never saw people laugh heartily without fearing it might, in some way, be connected with it.

She got near them and managed to possess herself of it in spite of a little unwillingness upon their parts. It was a rough, but spirited sketch of a Pennsylvania tavern, on the porch stood a figure whom anybody would have recognized as a caricature of uncle Copcutt. The widow employed an eye-glass usually; but her vision was sharp enough to take it all in, and to decipher upon the sign, that hung to a willow tree, the name—"Dyson," written in small capitals.

She laid the sketch carelessly down.

"Who did it?" she asked, but it so happened that neither of the gentlemen knew.

The widow looked up and caught Mrs. Doshamer's eye. She knew that, whoever might be the author of the sketch, Mrs. Doshamer was the instigator—that was to pay for her insolence in approaching the foreigner.

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Mr. Livermore good-naturedly pushed it under a pile of books, and Polly looked as unconcerned as if the thing had not cut her like a knife.

Toward the end of the evening she again stood by the table—the room was almost deserted, and the people in the other parlors were too busy dancing to notice her.

The widow seized the paper and tore it into atoms. As she flung the fragments under the table, she looked up and saw Mrs. Doshamer smiling at her through the door-way.

"Destroying childish recollections?" she asked.

"Only finding a grave for your bad manners," retorted Polly, sweeping past her with a low courtesy, which cost her great pains to execute, but was very well done.

It was Mrs. Doshamer's turn to feel an inward raging, and the widow went home quite satisfied at having, for once, made her angry.

CHAPTER V.

The invitations were out, the supper ordered, great preparations going on, and as yet uncle Copcutt knew nothing of the matter. Jenny dared not speak for fear of offending her sister, and the widow still saw fit to keep her counsel.

She had arranged her room and the Turkish attendants, and that was the only part of the affair in which Jenny appeared to take the slightest interest. There, under young Freeman's instructions, she did what she could, and they were a long time planning the thing; but the widow was so much occupied, and so delighted with the success of the thing, that she paid little attention to the hours thus passed.

Then she had another fancy in her head which was being carried out. Between the conservatory and what had been the picture gallery, during the first proprietor's reign, was a square space which she had roofed in with glass, intending to floor it, put in stoves, and fill with flowers and all sorts of wonderful things. She had the windows of the gallery cut down to the floor, and, as she meant that for the ball-room, it was a sufficiently good idea; only that in her hurry the whole thing was so carelessly done, that the effect was not what one could have desired.

That part, of course, uncle Copcutt discovered, and raved like a madman.

"We mayn't be here two months longer," he cried. "Niece Polly Ann, either you're crazy or you'll drive me so."

"Lucky I didn't tell him of the ball," thought the widow, and smiled at her own astuteness.

"I tell you what, Polly, with all your brains you're a bringing our pigs to a bad market!"

"You can't make a silk purse out of a——" she began, but checked herself in time. "I wish you would keep your proverbs to yourself," said she; "I have told you time and again how vulgar they are."

"Like enough, like enough, but there's often a deal of truth in a plain saying."

"I hate plain sayings," said Polly; "and, what's more, I won't hear them."

"Wall, wall, if you won't listen——"

"I won't, and that's all about it."

So the old man sighed and went away. He had paid dearly for the mania which his niece had, for a time, instilled into him; and she was now so intoxicated by success that anything like prudence had utterly forsaken her.

The moment he was out of the house, the widow flew at her preparations with more energy than ever.

Not until two days before the ball did uncle Copcutt discover there was such a thing in contemplation, and then he first heard of it out of the house.

He came home rampant, but afraid of the widow even in his rage.

"You're as crazy as a bed-bug!" he groaned.

"And you're as poky as a toad in a hole," she cried, as usual giving him back comparisons in kind.

"I tell you we're almost ruined, Polly!"

"And I tell you, this ball will save us—it will be our last great expense. Andrew Winston will propose for Jenny, and then everything is settled."

The old gentleman really was in such distress that he was quite ill, and sought solace where he had often done of late. Indeed, by the time dinner was over, he was so much elated that the widow took him severely to task.

"Wall," he said, "we've, each on us, got our weak points, this is getting to be mine;" and she left him in a state of unbounded disgust, to which he paid not the slightest attention.

"I won't go down stairs," he said, on the morning of the ball, "not a step; so you needn't teaze me."

Nothing was farther from the widow's thoughts, and she left him to consult his own fancies, only fearful that he would change his mind when night came.

It really was a brilliant affair, that ball, and reflected great credit upon the widow's powers.

The rooms were crowded—even Mrs. Dosha-

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mer was there—and the general opinion appeared to be that people who could give such entertainments were not to be slighted.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Doshamer; "this is the widow's first and last—that is the only reason I came. Why, they have ruined the old gentleman—I dare say he is in bed ill this moment."

So the whisper crept round the rooms, but did not throw any shadow upon the festivities. If it was the last ball, so much the more reason for enjoying it.

"Ah! Mrs. Rushman," said Mrs. Doshamer, meeting the widow gorgeously attired and in the highest possible spirits. "You have quite exerted yourself to-night. Dear me! dear me! only to think of poor Mrs. Hoffman, how delightfully she used to receive us in these very rooms—but she is gone. I wonder who will be here after you?"

"I have no intention of giving up the house," replied the widow, feeling blue and cold as if an east wind had just blown over her; "we all like it, and intend to complete the purchase."

"I know you did intend to," replied her enemy; "but I thought——"

There were too many people near for the widow to care to hear what her thought was.

"Excuse me," she said, "I promised your cousin that he should have his favorite redowa. Come and see him dance it with my sister."

The shot told very well. Mrs. Doshamer bit her lips, and on sailed the widow, trying to rally her spirits, which always fell perceptibly under Mrs. Doshamer's basilisk glance.

Mrs. Delancy was not there, being confined to her room with a neuralgic attack; but her son and Emily Mansfield were, so the widow was consoled.

Supper was over, and almost everybody had returned to the ball-room. The widow had stopped to get a glass of wine and chat for an instant with Mr. Livermore, when she saw her uncle at the farther end of the room.

Her heart sank at once as it had never done before in the midst of all the trials and mishaps she had gone through.

He wore the same dress he had on in the morning, his hair was disordered, and he was brandishing a paper in his hand, and calling out,

"Niece Polly or Polliny, or whatever you call yourself—it's come. I told you 'twould!"

A crowd of people were pushing into the room, attracted by his voice and distracted appearance. The widow rushed toward him, and saw that he was not only half-intoxicated, but perfectly beside himself with some dreadful tidings.

"Uncle, uncle!" she whispered, "go up to your room! Come this way—up the back stairs."

"I won't," he fairly shouted, "I tell you I won't! I'm ruined, and everybody may know it for what I care."

The widow, in her fright and frenzy, could still, blind as she was, see Mrs. Doshamer edge her way into the room; perhaps that was the hardest blow of all.

"Poor old man!" she heard her say, "that dreadful woman has driven him crazy!"

"I want Jane. Where's Jane?" cried uncle Copcutt, blubbering and wavering to and fro. "Call her, I say."

"She's in the ball-room," Mrs. Doshamer said; "do call her, somebody—it may quiet him."

The widow got near the door.

"My uncle has these paroxysms often," she said; "it is caused by rush of blood to the head. May I beg you all to return to the ball-room while I get him up to his room—it really is not dangerous—only a sort of temporary aberration of mind."

Pale and shaking, so that she could hardly stand, she still tried to carry it off with her old audacity.

"Does she say I'm crazy?" cried the old man, catching her words. "She lies—I ain't—I'm ruined! Don't arrest me—I'll give up everything—I won't keep a penny," he continued, his fancy taking a new turn.

"Please go to the ball-room," said the widow, standing between him and the throng; "I assure you it is nothing—I can quiet him as soon as we are alone. Pray, join the dancers."

"I could as soon dance in Bedlam," whispered Mrs. Doshamer to somebody nearest her; but when the crowd filed out she was forced to follow.

The widow beckoned to one of the servants; but just as she laid her hand upon the old man's arm, he broke away from her with a howl that was scarcely human.

"Don't touch me, don't touch me!" he exclaimed. "Jane, Jane—I want Jane! They've taken her to prison—I know they have! They're carrying her off—there in the crowd. Let her go—let her go!"

He broke loose from his niece's hold and darted away, the astonished crowd separating right and left to give him passage, so much started that nobody thought of trying to check his flight.

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"Jane!" he called, with all the frenzy of intoxication and delirium; "Jane—come to your uncle—come to uncle Jacob!"

As soon as she could collect her bewildered thoughts or force her limbs to support her, Mrs. Rushman followed in pursuit; even in that dreadful moment trying, as she passed people, to impress upon their minds the belief that it was only an attack such as she had been, for a long time, accustomed to seeing him have. All the while, her face and lips deadly pale, even through her paint, and the wildness of her eyes giving the most terrible lie to her words.

Many people were merciful enough to turn away; but there were others who stared as if the dreadful sight had been some theatrical show got up for their entertainment.

The news was hurried through the ball-room, and soon from the top of the house to the bottom everybody knew that some terrible thing had happened, and every one was eager to hear the real truth.

With a last cry, the poor old man sank prostrate upon a seat in the boudoir, and thither Mrs. Rushman followed just in time to see Jenny trying to raise him from the couch.

Some one was aiding her—not Winston, but young Freeman—the widow through all her fright felt a sort of joy that it had not been the former.

"Shut the door," she heard Jane say, and mechanically she closed it.

She was past being of any assistance; all she could do, for a few moments, was to cower in her chair and keep back the hysterical spasms that were coming over her.

The old man had recognized Jenny at last and grown a little more quiet. His cries had died into low murmurs, while he held her fast as if afraid that he might again lose sight of her.

"Don't leave your old uncle, Jane—don't leave your old uncle."

"I won't leave you," she answered, "indeed I won't."

"If I only had some opium to give him," Freeman said, who saw the true state of the case at once.

"There is some in my sister's room," Jenny said, "if you could only find a servant."

He went to the door, beckoned to one among a number, hovering about like crows, and sent him on the errand.

"Pauline, what is the matter with him?" whispered Jenny.

"He is crazy, I tell you!" she gasped. "He has disgraced us forever—we might better be dead!"

He was clenching the paper still. She flew at him and wrenched it from his hand. It was a telegraphic despatch, giving information of the failure of a firm in which she knew he had largely invested at her suggestion.

She understood the truth then—they were ruined! All her great hopes fell together at her feet in a ruined pile—all that she had toiled for years to gain was lost at the very moment she had put out her hand to grasp it.

"Keep her away," muttered the old man; "she'll rile me—keep her away!"

Freeman returned with the opium, and they persuaded Copcutt to take it. He lay back on the couch, still holding fast to Jenny's hand, and muttering a wish to be saved from Polly.

The poor woman was not in a state to do him either harm or good. She had staggered behind some curtains, at the other end of the room, had sense enough to lay herself down without disturbance, and then, for the first time in her life, fainted completely away.

Jenny and Freeman watched the old man until he fell into a restless sleep.

"I think he might be taken up stairs now" he said; "I fancy the people are gone."

He went to the door and stumbled over Mrs. Rushman just as she was coming to herself. Jenny uttered a cry of affright.

"Pauline!" she exclaimed.

The widow held up her hand warningly.

"I wouldn't have Mrs. Doshamer see me for the world. I'm better now."

She got up, shaking and blue, but still controlling herself from a fear that the crowd had not dispersed.

"Look out, Mr. Freeman," she said, "and see if they are gone."

Nobody was to be seen but the servants; the last stragglers were going through the hall—it mattered little to people how they got home—the principal thing was to leave the ill-fated house. In all that crowd, the young man was the only one who offered the poor society-hunter the least aid or sympathy.

The old man was carried up stairs, and the widow shut herself in her room: first to have out her spasm of grief and rage, and then to think, if think she could, what was to be done next. Little enough was in her power. She only wondered she did not go mad outright between humiliation, disappointment, and the ruin of everything that, in her eyes, made life worth having.

Jenny watched by the old man, but Freeman did not allow her to watch alone; the widow knew nothing of it, and, if she had, she was too

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near insane to have had any thoughts at all upon the subject.

The next morning uncle Copcutt was sensible again, but really quite ill, and did not leave his bed for several days.

The widow got up and went wandering about like a ghost, not yet able to get the better of her shock, and waiting for the old man to be well enough to talk.

The only visitor they had was young Freeman; a few people left cards and inquiries, but Polly flung them down as so many new insults. Tradespeople assailed them from all quarters; servants grew insolent and clamored for wages; but the widow could do nothing until her uncle recovered.

When he could talk, and sit up, and go out, things were not much better. He was ruined, and that was the end of it. His niece's extravagance and the recent failure had finished him completely.

In her horror and distress, the widow was astonished by a proposal for Jenny's hand from young Freeman.

A week before, she would have turned him out of the house—it was her only refuge then.

She stammered something about Winston.

"He has left the city," Freeman said; "will not be back for several months. I love your sister, I will make her a good husband. I am not very rich; but I am not poor, as you have always seemed to suppose. May I have her, Mrs. Rushman?"

"Oh! take her—let her please herself."

"Take her," said uncle Copcutt, "and don't let her be fashionable whatever comes!"

"If I were Jenny I would go on the stage!" exclaimed the widow, suddenly; "if a woman makes a reputation, she is a good deal sought after in society."

"Sister!" cried Jenny.

"Be a painted Jezebel!" exclaimed uncle Copcutt.

"You are all fools!" cried the widow. "If my advice had been followed we shouldn't be where we are to-day."

Nobody answered. What was there to be said?

Jenny and Freeman held a long conversation, and the result of it was, that they decided, when they left that house, which must be speedily done, she should enter the new home he was to give her.

Freeman took the management of Copcutt's affairs into his own hands, and found enough was left to establish him comfortably upon a small farm he owned out West.

Jenny and Freeman were married; and, soon after the wedding, the old gentleman prepared for his departure.

"I shall go with you," the widow said; "I wouldn't stay here and run the risk of meeting Mrs. Doshamer for the world, and I never could bear Philadelphia."

Freeman mentally blessed his stars for that, but held his peace like a wise man.

The widow was very cool and condescending both to him and Jane, she could not make up her mind to forgive either. Out West she went, and the life she led poor old uncle Copcutt can be imagined. But it was impossible for her to be quiet long. Getting into society was now out of the question; but, before the year was over, she was delivering lectures in the Western cities upon all imaginable subjects, and drawing crowds by her original style of eloquence.

Freeman was inclined to shudder when her name was mentioned; but they seldom saw her, and he and his wife found happiness sufficient to satisfy reasonable beings.

Removed from her sister's influence, taught to think and act like a reasonable being, Jane soon developed into what she was meant for—a generous, warm-hearted woman, loving her husband devotedly, and making something like a proper use of the powers God had given her.

LOVE A LA MODE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

LADY.

Oh! say, wilt thou love me when youth shall depart,
When the blossoms of beauty have flown?
In the Winter of age, wilt thou cherish the heart,
Whose Spring-time is only thine own?

LOVER.

Thy roses may fade, and thy glances grow dim,
But, dearest, thy vanishing youth
Cannot bear, in its flight, the affections of him,
Who plights to thy virtues his truth.

LADY.

When sorrow my life's bright horizon shall cloud,
When sickness shall wither my bloom,
Wilt thou shelter the head by adversity bowed,
And smooth my sad path to the tomb?

LOVER.

My affection, no time, no mischance can subdue—
Away with each harassing fear!
My heart, dearest girl, cannot wander from you,
While—your income's Ten Thousand a year.

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MRS. BRADLEY'S DIAMONDS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"WELL, Mark, have you made up your mind to let me go?"

This was the question Mark Bradley's wife asked him, with flushing cheeks, and a pretty look of entreaty in her eyes.

"I think, at all events, you have made up your mind, Mattie. Though I can't but think that you will find more real enjoyment at the old homestead, in the sensible society of your father and mother, than all the empty dissipation of Saratoga will be likely to afford you. Beside that, it would be far better for the children."

"Oh! we can't tell that, Mark, until we have given Saratoga a trial. I know that father and mother are the dearest and best old couple in the world, and will do everything, as they always have done, to make me and the children happy. But I have spent every summer with them since our marriage. And now I want to see a little of life. Mrs. Mayfair tells me constantly, that I want style and that I have no *savoir faire* whatever."

"You are *fair* enough for me," returned Mark Bradley, who made no pretentions to understanding French. And, in truth, his wife's complexion was as white as the milk on which she—a country lassie—had been reared.

After his last sentence, Mark thought a little, make up his mind that, perhaps, a trip to Saratoga would teach his wife a few lessons that would be likely to last her a life-time; then, quietly taking a check from his pocket-book, filled it up and handed it to her: it was his way of giving his consent to her project.

Mattie glanced at the check. It entitled her to two hundred dollars, just the sum Mrs. Mayfair had declared to her was the smallest possible amount that she—Mattie—would be able to "do" with. To Mrs. Bradley, however, whose training had been conducted on a more economic system, it seemed a small fortune.

"Of course," said Mark, as he took his hat, "if you go so far as Saratoga, I shan't be able to make the journey more than once a week. If you were at your own home, I should be able to see you and the children every night."

"A week won't seem so very long, Mark."

"Will it not, Mattie?" asked the gentleman, smiling a little drily. He could remember the time when to have been separated from him a week would have seemed to his wife a terrible calamity.

The latter, half-conscious of what was in her husband's mind, looked down, colored rose-red, then, glancing up, said, very sweetly and earnestly, "I think you are the best man in the whole world, Mark!"

Mark smiled again. But this time it was a smile of pleased content, and, with it still lingering about his mouth, he left her; and I think not many men brought a happier and more genial expression "down town," that morning, than Mark Bradley.

Mattie, as I have hinted, was a "country lassie," and her husband's origin was also rural. They had grown up together, married, and then come to the city to try their fortune. Mark had succeeded in finding the same, or, at all events, a very promising way to it; and, moving from an unpretending dwelling in a lower part of the city, had taken a mansion of statelier aspect in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue.

Here Mrs. Bradley had fallen into the society of one Mrs. Mayfair, who had succeeded in inspiring her with the ambitious desire recorded in the preceding conversation—to know more of the world. This lady was apt to be smitten with sudden fancies, and strike up enthusiastic intimacies thereon, very violent while they lasted. At present, Mrs. Bradley chanced to be one of these "fancies," and, accordingly, basked in the light of Mrs. Mayfair's countenance and patronage. It was she who had displayed, before Mattie's unaccustomed eyes, the untold glories comprised in a trip to Saratoga. Mrs. Mayfair intended offering her annual tribute to fashion by going thither herself, and had reasons of her own for desiring Mattie's company. It gratified her vanity to be admired and looked up to as an oracle; and, beside, Mr. Bradley was a "rising" man, and the acquaintance might prove a convenient and desirable one.

In case "Bruin," as Mrs. Mayfair disrespectfully designated Mark Bradley, should consent, she had offered to assist Mattie in accomplishing her shopping. But the latter, if destitute

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of *savoir faire*, had, at all events, some native shrewdness at her command, and, saying to herself, "If I ask her to go with me, she'll be plunging me into all sorts of extravagances," set forth with the laudable determination of achieving her own shopping.

Now, don't think that Mattie started out with any intention of diving into remote streets and out-of-the-way places in search of bargains. Not she. She was sensible enough to know that it is best to go at once to a reliable store, where goods may be obtained at reasonable prices, and where you run no risk of insult, short measure, or having counterfeit bank-bills imposed upon you for genuine.

Mrs. Bradley, therefore, did her shopping in Broadway, and, on her return home, arrested by the sparkle and glitter of Tiffany's window, stopped to survey the same. "Mrs. Mayfair told me that if I went with her to Saratoga, a new set of jewelry would be indispensable," she soliloquized. "She says the one of turquoise and pearl Mark gave me for a bridal present is entirely out of date, and it is turning color beside. I wonder what a new set would cost! I'd be content with garnets even, if I couldn't do better."

Just here Mattie's eye was caught by a sparkle of diamonds that reposed, as if conscious of their beauty, upon a background of snowy velvet. The set consisted of ear-rings, with the diamonds disposed in clusters, grape-wise—a breast-pin of similar design—and a bracelet of linked gold, with a clasp of the same precious stones.

Mattie remembered that a certain far-off cousin of her—Sylvester by name—was confidential clerk to the firm, and, thinking it would be no harm to step in, ask him the price, and request a nearer view of the jewels, entered. The gentleman she was in search of spied her from a remote part of the store, and, hastening forward, gave that cordial greeting "country cousins"—no matter how distant—always reserve for one another; then asked what he could do for her.

"Only show me that set of diamonds designed in grape clusters, and tell me the price."

The jewels were produced.

"The cheapest set in the store," said the young man. "You shall have them for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Mattie viewed them admiringly. They did not lose by a closer inspection; for, though small, they were very brilliant, and choicely designed.

"I should like them dearly," sighed Mattie; "but I cannot afford to buy them, I fear."

"Oh! if it isn't convenient to pay all immediately, I flatter myself I can make some other arrangement. A hundred and fifty down, perhaps, and your note for three months, say. Any thing to oblige my pretty cousin."

For all his compliment, cousin Sylvester knew well what he was about, and that Mark Bradley was "sure pay."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Mattie, and, declining the gentleman's pressing offer of showing her through the "establishment," she hurried home, thinking the children had been left too long already.

The afternoon found Mattie engaged in the recreation so dear to feminity of inspecting purchases made, and ascertaining how far they would stand the test of home-scrutiny. Too impatient to wait until the goods could be carried up stairs, Mattie had unfastened the bundles in the parlor—and chair, sofa, and table were adorned with fabrics of all kinds and hues, embroideries, children garments, etc., while the three little ones looked on, ejaculating, at intervals, "Which is for me, mamma?" Tiny Cora, the youngest, went still further, and, enveloping herself in a floating mass of drapery, trailed it through the room, shouting with glee, "Dis is my dess, mamma!"

Just here, in the midst of all this disarray, Mrs. Mayfair entered, her arrival unannounced by even a pull of the bell. She regarded this piece of unceremoniousness as a mark of-favor, unconscious that it was a singular and not-to-be-tolerated want of good breeding. Mattie, somewhat confused at being found in such a state of disorder, advanced to meet her friend.

"Well, what does Bruin say?" asked the visitor, with a conceited lisp. For answer, Mattie pointed to the furniture, masquerading in all sorts of feminine adornments.

"Where did these come from?" demanded the lady, producing her eye-glass. Not for an instant would she have hazarded an opinion before ascertaining this important fact.

"From S——'s in Broadway."

This being satisfactory, Mrs. Mayfair demanded that "those little monkeys"—meaning the children—should be sent up stairs. This done, she solemnly proceeded to inspect.

She was pleased to stamp Mrs. Bradley's purchases with her approval, but demurred at the number of dresses as being by no means sufficient, adding finally, with an air of exquisite patronage, "However, my dear, as you're not well known, and have no reputation to sustain,

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(reputation for silly extravagance, the lady meant,) I suppose these, with what you have, will do upon a pinch. And now, to have them made, I shall introduce you to *my* dress-maker, Madame Gossamer, who will transform you into another being."

Now, Mattie's intention had been to have her mantua-making done under her own very eye, where she could assist in the sewing—under which process "cribbing" and extortion would be impossible.

Her companion voted this project "absurd;" but finally, relenting, selected three dresses to be laid upon the shrine of her pet divinity—Madame Gossamer, in whose presence she chaperoned Mattie the very next day. This personage had the airs of a duchess, the nose of a hawk, and a complexion of saffron.

Poor Mrs. Bradley found herself convicted of *embonpoint*, and was inducted into a pair of madame's Paris-imported corsets on the spot, the presiding goddess herself lacing them with a *gint* that left Mattie almost breathless. But then, it was worth something of a sacrifice to have a fashionable shape.

Mrs. Mayfair and madame decided between them how the dresses were to be made, and, when they were finished, graciously permitted Mattie to pay the bill, which proved to her, most decidedly, that her transformation into "another being" was a process that, persevered in, would be ruinous.

In the meantime, that vision of jewels she had seen in Tiffany's window constantly danced before her eyes. Were they a possible acquisition? She turned the question over in her mind.

In a certain snug corner of her bureau-drawer reposed five twenty-dollar gold-pieces, put away in anticipation of that "rainy day" ever present with the frugal house-wife. It would be easy to save fifty dollars out of the money her husband had given her, and, surely, Mark would not grudge the remaining hundred; for had he not hinted to her that, some day, she should wear diamonds, if she chose? At all events, she would walk down Broadway, and look in at the window. Somebody else had bought them after all, perhaps, and garnets would suit her just as well for the present. Why, then, Mrs. Bradley, did you, with nervous fingers, take those five rainy-day pieces from their resting-place and enclose them in your purse? Forgive her, reader! You and I will deceive ourselves precisely the same to-morrow!

Once there, the magical, glittering window held her as by a spell. No one had robbed her of the diamonds already hers in fancy, and, as she gazed at them, lo! they were turned into entreating eyes, that flashed and glittered seductively, declaring, "We were made for each other, Mattie Bradley."

The result was that the imps of the diamond triumphed. Mattie entered the store, had a short colloquy with cousin Sylvester, and regained the street with crimson cheeks, clasping close in her hand a conical-shaped package, in whose stead she had left behind five gold-pieces, a fifty-dollar bill, and a note payable at three months.

Mrs. Bradley felt she had done a daring thing, and refused to listen to the small, pleading voice that would whisper, "Is it quite right, Mattie?"

Mrs. Mayfair had taken upon herself the responsibility of engaging rooms at the U—— Hotel, where they all arrived one warm, dusty afternoon in mid-summer.

Mrs. Mayfair coolly appropriated a pleasant room in the second story to her own use, smilingly informing Mattie and her husband, who had escorted his family thither, that she knew it would be easier for Mattie and the children to get up and down stairs than it would be for a delicate person like herself. Besides, she was such a curious creature that she always wanted to be where she could hear all that was going on; and, with her nervous organization, it was imperatively necessary to be so situated that, in case of fire, escape would be easy.

"Disinterested! upon my word!" muttered Mark, as they followed the waiter a couple of flights further up.

Presently the Bradleys found themselves installed in the rooms, or rather boxes, allotted to them, which, when occupied by the trunks, left very little space for anything else. Mr. Bradley was pleased to be provokingly facetious, congratulated his wife upon the dimensions of her apartments, and their remarkable coolness and airiness, adding that he was quite sure that a thermometer, introduced therein, would by no possibility "rise above a hundred," together with divers other jokes gentlemen are wont to indulge in under similar circumstances.

Mattie, determined to put a brave face on the matter, declared that the rooms did "very well," and that everything seemed strange until one became accustomed to it.

The next day Mr. Bradley departed, and Mattie, foolish child! was half-glad to see him go; for she had kept silence in regard to her purchase of jewelry, and, for the first time, there was a secret between her and Mark; moreover,

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she longed to display her diamonds, which his departure gave her leave to do.

That day Mattie arrayed herself for dinner in one of the dresses Madame Gossamer had made for her to wear, but evidently not to fasten. At length calling Maria, the children's nurse, to her aid, by dint of lacing madame's imported corsets so tight, that Mattie came to the conclusion that lungs might as well be dispensed with, as they ceased to be available as organs of respiration, the waist finally consented to fasten. When the task was completed, the dress itself—an organdie fine and sheen, rich with garlands and bouquets of flowers—certainly looked very pretty. But then when had Mattie seen herself with neck and arms of such unbecoming redness? A slim waist would scarcely be an offset to this disadvantage.

Laying this consideration aside, Mattie, with trembling, exultant fingers, fastened the diamond clusters in her ears, donned the brooch and bracelet, and then went down and tapped at Mrs. Mayfair's door. This lady, surveying her critically, ejaculated the one word, "Diamonds!" Then for her became quite respectful, and, extending an arm to her *protegee*, graciously conveyed her down to dinner.

Mrs. Bradley's seat chanced to be beside a commonplace, overdressed woman, who, in point of size, might have been one of Barnum's "mammoth ladies" taking her summer recreation; but, as far as jewels were concerned, she quite outblazed Mattie, who shrank back, feeling that her display in that line was entirely outshone by that of her neighbor. The latter had beside her her daughter, a little Miss most elaborately attired, whose loud-voiced chatter could be heard from one end of the table to the other.

This small damsel scanning the table arrangements with much interest, finally gave vent to the following outburst: "Oh! mother, just look, if everybody ain't got a little towel by their plates with a ring round it. Why don't we never have sich things at home? Say, ma!"

So Mrs. Bradley had the pleasure of finding herself outdone, in the matter of jewels, by an individual whose table at home was diurnally innocent of the presence of napkins!

As the days glided on, I am obliged to admit Mrs. Bradley did not find Saratoga as prodigal of enjoyment as she had anticipated. The children, accustomed to simple fare suited to their years, ate indiscriminately of everything that came in their way, and, child-fashion, slipped almonds, raisins, etc., into their pockets at the table, and ate them in season and out of season. Of course indigestion and fretfulness was the result; and Maria, their nurse, declared that, "Niver since the day they were born, had the children been so throublesim."

Mrs. Mayfair had, at first, been very caressing and patronizing; but, having "struck up" one of her sudden intimacies with a family of enormous pretensions and numberless airs they fancied aristocratic, had scarcely a word to spare for Mattie.

This was exasperating enough, but this last had considerable spirit of her own, and wouldn't for the world have shown that this conduct gave her the slightest discomfiture.

Furthermore, Mrs. Bradley had made an acquaintance of her own. There had been one or two little civilities offered, which Mattie, in her loneliness and simplicity, had accepted; and finally an exchange of cards, by which she learned that the gentleman who had shown himself so civil was a Mr. Frederic De Vincent. Now if Mr. De Vincent had been at all "loud" in dress or demeanor, Mattie would certainly have refused his acquaintance from the outset. But he was such a low-voiced, sweet-mannered young man, so quiet in dress and demeanor, and wore his hair so beautifully—parted in the middle with hyacinthine locks on either side—that one couldn't but be charmed with him.

Mrs. Mayfair wondered who on earth that was that Mattie Bradley had "picked up," and felt obliged to admit that, upon the whole, he was quite "genteel-looking."

By-and-by the acquaintance progressed so far, that, when one evening Mr. De Vincent invited Mattie to join the throng of promenaders passing up and down the long piazza, keeping time to the swell of music, she did not refuse his invitation. When Mattie, taking leave for the night of her polite escort, withdrew her hand from his gentle clasp, she discovered that her arm was bare of its bracelet. In vain did Mr. De Vincent search for it high and low, and declaring he would speak of it to the proprietor, with many protestations of sympathy, he withdrew.

In the meantime Mr. Bradley, detained in town by business, had only been able to visit his family but once, and even then he failed to render himself altogether agreeable. He protested that the children were becoming puny; twitted his wife in regard to her missing roses; inquired if that "embodiment of the virtues," Mrs. Mayfair, was as "devoted" as ever; and, in fine, was as provoking and cynical as man could well be. Yet one could hardly blame him

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for this. It is bad enough for a man to be obliged to stay in town, hard at work, while his family are away pleasuring, without the additional aggravation of feeling that wife and children are losers, instead of gainers, by the circumstance.

Besides this, a trifling incident placed Mrs. Bradley on thorns during the whole of her husband's visit. Tiny Cora, the youngest, as she sat on her father's knee, began to prattle, "Mamma, where are dose shiny tings 'ou wear in ze arternoon? Show 'em to papa."

Mark, glancing at his wife, was surprised to see that the "missing roses" had returned to her cheeks with a vengeance, and that her whole aspect was one of confusion. Her eyes, accustomed to meet his with the clear glance of confidence, fell before his searching gaze, as he said, a little sternly, "You needn't blush, Martha. If there is anything I am not to know, you shall take your own time to tell me of it. I am not an inquisitive man, as you are well aware."

Mrs. Bradley had intended to tell her husband of the kindness of Mr. De Vincent, and ask him to thank the same for the politeness he had shown her. But she thought to herself, "How coldly Mark speaks! and when did he ever call me Martha before?"—and withdrawing into that shell of wounded pride, which women are apt to have at hand, she told him nothing. They parted, next day, with constraint on both sides; though Mattie; in her heart, wished most devoutly that she and the children were safely lodged in the old homestead with her father and mother, and no secret to cast its shadow between her and Mark.

This wish recurred to Mattie more than once. Then the little pinched up rooms vanished, the great hotel with its bustling crowds, its lacquered and artificial round of pleasures ceased to be, and this was the vision that came in its place. A white, rambling dwelling, nestling amid hills, that stretched in undulating swells, green and wooded, far away into the distance. On one side smiled the garden, a vivid sheet of bloom from end to end; on the other were pleasant orchards, bending down beneath their gold and crimson store of glistening apples. And nearer yet, just beside the forest, stood a tree of rose-colored plums, pink as the topazes Aladdin gathered from the gem-bearing trees of his enchanted garden. Nor was the charm of melody absent, for, coming from behind the house, was heard all day, and clearer still at night, the pleasant chime of running waters.

How happy the children used to be at their play, in garden and orchard! No one there thought them a "bore" and a "nuisance;" and how healthful and sweet to the taste had been the morning and evening draught of milk, snowily foaming in those delightful bowls of old-fashioned china!

Actually amid all the delights of that famous watering-place, which Mattie had sighed to enjoy, she found herself pining for the pleasant summers she had spent at home.

Mattie, however, laid all this aside for the nonce; for was not a grand ball to take place, and surely she couldn't help enjoying herself at that? Mrs. Mayfair had come up to her room, for the first time in many a day, to inquire of Mattie what she intended wearing on the occasion; and had said, "You must introduce me, *chere*, to that masculine acquaintance you have made. He dances well, I observe, and it really promises to be quite a flirtation!"

The idea of a flirtation had never entered Mattie's simple brain; but smiling nonchalantly, she rather encouraged the idea.

"Do tell me about him," urged Mrs. Mayfair. "He is really quite *distingue* looking."

But it was Mattie's turn to be cool and offish; and, finally, Mrs. Mayfair departed in a huff, straightway confiding to her new-found friends of airs aristocratic, that Mrs. Bradley was a "vain, conceited puss! whose head had been turned by a little admiration!"

Mattie had reserved for the evening's pleasure (!) a robe of gauzy grenadine, of Madame Gossamer's make, and which proved more reluctant to fasten than even the organdie. "I wonder if I can stand it until the evening is finished," thought Mattie, as Maria, with many an "Arrah! Bad cess to the loikes of it," etc., succeeded in bringing hook and eye into contact.

Mattie then donned ear-ring and brooch, and would have consecrated a sigh to her absent bracelet, had not her dress been made too tight to admit of such an impropriety.

Her arms were round and usually white; but to-night Madame Gossamer had exiled the lily from them, as well as her face and neck. And with a dissatisfied look in the glass, and thinking, "I have lost whatever good looks I had," she went down stairs.

Mr. De Vincent had promised to be in waiting, and had requested the pleasure of being her partner in the first quadrille. Would he disappoint her? No; there he was, standing at the ball-room entrance. Coming forward, he greeted her with *empressement*, then offering his arm, led the way within.

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The rooms were hot and crowded, and though Mattie strove to enjoy herself, the grenadine robe, aided by Madame Gossamer's corsets, put a veto upon everything of the kind. She danced once or twice with Mr. De Vincent, and strove to forget that her head ached ready to split; and wondered why, in spite of her efforts to see clearly, that the people, and lights, and everything about her, would bob up and down, one indistinguishable mass.

"I really think I am going to faint," whispered Mattie to De Vincent; "a thing I never did in my life."

The gentleman was most kind and sympathizing, and half-led, half-carried his partner into the cooler air of the piazza outside. But it was too late. Nature, wearied of contending with Madame Gossamer, yielded in despair, and Mattie fainted dead away.

When she recovered she found herself alone, reclining in one of the rustic chairs in which the piazza abounded.

"I suppose Mr. De Vincent must have gone for assistance," thought she. But time passed on, he did not come; and the people that had begun to throng the piazza, stared at her as she sat in solitude.

Finally, feeling strong enough to return to her room, Mattie rose to her feet. As she did so, the moonlight struck across her breast, but there was no diamond brooch thereon to yield a responsive glimmer. In alarm she put her hand to her ears, and withdrew it flecked with blood. She had been robbed of both breast-pin and ear-rings.

This was too much for mortal woman's patience. Mattie, recovering energy, traveled up the long flight of stairs; released herself from the "durance vile" of Madame Gossamer; packed her trunks; and the next morning found herself and family *en route* for home.

When Mark Bradley returned from business the day after, he was surprised to find the house thrown open, and what had been joyless solitude, replaced by the clamorous glee of his children. Mattie met him, a very Niobe for tears, and, distracted between penitence and indignation, recounted her errors and misfortunes.

Mark Bradley's conduct spanned those tears as with a rainbow. He consoled his wife, paid without a murmur the hundred dollars due on the diamonds, which, alas! were not; and altogether proved himself what Mattie had declared him to be, "the best man in the whole world!"

Upon inquiry that pink of gentlemanliness—Mr. Frederic De Vincent—proved to be the prince of pick-pockets, whose professional acumen detected in Mattie's simplicity an easy victim. He succeeded, as he always had done, in eluding the grasp of justice.

Mrs. Bradley, a wiser and better woman for her Saratoga experience, spends her summers in blissful content at the old homestead among the hills, and shudders at the mention of watering-places!

MY DREAM.

BY NELLIE NORTON.

NIGHT slow dropped her starry curtain
  O'er the great world's silent sleepers,
As I watched the dim, uncertain
  Light of earth's pale vigil-keepers;
Gentle zephyrs passed before me—
  Fanned me with their breath of balm,
Till a dreamy sleep stole o'er me
  With a holy, voiceless calm.

Far away to bright Elysian
  Did the fairy, Fancy, guide me,
And, where'er I roamed, the vision
  Of my soldier walked beside me;
Yes! my hero came all covered
  O'er with glory dearly bought,
And around his pathway hovered
  One more fair than poet's thought.

'Twas a sweet child-angel bringing
  The same message down from Heaven,
That the shining ones were singing
  To the shepherds' Christmas even;
Sweeter than the chime of vespers,
  Or the voice of muffled bells,
Came her song in low-breathed whispers,
  Softer than love's fond farewells.

Long her little angel-fingers
  Wooed sweet song from harp-strings golden!
Still its echo round me lingers
  Like fond memories half-unfolden;
And as night-winds gently bore it
  From the harp with golden strings,
Came a beauteous dove, and o'er it
  Folded down her snow-white wings!

Say, what does my dream betoken?
  Will our land, so sadly blighted,
With its dear love-links all broken,
  Shortly be in love united?
Was the white-robed angel singing
  Of my soldier's quick release?
Was the snow-white birdie bringing
  Us the olive-branch of Peace?

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MOTHERLESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A CHILD, scarcely four years old, stood on a low chair by one of the parlor windows. Her cheek was pressed to the glass. Was she sleeping, that her form remained so motionless?

Three days before, a long procession of carriages had moved from the house, led by a hearse with its slowly nodding plumes, bearing to the city of silence a dead mother. Her child now stood at the window, with cheeks pressed against the pane, motionless, but not sleeping, as every passer who looked up into her sober face could testify.

"My eyes have been full of tears to-day," said Mrs. Christian to her husband, who came in a little while before the twilight began to fall.

"What cause have you for tears?" was asked.

"Come to the window and you shall see." Mrs. Christian drew her husband across the room. "Look over at dear Bessie Long. A dozen times to-day have I seen her standing by that window, all alone, looking drearily out. Poor motherless child! How my heart aches for her! No more tender care; no more affluence of love—but, instead of these, cold duty, or, it may be, unkindness and neglect. I have imagined a thousand causes of heart-ache for that little one to-day; and oh! how I have longed to take her in my arms—aye, into my very bosom. To me, there is something so sad about a motherless child!"

"As your own early experiences have proved."

A sigh came fluttering upon the air. And now, silent for some time, Mr. and Mrs. Christian stood looking across the street upon the sober face, and almost moveless form of that motherless child at the window.

"Why, Helen!" A tear had fallen upon the hand of Mr. Christian.

"I don't know what has come over me," said Mrs. Christian, drawing back from the window, and among the shelter of curtains. "The sight of that child keeps my eyes running over with tears."

Her husband tried to lead her back from the window; but she stood still, opposing the gentle pressure on her arm. It was as if she were, in a measure, fascinated by the child, and could not withdraw from its presence.

"If I had known Mrs. Long," she said.

"What if you had known her?"

The thought which had come into Mrs. Christian's mind remained unspoken.

Now it began to be as if curtains were slowly closing over the windows. A dim obscurity was veiling everything, and, as the minutes passed, sensibly increasing. Mrs. Christian, with eyes still bright from the up-welling of tears, looked over the street again. There stood the waiting child, as she had been standing for so long a time. But, suddenly, she started, threw up her hands with a glad motion, while all her rosy face broke into waves of joy. Then she disappeared, and in an instant afterward stood in the street door which her father had opened. Mrs. Christian felt a thrill of pleasure, as she saw Bessy leap into her father's open arms, clasp his neck almost wildly, and rain her kisses on his lips. The door closed upon them, shutting out from bodily sense the vision, but not obliterating a line of its beauty from her inward eyes.

"She is happy now," said Mr. Christian. "And I would to God that all motherless children were as happy."

Something in her husband's voice, as he said this, caused Mrs. Christian to glance up into his face. He was still looking from the window, but with the abstracted air of one who contemplates an inward and not an outward image.

"There she is now," said Mr. Christian, with so much of concern and pity in his tones, that his wife, in surprise, asked, "Who?" As she looked across at the window opposite, but saw the child, who had awakened so deep an interest, no longer there.

"The poor little girl I saw sitting on a doorstep, as I came along."

"Where is she?"

"Creeping along with that heavy basket. See. Now she has stopped, and is gazing up at the window where Bessie Long stood a few minutes ago; and now she has put down her basket. How weary the poor thing seems! She is sitting again. If there was any love in her home, do you think she would be lingering so? It makes my heart ache to look at her. She is

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not a coarse child, nor an evil child. She has known love, though its light has faded so early from her path. I saw that in a glance I had of her face. You cannot see its expression now, for evening's shadows have fallen too thickly."

Mrs. Christian had drawn her hand through her husband's arm, and now leaned upon him, as her eyes rested on the lonely child sitting as motionless on the step across the way, as had stood the other child at the window. Her heart was open, and pity flowed in.

"Poor, neglected one!" she said, pityingly.

"Poor, motherless one!" broke in the husband's voice. Mrs. Christian sighed.

"It may be——" The sentence dropped unfinished.

"What?" Mrs. Christian looked up at her husband. "What were you going to say?"

"Why don't that child go home? Night is falling." There was a kind of troubled impatience in his voice. Mr. Christian moved away from the window, and walked back nearly the whole length of his handsome parlors; then returned to the window again from which his wife had not moved.

"It may be what, Andrew? Finish the sentence." Mrs. Christian drew her arm again within one of her husband's, and, locking her hands, held him with his face turned to the street and his eyes on the solitary child, who still remained sitting on the marble steps of the house opposite.

"That, in God's Providence, this child has been led to us. She lifted her gaze to mine, as I passed her a little while ago, and looked at me with such sad, wistful eyes, that I have been haunted with their expression ever since. And, now, she is sitting over there, as if waiting for us to take her in."

"We will take her in." Mrs. Christian's voice had the fullness of a strong purpose. Stepping back, quickly, she rung the bell, and then returned to the window. A servant came in.

"Here." She beckoned with her hand, and the servant came to where she was standing.

"There's a child sitting on Mr. Long's steps. Do you see her?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring her to me. I wish to see her."

Again Mrs. Christian turned to the window, and strained her eyes through the murky air to look at the child. The servant spoke to her, and she arose, instantly, following without hesitation.

"Take her into my sitting-room," said Mrs. Christian, looking from the parlor door into the hall, as the child and servant came in; and to the sitting-room she followed with her husband.

"That will do, William. I'll send for you in a little while." Thus dismissed, the servant left the apartment.

The child was scarcely four years old; slight of form, and with delicate, symmetrical features. Her eyes were large, soft and brown, and her mouth half-budding with a tenderness which had been so chilled that it could not break into flower. She stood, where the servant had left her, still holding on to her basket, and looking with a half-timid, half-confiding air, wonderingly at Mr. and Mrs. Christian.

"Have you a mother?" It was the first question that came to Mrs. Christian's lips.

"No, ma'am," answered a low, tender voice, and the eyes that looked into the child's face saw an instant change of countenance.

"Is your father living?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who takes care of you?"

This question seemed to puzzle the little one's mind. She looked down upon the floor, and then up again at Mrs. Christian.

"What is your name?"

"Tilly."

"Tilly what?"

"Tilly Dean."

"Was your mother's name Mrs. Dean?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long is it since your mother died?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am." The large brown eyes grew moist.

"You loved her?"

Thus feeling down into the heart of this child, Mrs. Christian touched the chord she wished to vibrate. The moist eyes ran over.

"Your mother was good?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am; *she* was good!"

"Where do you live?"

"Round in Jones' alley."

"Do you like to live there?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why?"

"It isn't a nice place; and Mrs. Brown gets drunk sometimes, and beats me."

"You live with Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is she your aunt?"

"Oh! no. She isn't a relation."

"Have you an aunt?"

"I don't know."

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"Why do you live with Mrs. Brown?"

"She took me when mother died."

"What is in your basket?"

Something like an expression of shame passed over the little girl's face.

"If I didn't beg, we'd have nothing to eat," she answered.

"Mrs. Brown sends you out begging?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You don't like to beg?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Oh, dear! They scold at me, and drive me off, and talk so wicked, sometimes."

"Would you like to stay here to-night?"

"Mrs. Brown would whip me."

"But suppose I wouldn't let Mrs. Brown whip you?"

"You couldn't help it. She'd do it as soon as I got home. She'd knock me, so; and call me such wicked names."

"What wicked names does she call you?"

"I don't like to say 'em. My mother never talked so. She was good. Oh, dear! If I only had mother to live with."

The artlessness and pathos of these last brief sentences broke down all hindrances in the mind of Mrs. Christian. Taking both the child's soiled hands, and holding them with that magnetic pressure which only a loving impulse can give, she said, speaking slowly, and looking steadily into the wondering eyes uplifted to hers,

"I'm going to take you away from Mrs. Brown. She shall never send you out begging again; never beat you any more; never scold you; never call you wicked names."

Mrs. Christian had other words on her lips, but her voice was losing its steadiness under the pressure of strong feeling, and she left them unuttered.

Tilly's large orbs remained, for some time, dwelling on her face. They were full of wonder and surprise. Slowly withdrawing them, as a shade of doubt crept over her countenance, she looked down at her miserable garments and almost shoeless feet. From these her eyes went to the face of Mr. Christian; and then back again to the face of the lady who had spoken to her only in such words as she had dreamed might come from heaven, whither her mother had gone.

"Do you mean it, ma'am?" The plaintive voice shook—tears wet the brown lashes, and stood beaded on her cheeks.

"I mean it all, poor child!" was tenderly answered. "If you'll be a good, obedient little girl, you shall live here with me."

"Oh, ma'am!" she eagerly replied, sobbing as she spoke, "I'll be so good. Tilly'll never do anything to make you sorry. She won't indeed!"

"I'm sure she will not," said Mrs. Christian, accepting the promise. "And now come with me." She led her from the room.

More than half an hour passed ere Mrs. Christian returned to the apartment where she had left her husband. He glanced up from the page he was reading, as she came in, and saw that she was alone.

"What have you done with her?"

"She is asleep."

"Ah?"

"Come. I want you to see her now. After removing her filthy rags, I gave her a bath, put on clean night-clothes, gave her some supper, and put her to bed. She fell off into a sweet sleep very soon after her tired head rested on the pillow."

Mrs. Christian's voice choked as she finished the last sentence. They ascended to a small chamber adjoining to, and opening from, their own. The gas was burning low, but Mrs. Christian, moving in advance, turned it up and threw a blaze of light upon the bed where Tilly lay sleeping.

"Did you ever see anything sweeter?—anything more beautiful?"

There they stood gazing down upon the unconscious one for a long time in silence. The bath had removed every stain from her skin, and the pure young face, rosy with the warmly flushing blood, was a very picture of innocence. One white arm had pushed aside the covering, partly revealing the spotless snow of her breast. The brown hair, which had been long and matted, was smoothly combed from her temples and forehead, and spread itself in glossy masses over the pillow. They gazed, still in silence, until their eyes grew dim. Love was pouring with a strong flood into their hearts. Three years before, and in this very room, had they stood and looked down on a picture just as beautiful; but the picture had faded long and long ago, and they held it only in memory. Now, it was as if the lost were found—the dead come to life again—the blessing, whose weary absence they had sighed over, restored.

"Poor motherless one!" was most tenderly spoken.

"Motherless no longer," was the quick response of Mrs. Christian. "Led by her Father in heaven to our door, we accept the trust confided. She shall be as our own child."

"Yes, it was God who led her hither. And

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preparation to receive her into your love was made through pity for another. The door of your heart was opened just as she came this way; opened so wide, that though in rags and filth, and begging, she entered in."

"And God being my helper and guide," answered Mrs. Christian with tearful emotion, "I will care for her so wisely and tenderly that she cannot get out."

And she never did get out. Shall we draw a sketch of what her life might have been if this door had not been opened? Nay. Draw it for yourself, Christian reader; and, thence, your duty also.

DEAD.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

Dead to all strife,
To every ill of life;
Dead to all pain,
No more to strive for gain
Of wealth, or love, or fame;
Dead to regrets,
To evil that besets
The wanderer here and there—
Dead to all care,
To moments of despair
Forever dead!

Dead—did I say?
Rather alive alway—
Doubly alive!
No more to strive
For toys that, gained, deprive
The soul of higher good.
Now all is understood:
The ransomed soul can see
How days and months may be
Heavy with pain,
Yet laden more with gain

Dead—did I say?
Why should we ever pray
For length of years?
Or moisten with our tears
The pallid form
That trembled in life's storm?
The eye of faith is dim,
We chant the funeral hymn—
And, sad and unresigned,
We turn to days behind,
To all Heaven's glories blind.

The soul forgets the track
That calls life's young hopes back—
The shining way
That opes the gates of day:
It sees the river dark,
Unmindful of the ark
Of safety and repose;
It sees the clouds above,
But not the light of love—
Grieving, bereaved, and fond,
It turns no gaze beyond.

MEMORIES.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

Oh! mournful visions of the long ago!
Oh! voices of the past so soft and low!
Why do ye come, with dirges sad and slow,
And make my heart-strings quiver with your power?
Why, if I strive to tune my harp and sing,
Do olden memories round my spirit fling
A shadowy gloom, till every quivering string
A requiem breathes for days that come no more!

When Summer time her fairest garlands twines,
The golden sun from yonder azure shines,
And zephyrs make soft music in the pines,
And wild-bird notes through all the woodland ring—
Why comes to me, with every music note,
That gushes from the tuneful wild-bird's throat,
With every sighing breeze that round me floats,
A dream of one whom Time no more will bring?

Why does the pure, cold moon look down at night,
With seeming sadness in her silver light?
And myriad star-gems, making Heaven look bright,
All whisper of the unforgotten past?

To tell me of the one I loved of yore,
And whisper of the days that come no more—
And 'mind me how, in old-time happy hours,
We dreamed together dreams too bright to last?

Why comes a vision of that face again,
To fill my heart anew with grief and pain?
Sad memory! Saddening every joyous strain,
Because, alas! she lies so still and pale;
Because the Summer flowers above her bloom,
And Autumn leaves will fall upon her tomb;
And all our hearts are filled with grief and gloom,
Because she's passed Death's silent, sunless vale!

Oh! in the land of bright and fadeless bloom,
Where comes no more the shadow of the tomb,
And sorrow casts no more its shade of gloom—
Does memory whisper there of days of old?
We soon shall know, when, past the rushing tide,
We meet our lost ones on the other side,
And, with them, bow before the Crucified,
And walk with angels in the street of gold!

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AN EXPERIMENT.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THE outer world, to-night, is dark and wintry. The sun set swathed in gloom. The wind groans drearily among the solemn pines that border the avenue. Fine snow-flakes crowd the air. The cold grows keener and more intense.

No living thing is abroad.

But in-doors, there is tropical warmth, soft, midsummer coloring, melody and life.

Broad waves of crimson sheen quiver upon the wall and ceiling, as the vivid firelight flashes and fades.

The red splendor floods the room. Shadowy alcoves grow luminous. The face of the large mirror is luculent as the sea under the sunset glory. A shadow crosses it—the low rocking-chair sways slowly back and forth—Eula's cradle-song is in my ear, and, turning, I catch a glimpse of her fair, white face, as she bends over the sleeping child in her arms.

It is a sweet evening picture, and one common to hundreds of homes. What does it matter that the wind riots without, beseeching at every window; that the gloom deepens, the snow falls faster, and the cold grows more bitter? What does it matter, since there is light, and warmth, and love, and joy within the house?

Anon a tender twilight darkness enfolds us.

Eula's night-song ripples along the dusky silence.

But, hush! Do you know of any home without its phantom?

Does not poison lurk in the scented night air? Does not death lie in wait for us all?

Just now the door is swung open, and an old man enters with a feeble, shuffling step. Eula clasps her baby close in my arms, and I rise to cross the room.

"It is a wild night, father," I said. "Come to the fire."

"A wild night! a wild night!" he echoed, in a querulous tone. "It is too close here, though; enough to suffocate one. There is air enough abroad. Why, for heaven's sake, are you so stingy of it? Ah! I forgot! The cause of science! One must sacrifice everything to that. *I* did—everything: youth, fame, fortune, love! And what thanks did I get?" Eula laid the babe in the cradle, and, coming behind him, softly pushed back the white hair from his hollow temples. His lustreless eyes lighted up, and he peered cautiously around the room.

"Do you think it is quite tight, my dear? Perfectly air-tight? Is there no cranny, no crevice ever so small, where a breath of air may come in?" he said, in a sibilant whisper. "Because, you know, that would spoil all—wreck the labor of years. And I am getting old. I shall not live to try my great experiment over again. Eighteen years! That would do, I think. The savans are sceptical, but I am sure that would satisfy them; and I am—let me see—fifty-two at Easter, and fifty-two and eighteen are——" he paused. "Where was I, child? Are you, too, fallen into your dotage, like your wretched father?" he exclaimed, in a burst of sudden fury.

"Papa!" murmured Eula, still stroking the white hair with trembling fingers. And, as I look, the wild glare dies out of his eyes, his features soften, and, presently, the old man falls into a fit of tremulous sobbing.

These are daily scenes. Can one wonder that Eula grows white and thin; that lines of patient suffering are creeping about her sweet mouth; that her eyes are wistful and anxious? Shall I tell you how this phantom came to be in our home? All the details are indelibly fixed in my memory.

There are nights when I live over again that black horror; when, through all the ghastly hours, I shudder, and pray, and beseech, inarticulately, and, at last, breaking the fetters of sleep, bless God that it is only a dream.

It is now five years since I was graduated from a medical school, in the city of P——, and, pilgrim-staff in hand, wandered out into the country to gain the repose and relaxation which I needed. I was no artist. If I had been, I might have won immortal fame by fixing upon canvas the rare combinations of all shapes and hues of loveliness, which daily, for many weeks, swam before my excited gaze.

But though I had not the artist's skill, I possessed the sense which discerns beauty. I traveled among the mountains, finding my bed, at night, upon some bare ledge, where jagged

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cliffs, purple-gray in the twilight, rose over my head, hundreds of feet sheer into the lucent heaven.

At midnight, winds breathed about me. Lyra shone down with eye of lustrous fire. I penetrated the darksome depths of the primal woods. I laid down upon couches of moss, softer than velvet, green as emerald. From the humid mould a subtle fragrance steamed up and intoxicated me with a dangerous, strange sweetness. I folded myself in the lonesome silence. Day after day I traveled onward. The splendor of summer vanished. Autumn queened it in the woods. The ripe sunshine filtered through gorgeous masses of ruby and golden effulgence. The forest glooms grew luminous. The amber sunlight shot across the drifts of violet vapor that swung in heaven, and wove a tremulous curtain of purple and gold, veiling the resplendence of the sapphire sky. The stillness was perfect. Not the breath of a wandering perfume invaded the luxurious rest.

I gave myself up, for a time, to this great delight. My thoughts were a maze of exquisite fancies.

But this would not do. Life was rich—beauty, divine; but labor was great—knowledge, godlike.

Before the dream palled upon my taste, I awoke from it.

A fine October day had sunk into a gray and dismal twilight, and I had wandered away from the highway and stood at the divergence of two roads, somewhat at a loss. Before me a hill, shaggy with stunted pines and hemlocks, blackened the evening sky. A long drive between rows of shadowy, mournful firs led up to its base; and from the dark foliage that clustered there, a coil of smoke wound slowly upward and blended with the falling night.

The house did not appear until I had emerged from the drive and entered upon an open crescent, whose hollow side embraced the gray pile before me. It was ancient and massive. Some emigrant from the old world had wrought into his dwelling in the new the remembrances of home.

Sombre evergreens flanked it and crowded close up to the wings. Decay does its work quickly in such an atmosphere as gathered about the old house. The mullioned windows were wet and slimy, the painted glass foul with mildew.

The carven cornices were fast crumbling, and fragments of stone strewed the walk. The American poison ivy, strange guest, threw its crimson sprays about the humid stone pillars. A monotonous, slow dropping of water was the only sound. It fell from the broken shell of a Nereid at the left of the entrance. The rim about the fountain was shattered, and through the rifts little rills of water stole languidly and gathered in stagnant pools at my feet.

I knocked at the door somewhat loudly, and the echo seemed to travel down long halls and die away in the far distance. I knocked again, several times, but no one came. I went down the steps and drew back a pace or two. Just as I did so, the face of a young girl appeared at the window over the door, shone for a moment, and vanished, like a vision of the overwrought fancy. Was it not? There was a strange influence haunting the place. I stirred —looked about me. But that fair face, haloed by a cloud of sunshiny hair, was not spectral.

I knocked again; and this time, after a silence of a few minutes, I heard a slow step approaching the door. Bolts shot back—bars were removed—the door swung open—and a man of an appearance so singular stood before me, that the impression he produced is yet vivid and real.

His tall figure was bent and shrunken, so that the shabby dressing-gown he wore hung loose and slouching. Restless gray eyes, that avoided mine, and roved aimlessly over the floor, lighted a bloodless, thin face; long shreds of fine white hair, soft and silken as a child's, swept about his temples. His manner was abstracted, a little haughty; yet it bore a shy courtesy, doubtless native to the man, which eccentricity and habits of seclusion could not overpower.

"Could I stay at this house to-night?" I asked.

His eye sought my face for an instant, and then wandered away into the distance behind me. When, after a moment, I repeated my question, he started, as if he had forgotten my presence, and made some slight apology.

"I had already traveled a long distance, and was tired," I added. "It must be several miles to the next town?"

"It was five miles to Valissy," he answered, indifferently.

I hesitated. Suddenly he said, much more cordially,

"You can stay here, if you like. You are quite welcome. Come in."

I followed him through the long passage-way into a large apartment, where a few sticks of wet wood were feebly burning in an open fireplace. He gave me a chair, put up the dying

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brands, and added more wood; and then sat down, letting his eyes fall listlessly and dreamily upon the dull flames. I glanced around the room. It was strangely comfortless. Its one long and narrow, undraped window was heavily shaded by a tall fir, which brushed its panes, and gloomed black in the dusky nightfall. Not a flower, not a book or picture, not a cushioned chair or cozy couch gave pleasant suggestions of comfort and ease.

Few things are so depressing as a room destitute of all the graces and charms which commonly cluster around the ingle. The open fields or the solitude of the woods would have seemed far less desolate to me.

"It is but poor hospitality that I can offer you," said my host, breaking the silence, "and even that little I can tender with but indifferent courtesy—still, such as it is, you are welcome. What news is stirring abroad?" I mentioned a few notable events, and was going on to speak of political affairs, but he hastily waved his hand as if to deprecate their discussion. "What is there new in scientific circles? Has the summer announced any new discovery?" Magnetism with its kindred psychological marvels was just then claiming the attention of the world, and clamoring for admission to the ranks of the true sciences. I spoke of this, and his eye—listless and wandering no longer—fastened itself upon me with an embarrassing and painful persistency. It was evident I had touched a chord that vibrated with passionate interest. I related a case of temporary suspension of the physical faculties, accompanied by abnormal spiritual action, which had lately induced discussion and stimulated inquiry.

"How do the sceptical savans dispose of the phenomena?" asked my listener.

"By positive denial of the facts, or oftener by puerile attempts at explanation. Only a few wait and seek."

"Wait and seek! You have said it. You have uttered the words that have been my loadstar for years," he said, his face kindling.

"You are then a seeker for new truth?" He rose and leaned his arm upon the mantle-piece.

"I am!" he said, reverently. "I wait humbly at the portals beyond which the arcana of nature lie concealed. I seek patiently, nay, impatiently sometimes, but always I seek. I lie in wait for the revelations with which she but rarely favors her worshipers. I believe that to me will be given the solution of a great mystery." He stopped abruptly. I remained silent and waited for him to proceed—but he did not.

"You, then, credit this suspension of the physical powers. Is it a natural, involuntary status, or abnormal and superinduced?" He shook his head, glanced around stealthily.

"There are certain essential conditions to be regarded—certain processes to be gone through," he said, hurriedly. "Man is tripartite and composite—the Pneuma, Psyche, and Soma combining to make up the man—combining, not *fusing*, for then the soul could never shake off the body, as surely it does when dissolution occurs. This admitted, if Psyche dwells in the coporeal form as a transient guest, what is to prevent her from abandoning it at her own volition and resuming it in like manner—granting the Pneuma to be, as I conceive it is, an animating and connecting medium, inadequately represented in the Scriptures as the breath of life."

He had spoken so much when the door softly opened and a young girl came in, drew out a table, and proceeded to arrange it for supper. My host took no notice whatever of her entrance, but apparently wrapt in his theme continued to talk in a similar strain.

"Will you have tea, papa?" said the girl, after noiselessly passing in and out of the room a few times. He mechanically took the chair she set for him and indicated another to me. The young girl poured out the tea, set the urn upon the table, and vanished.

The thread of my entertainer's thoughts was broken, and he made no attempt to reunite it. We ate in silence. At the conclusion of the meal, he rose and said abruptly,

"You are tired. Shall I show you to your room? In the morning, if you like, we will pursue this subject farther; to-night you must excuse me. The office of an investigator of science is not a sinecure," he added, with a faint smile.

He took a lamp from the table, and I followed him up a broad, sunken stairway, and, at the door of the room assigned me, received the lamp from his hand, held it over the banisters that he might see his way back; and after listening till I heard the door of the supper-room creak as he closed it, entered my room.

It was a ghostly-looking chamber enough.

It was lofty and spacious. The feeble, flickering light of my lamp in vain strove to penetrate the darkness which lurked in the corners. Gusts of air broke in around the windows, and slowly waved the torn curtains, as though some invisible hand were behind them. The wind had risen and moaned drearily around the house, the branches of the tall firs creaked against the outer walls, the loose shutters clattered.

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There were no stars, and the young moon swam in mists. But I was not nervous, though the talk of my entertainer had stirred some strange thoughts, and I slept—slept soundly—despite the grim fantasies which glided through my brain at the last waking moment.

It was light when I awoke, and the rain was dashing against the window-panes. The wind blew hard, and the solemn firs swayed back and forth with a deep, sobbing moan. The pale daylight stole shyly in, and shining faintly upon the carved oaken paneling of my chamber made its desolateness doubly oppressive. Dust lay thick upon the worn carpet. The crimson hangings around the bed were faded to a sombre, opaque brown, and their heavy fringes hung in shreds upon the floor. Decay was everywhere at work.

I found my host in the room where we had supped. Some new feeling possessed him this morning. His face was flushed; his eyes glittered; his motions were hurried and erratic; his talk excited and desultory.

"You will not be able to leave us to-day," he said. "The Fornay will be flooded by the rain, and it is a day's journey around by the northern bridge."

"I am afraid I shall tax your hospitality too far," I replied.

"Not at all. I recognize in you a congenial spirit. I know by an interior knowledge that never deceives me, that it was no ordinary chance which led you here last night. You possess the sublime capacity of devoting yourself to science. Stay here! I have books, new and old, apparatus, material. Here you can study, experiment, make comparisons. My library is open to you, my laboratory at your service." He stood by the fire-place as he spoke, where he had stood the preceding night, but with what a different air! Then he was bent, depressed, low-voiced; now he spoke in a clear, ringing tone, his bearing was manly and noble, his manner enthusiastic and confident.

If I was surprised at the inclination he showed for me, I set it down as one of the singular movements of an eccentric mind, and did not presume to judge it by the ordinary principles of conduct. It was true that I was fond of investigating natural science, and especially I liked to follow those by-paths which lead out of the trodden ways, and, as I fancied, into novel fields, and to unfound truth. I told him so, and his keen eyes shone with unconcealed gratification.

"I knew that my intuitions could not play me false. You will stay here then; is it decided?" he said, anxiously.

As I was about to make some evasive reply, the young girl, whom I had seen the night before, entered with some part of the breakfast service in her hand. I went forward to assist her, and my host, without heeding the interruption, went on with some new theme.

Presently we were asked to breakfast; but now, as the girl turned to leave the room, he looked up and uttered the single word, "Remain!" Then, as she passed around to the other side of the table, he said, "My daughter, Eula!"

For an instant her eyes met mine, and a sweet, shy smile, which had as much pathos as sweetness, flitted over her face.

At breakfast the conversation was more personal. Eula joined in it with a timid grace.

"Come to my laboratory!" said Reigner—for that I found was his name—when we had breakfasted.

We went through several empty and dilapidated apartments, and at length, descending some steps, passed along a narrow corridor which conducted us directly to the laboratory. It was a large room, but so crowded that its spaciousness was not at first apparent. The floor was below the level of the ground, and the windows were necessarily small. A swinging lamp over a table in one corner was burning. Upon one side a door opened into a smaller room, whose walls were lined with books. My host moved about, showing me different experiments in process of evolution. While we were thus employed, Eula came in and took her place at a table.

"My daughter works with me—I find her useful," explained Reigner, in an indifferent tone.

We passed into the library. I have a fancy for bibliographical curiosities, and Reigner, quickly detecting it, brought out an ancient missal, written upon parchment, bound in vellum, golden-clasped, and illuminated by quaintly embroidered pictures, done by the skillful fingers of the monks of old—a treasure to delight an antiquarian's heart.

A sofa, upholstered in green leather, stood in one corner. This my host wheeled nearer the fire, and left me to the enjoyment of the rare old volumes. For hours I pored over the treasures I found upon the shelves, dimly conscious all the while of low sounds in the adjoining apartment, such as are heard in a chemist's laboratory. At length dinner was served by a frightful old woman called Gretchen, who could

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or would speak no English; but with whom Eula contrived to maintain an interchange of ideas by means of a system of original, domestic telegraphing.

Again Reigner and Eula went to the laboratory, and I returned to the library. It was strangely quiet there. Save the wind that shrieked without, there was no sound. Old Gretchen seemed to be the only other living thing about. Not even a dog crossed the courtyard.

Evening shut in black and stormy. Eula brought some dry billets of wood and threw them upon the fire. The vivid splendor flashed out, and laved the gloomy walls with a joyous if evanescent glow. We gathered around the fire.

Sometimes Reigner talked with much enthusiasm of his favorite theme; but often he listened in gracious silence while I drew Eula out of her graceful reserve and moved her to talk.

For nights the sun set in gloom; many mornings he rose shrouded in mist. But one night the wind glided into the south west, it climbed up the heavens and swept the empyreal spaces clear from the leaden clouds. Orion flashed his jewels low down the East—Aldebaran spilled golden rays from out the zenith—the Pleiades wavered in tremulous sheen.

The next day was steeped in sunshine. Still I did not go; but at noon I wandered out into the woods below the house. The sky was lucent; the violet haze hung no more in heaven. The forest floor was laid in mosaic—opaline tints gleamed under my feet. The south wind tenderly lifted the fallen leaves and bore them into damp hollows, where they lay dying by thousands. The crimson was gone from the maples; one by one the sumachs had let fall their wands of scarlet flame; but over the pathway the golden beech swung its orient arms, and far down the long vista the splendor shone royally.

But that was not a yellow leaf that fluttered in the distance—that was not a bird-song which shook the restful air. I hurried on and presently caught a nearer glimpse of Eula's golden curls. The song died away as I approached. She was sitting upon a gray stone, her crimson shawl drawn closely about her.

"Eula, I shall envy the solitude. Why do you stop singing when *I* come?" She threw back her shawl, and I saw a white rabbit nestling with timid eyes under its folds. One little hand clasped him firmly.

"I was afraid you would frighten him," said Eula, simply.

"It is a pretty creature," I said, touching the pinky, translucent ears. Why don't you take it home? It is your pet, isn't it?"

A slight shiver passed over her. "Oh! no, I should lose it then. Everything gets lost at home. I had a canary bird, and I lost it; and I had a kitten, and that went away, too. Once I had another rabbit, but something happened to it, and so I brought this one out here, and I come here and feed it." She spoke in a low tone, and as if there was a mystery attending the loss of her pets. Presently rising, she put down the little creature, and it darted away among the dry leaves.

"I must go now," said Eula. "Papa will want me."

"Do you like to stay in the laboratory, Eula, manipulating drugs and fusing metals?" I asked, as we walked along. An expression of extreme distaste passed over her face.

"No. I don't like it."

"Was your father always absorbed in the same subjects that interest him now?"

"No, not so much, though he always liked study. But he lost his place in the university at home and came to this country; and then mamma died, and he shut himself up in the laboratory, and now for a great many years he cares for nothing else. No one ever comes here now. It is strange papa likes that you should be here."

"Strange!" I echoed.

"Yes, because he has sent every one else away."

The days swept on—still I lingered. Eula's shyness had vanished, and her gracious, tender mirthfulness, her child-like trust, her entire unworldliness, and a sweet, glancing wit, altogether indescribable, were something quite unique.

She was a very Undine with the woman's soul added—delicate and ethereal and sparkling as the foam upon the ocean waves—but withal sad and sweetly tender, at times, as a sorrowing angel. There were, too, intimations of a hidden richness and force of nature, which deepened and strengthened the charm of her more superficial graces.

I fancied that I loitered here to gain a deeper insight into certain scientific truths. I *was* fond of experiment, as I have said. I spent my days in the laboratory—my evenings with Reigner and Eula.

The season advanced, cold came on apace; and one day Eula told me that Gretchen had arranged a room for me over the laboratory. One could have a fire there, she said, and in

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this damp, shaded house such a luxury was essential.

I am not a nervous person, starting at slight noises and seeing a ghost in every shadow; but the first night I occupied my new apartment, I was awakened from sleep by a succession of very peculiar sounds. Apparently, directly under my room, there was a noise as of a number of small stones falling rapidly upon one another when poured upon the ground. A second of similar character succeeded it. Then there were muffled, indistinct movements—then a sound yet more unaccountable and peculiar, like blows upon some soft, inelastic substance recurring at near intervals. I sat up and listened. I was sure I was broad awake. Presently it was repeated—those dull, plashing strokes. I hesitated. Should I arouse the house? But it was not likely that robbers would attempt to effect an entrance at the wing, since the windows in the front part, which was quite deserted at night, were equally accessible.

Was the house haunted? If ever a house might claim such a distinction, this dilapidated, strange old pile, with its eccentric master and his lovely daughter, as unlike him as seraph to ghoul, might do so.

I listened some time longer. At length the sounds suddenly ceased, I distinctly heard steps beneath me, then a door closed heavily, the retreating footsteps died away, and it was still.

Dawn was creeping up the east when I fell asleep, and when I again awoke it was broad day. Affairs wear a very different look in the sunshine; and as I thought over the night's experience, the conviction grew stronger that the whole was referable to some natural cause. The wind at play with a loose shutter will produce strange effects sometimes.

The next day I was sitting upon the library sofa with books about me. The door leading to the laboratory was open, and I could see Eula employed about some task. Reigner had gone out—a rare event. As I glanced up from my book at intervals, my eyes by chance fell upon the door at the opposite side of the laboratory. Suddenly it struck me that my room was larger than the laboratory, and that the part of it in which my bed was placed must be directly over the apartment to which this door conducted. It occurred to me that in all my stay I had never seen it open.

"Eula," I said, rising, and walking toward it, "where does this door lead—may I ask? You have shown me all the rest of the house; but I am like Fatima—my curiosity is unappeased."

"Do you suspect papa of being another Bluebeard?" said Eula, playfully, but with some embarrassment. "I believe it is used as a cellar, or something like it. You see, that, like the laboratory, its floor must be lower than the level of the ground; but I don't remember that I ever saw the door open. I dare say the place is filled with queer old rubbish." Standing near the door, Eula carelessly tried the latch. It did not yield. It was locked. That was odd, I thought.

My next night's sleep was uninterrupted, and in a day or two the subject passed from my mind.

I was interested in Reigner's speculations and experiments, illogical and unsatisfactory as many might have regarded them. I knew he was oversanguine, and pushed his views to extremes; but I was not ignorant of the power with which one idea will act upon the mind where it is almost the sole influence exerted upon it. It was not strange if he was a little visionary. He had his moods, as dreamers do.

Sometimes he was extremely unsocial, at others he was communicative. I found him, one morning, in his talkative humor. Eula was out, and I had always fancied that he talked most freely in her absence. Indeed, the most remarkable thing I had noticed in my eccentric friend was the feeling of indifference with which he regarded his daughter. It was nothing except simple indifference. She came and went unnoticed. So that she performed whatever service he desired, her absence seemed to give him as little concern as her presence did pleasure. But I knew that Eula was hungering for love, longing to find her natural home in his heart. But this *en passant*.

I was by this time aware that the possible temporary suspension of animal life was Reigner's pet theory, and that he was constantly in search of means to test and verify it. But this morning he gave me a clearer exposition of his theory, and a more detailed account of his experiments in that direction, than I had hitherto had.

"It is not a new thought," he said. "That the soul can voluntarily abdicate its throne—that Psyche has the power temporarily to withdraw from her temple, and re-enter it at pleasure, was well known to the ancients."

"I have read that a certain Hermotinus of old is said to have been in the habit of wandering about in the spirit, while his body lay apparently dead; but, in his case, this erratic proceeding led to a most unfortunate result: for his wife, quite willing to part with him permanently, took advantage of one of his

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absences, and performed the rite of cremation," I said, playfully, not supposing him entirely in earnest.

A shadow crossed his face. I perceived it and begged pardon. He made a slight, deprecating gesture and went on.

"The case of Col. Townshend is also well known. He could die, apparently, and retake his life. When in this state of bodily unconsciousness, he was rigid, cold, breathless. His heart was stilled, the pulse imperceptible, respiration stopped. The condition of the Indian dervise, who could, at will, suspend all the animal functions, and who, at one time, was interred during ten months, was analogous. And this case is still more interesting to me, because the preparatory process is also minutely detailed."

"I have read of fishes, which, having been frozen up in ice, and transported a long distance, were found alive after months of incarceration; and I think there was an experiment instituted, by a Swedish professor, to ascertain if the human being would undergo a similar test. The subject was a young girl, who had been condemned to death for crime." Reigner gravely shook his head.

"Rof was entirely wrong in the method he adopted. Extreme cold may not only suspend the animal functions, but impair the bodily organs. There is no probability of such an experiment succeeding. I have studied that case attentively, and I am convinced that *I* have discovered the true way. You know that animals of the lower orders have lain inhumed for centuries in the solid rock, and, when the walls of their cell were burst, sprang forth as full of life as if they had only rested there an hour."

"Well?" I said, after a pause.

"Well!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't you see to what conclusion these facts point?" Then, coming nearer, and sinking his voice to a shrill whisper, he added, "Deprivation of atmospheric air! That is the secret!" His eyes were glittering with a singular, lurid light. I was startled. "Yes, it is atmospheric air, always, in all instances, that induces decomposition!" he continued, with passionate energy, and looking at me with a strange, eager gaze that astonished and disconcerted me. "If now any person in sound health, after undergoing a certain preparatory process, which I can explain to you, were to be deposited in a perfectly air-tight apartment, and it were then hermetically sealed, I am sure that, after some years—fifteen, twenty, perhaps—he could, upon being exhumed, be restored to life. *Restored* to life, I say! One must use the common forms of speech; but you see how inadequate language is to express the wonderful truths of nature! Do you catch my idea?"

"Yes," I said, wondering, and still doubtful if he were quite serious. "But if the experiment should fail?"

"It will *not* fail!" he returned, angrily.

"I'm afraid you will not find a willing subject. We Americans are too fond of the business of life to consent to an abridgment of our years. You should go to some European despotism, where nothing is of less value than a man's life. I dare say scores of poor fellows would be placed at your disposal," I said, still thinking it best to treat the matter lightly.

"But you forget my parallel thought. While the body lies thus awaiting its subsequent resuscitation, the soul is at liberty, free to visit other worlds, free to learn all the secret marvels which the veil of flesh conceals. A great mind is needed for such a work." Again he bent his keen eyes upon me, with that singular, wistful expression looking out of their depths.

"Have you ever experimented upon any of the lower orders?" I asked. He hesitated—seemed embarrassed.

"Why, yes. I have made two or three partial experiments in that direction; but, doubtless, the exclusion of air was not perfect."

"And what resulted?" I persisted.

"Why, of course, death!" he replied, reluctantly. "But the fault was mine, you understand, not that of my theory. My experiments taught me care, and now I am convinced failure would be impossible!"

I rose to go out. Intolerable thoughts had been suggested. The place was like a charnel-house. I went out into the fields. The first snow was falling, and the cool, humid air was soothing. Was Reigner a monomaniac? Or had he been influenced by a temporary mental excitement this morning? A bad night—overstrong coffee at breakfast—a superfluous glass of wine! Doubtless, one of these was the occasion of the singular exhibition I had just witnessed.

At tea-time he was morose and silent.

Eula tried vainly to charm him out of his odd humor. By-and-by I brought out the chess-board, a quaint, antique affair, which Eula had found buried in the rubbish of a forgotten closet.

That night I went to my room in a peculiar frame of mind. The unpleasant impression of the morning had quite passed away, and left me joyous, but singularly calm and free from

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any nervous exaltation. I was never in a less fit mood for becoming the subject of a hallucination. I did not go to sleep at once. One thought, one radiant fancy shone steadily in my mind. The moon rose at length, and, broad and white, looked in at my window. She climbed higher, and tipped the sprays of the spectral firs with crystal. The night was very still. The new-fallen snow lay motionless.

It must have been past midnight when a slight noise aroused me. All my senses were alert in an instant. I listened intently.

A door creaked softly, and then shut with a suppressed clang. It was just beneath me. Some one moved about, the door opened again, closed, and the intruder seemed to have passed into the laboratory. Who could this be? Not Reigner; for he had retired before me. Not Eula, nor old Gretchen. I sprang up, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, hurried down. The stairs terminated in an entry leading directly to the laboratory. A beam of light shone out under the door. I opened it. A man, who stood at a table on the farther side of the room, turned hastily, and I confronted—Reigner.

"I beg pardon," I said, retreating. "I heard an unusual noise, and hurried down, expecting to surprise a robber."

"I should ask pardon, too," he replied, quietly enough. "I disturbed your sleep, it appears. I was not aware that you could hear any noise made here—eh?" and he gave me a keen glance. I said something about not having been asleep, and returned to my chamber. After all, what more natural than that a man possessed by one idea should sit up at night at his occult studies?

I had thought of going the next day; but in the night snow again commenced falling, the storm increased during the morning, and, by mid-day, along those hilly, unfrequented roads, huge drifts blocked the way. In a day or two the sunshine returned, the roads were broken out, and there was but one reason why I should linger. I could not leave the thought which haunted with its sweet presence unspoken. I went to the laboratory. Reigner was not there. I knew I should not see Eula until evening, and I resorted to the library as the best place to while away the hours.

My books sufficed me for awhile, but one tires of them at last. I threw them aside. By the merest accident my eye fell upon the door conducting to the apartment where the nocturnal noises were heard. Some impulse made me rise, cross the laboratory and approach it. Without stopping to reflect, I tried the latch. To my surprise it yielded. The door swung open and revealed a somewhat large, oblong apartment, unlighted, except by a single candle, which threw a sickly glare over the damp, mouldy walls. The floor was of earth, wet and clammy. In one corner there was an odd, box-like projection, built out into the larger room. I examined it closely. It was, perhaps, six feet square, and four or five in height, and constructed of brick. One side had been left open, and a massive iron plate lay on the ground near by, apparently designed to close the aperture. The interior was somewhat roughly but thoroughly plastered; not only the walls and ceiling, but the floor. But what surprised me most was the fact, that, while the rest of the vault was blue with mould, and dripping with damp, the brick-work of this cell was bright and new, and seemed as if freshly laid; and, besides this evidence of its recent erection, there was an unmistakably plain odor of fresh, wet plaster, and, upon touching the interior ceiling, I found it was not yet wholly dry. What singular crotchet was this? Doubtless some device of my eccentric friend. Was it—I shuddered—cold chills quivered over my flesh—was it a dungeon, where he designed to immure some victim to test his insane theory?

Nonsense! Fanatical he certainly was—erratic—a little wild, if you will—but not mad!

Still the thought was horror. I went hastily out, shut the door carefully, and, returning to the library, threw myself upon the sofa. I could not shake off that appalling fancy. I felt faint and sick. The air of the vault had been stifling and nauseous. I lay still thinking that presently, when this faintness should pass away, I would go out. Soon a drowsiness crept over me. The air was always heavy with the sickly odor of drugs. Perhaps this was what made me fall asleep. But I slept—hours must have passed—then I awoke, if that dreamy, uncertain knowledge of real things was waking, and I saw dimly a figure bending above me. A fearful, indefinable terror seized me; my thoughts swam in a sea of agony, and dread, and horror. I tried to rise, I tried to shout, but a deadly paralysis chained my limbs. A strong hand pressed me back—a subtle, etheric odor floated over me—something touched my lips—some liquid flowed over them—the vague consciousness wavered—was gone.

Darkness, black, palpable darkness all around me! A heavy odor sickens me, my brain reels, horrid phantoms dance before my eyes, a leaden weight oppresses me. The black darkness crowds upon me, presses me down.

Air! I suffocate.

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Great heaven! Where am I? What is this horrible gloom? This agony, this uncertain respiration—what is it? I grope about, I stretch forth my arms wildly. A thrill of pain quivers through me. I draw back my bruised hands. I try to rise—but, merciful heaven! I cannot stand erect. The horror quickened my dulled faculties into action. Am I buried alive?

Tearful remembrances of others who had suffered that dire agony flashed upon my mind. This darkness, this noisome odor, this death-laden atmosphere—they were like the tomb. The cold sweat rained from my forehead. I burned in my helpless misery, I clutched at the substance upon which I lay. It was soft, smooth, and yielding.

My hand slipped over its edge, strayed down and touched something cold and hard. My clouded senses were becoming clear. This was not—oh! horror—the narrow house; these were not grave-clothes.

Oh! the appalling silence. I could hear my heart beat. I passed my hand over it—it touched my watch. I tried to think where I was when I wound it last. Then the whole truth rushed upon me, overwhelmed me with a flood of hopeless terror.

Ay! Buried alive. The victim of a madman!

Ah! poor fool that I had been! How quietly I had examined my living grave! With what thoughtless curiosity I had speculated upon the strength of its walls, the smallness of its size!

How long had I lain there? Twenty-four hours must have passed, for my watch was stopped. I groped about for the key and wound it up. Its ticking gave me inexpressible relief. My mind grew calmer. Was there any hope for me? How long could I hope to live without air?

Was there not ever so small a crevice in my dungeon? I felt about me, I got off the couch—the green leather-covered couch where I lay when the madman stole away my senses—I crept around the cell. The opposite wall was scarcely an arm's length from where I lay. It was ice-cold. Was it iron? I struck it madly.

There was no metallic ring. But perhaps earth had been piled against it on the outside.

Buried alive—hopelessly buried alive!

But I went carefully over the walls and ceiling. It had been too securely fastened.

A deadly faintness came over me. I crawled back to the sofa. Oh! for one breath of fresh air! My temples throbbed, my heart beat faster. Was I going mad?

Strange visions glided before me—skeleton faces leered horribly. Anon, dreams of wild, fresh breezes swept over me. I thought how the air blew up from the sea at nightfall. I saw the white sails flap in the wind, and the waves curled into sparkling foam before it. How the wind rioted upon mountain tops, how cool and soft it whispered through the valleys! Haunting the forest glooms in midsummer, it rustled in the trees, stirred the dead leaves in the hollows, and swung the bending bells of lowly flowers.

It rode over the wide fields and shook the snow into pearly drifts.

It stole into poor men's dwellings and whispered a benediction over the dying.

Oh! for one breath of its lavish affluence!

The fearful darkness weighed upon my eyelids like a pall. How the lucent sunshine flooded earth, and sea, and sky! It crept in the dreariest places, it slept on graves in the church-yard.

And I was dying in darkness, starving for the fresh air. Eula! Eula! Will no one come?

Well, one can die. I grew very faint. Stupor was fast palsying my senses.

Was that a sound? My ears ring, I can perceive nothing distinctly. But that is not a delusion of my failing senses. I hear a sharp, metallic clink.

A confused medley of voices succeeds—I try to shout, but the words die in a whisper.

"Ah, heaven! can it be? Light? Air? I gasp—I die of joy. A wild, maniacal roar curdles my blood and I sink again into unconsciousness, but not until I have seen pitying faces around me, and know myself lifted out of my living grave by tender hands.

There is not much more to relate.

I owed my deliverance to Eula.

As I did not come to dinner that day she inquired for me, and her father promptly answered that I had left the house. But something in his manner startled her. It had triumph, exultation, an assured self-complacency as from a cherished purpose accomplished.

On going to the library that night, she discovered, to her surprise, that the sofa was missing.

Suddenly turning, she met her father's eye glaring upon her in fierce anger. She had before had dim intuitions of his designs. Some suspicion of the truth flashed upon her. That night she left the house secretly—for old Gretchen was not to be trusted—walked to Valissy, and in the morning returned with aid.

Reigner followed them to the cellar, hovered around silently, would explain nothing; but when the earth he had heaped around the door was thrown down and the brick-work broken away, he burst into a yell of chagrin and rage.

It was hopeless lunacy.

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CONSTITUTIONALLY BASHFUL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I SUPPOSE there is no doubt but I was born with bashful tendencies, and "What is bred in the bone, stays long in the flesh," to use the words of some wise individual, who, like many another great genius, shunned notoriety, and had for his *nom de plume*, Anonymous.

My mother tells me that, when an infant, I had the ridiculous habit of turning over on my face in the cradle, when there was company; and if the visitors happened to be ladies, I turned red in the cheeks, and purple about the eyes, to such an alarming degree as could not fail of exciting wonder and awe in the heart of the most indifferent beholder!

I remember that, when a child of four or five years, I used to take refuge behind the great eight-day clock whenever my mother had callers; and once I came near being frozen to death in the refrigerator, where I had ensconced myself on the appearance of a couple of lady visitors.

Throughout my boyhood it was the same, only decidedly more so. My *debut* at school was like an entrance into the ancient halls of torture.

The austere schoolmaster, with his dread insignia of birchen rod, steel-bowed spectacles, and swallow-tailed coat, was bad enough; the grinning, mischief-loving, and, at times, belligerent boys were worse. But the girls! Heavens! I feared them more than any suspected criminal of old did the terrible Council of Ten! All on earth they seemed to find to do was to giggle at me! Of course, I was the object of their sport; for they peeped at me over the tops of their books, from behind their pocket-handkerchiefs, through the interstices of their curls—and made me hopelessly wretched by dubbing me "Apron-string."

The third day of my attendance at school was stormy, and, my home being at some distance, I was obliged to remain, with most of the others, through the noon intermission. The little girls got to playing at pawns. I retreated to a corner near the door, and stood a silent and not unterrified spectator.

By-and-by, a cherry-lipped little girl had to pay a forfeit, and one of her schoolmates pronounced the sentence, in a loud voice,

"Kiss Apron-string Sunderland!"

That meant me. There was a wild scream of laughter, in which all joined, and I took ingloriously to flight, with little Cherry-lips close at my heels. I strained every nerve and sinew—it was a matter of life and death to me—and I have no doubt but I should have won the race in fine style, if I had not, unfortunately, in my blind haste, run against Miss Patty Hanson, the primmest and most tempered spinster in Hallswell.

My *momentum* was such that I knocked Miss Patty from *terra firma*, very much as the successful ball knocks down the nine-pins; and from the *debris* of the wreck—consisting of a fractured umbrella, a torn calico gown, and a fearfully dislocated bonnet—Miss Hanson rose up—a Nemesis! And such a thrashing as I received, at her hands, would have made the blackest villain out of purgatory confess his sins without prevarication!

I had heard my mother say that no one died till their time had come, and I felt satisfied that my time *had* come. I vainly endeavored to repeat,

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

as both fitting and appropriate to the occasion; but Miss Patty thumped the words out of me, to the tune of the Umbrella Quickstep, in staccato.

Little Cherry-lips came nobly to the rescue.

"For shame! Miss Hanson," she cried, "to beat a little boy at such a rate! It won't mend your umbrella, nor straighten your calash! And the perspiration is washing the paint all out of your cheeks!"

My enemy left me to fly at my defender, whose name was Florence Hay. But Florence was a little too agile for the old lady, whom she speedily distanced, while I made good my escape into the sheltering foliage of an apple-tree, where, securely perched on a strong limb, I remained until school was out, and the girls had all gone home.

After a time, at my urgent entreaties, my parents removed me from the village-school, and placed me at an institute for boys. I had thought, previously to the change, that I should be perfectly happy when it was effected; but I had, somehow, miscalculated. I missed the

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bewitching faces of the girls I had fled from, and, for the first time in my life, I realized that the world would be a terrible humdrum sort of a place if there were nothing but men here.

To confess the plain truth, I had discovered that, in spite of my bashfulness, I loved every single girl I had ever seen—not even excepting good black Bess in my mother's kitchen, who concocted such admirable turnovers and seed-cakes. But at that time, sooner than have acknowledged such a weakness, I would have been broiled alive!

As I grew toward manhood, my bashfulness got no better. It was confirmed; it had become a chronic disease, as irremediable as the rheumatism, and a thousand times more distressing.

I was frequently invited to quiltings, apple parings, huskings, etc.; but I never dared to go, lest I should be expected to have something to say to some of the feminine portion of the company.

If my mother sent me on any errand to a house where there were girls, I used to stand a half hour on the door-step, waiting for courage to rap; and if one of the aforesaid girls happened to answer the summons, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself from taking refuge in flight. And after I had got in, and made known my business, I knew no more what was told me in return than we know why the comet of last summer had a curved train.

At church, I habitually sat with averted face, and cut my finger nails; in fact, I had performed that operation for those digital ornaments so often that there was very little left of them to practice upon. I most devoutly wished that it had been so that folks could have been created with knitting-work, or something of the kind, in their hands—it would have been so nice when one didn't know what to do with his upper extremities.

As for my feet, though not remarkably large, they were constantly in the way. I have often seen the time when I would have given all the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have taken them off, and consigned them to the obscurity of my pocket.

One eventful day, my mother took it into her head to have a quilting. Early in the afternoon I retired to the garret, as the most isolated spot I could think of, and ensconced myself in bed. All the girls in the neighborhood were invited, and I would sooner have faced a flaming line of armed batteries.

Such a gay, joyous time as they had of it, judging from the sounds of merriment that occasionally floated up to my retreat! I longed to be a witness of the frolic I knew they were enjoying, but I could not summon resolution enough to venture from my concealment; and so I wound the sheets round my head to shut out the gay peals of laughter, and tried to think myself highly satisfied with my achievement. I was comfortable, and safe, so far as I knew; but the hours were long ones, and I prayed Time to jog on his team a little faster, if convenient.

By-and-by, the merriment grew louder; there was a pattering of eager feet on the garret stairs, considerable loud whispering in the passage, and an infinite amount of giggling. Good heavens! What were they going to do? I clutched the bed clothes with frantic hands and drew them around my head, to the utter neglect of the rest of my body, probably believing, like the ostrich, that so long as I saw nobody, nobody would see me.

Directly the door was thrown open, and, evidently, there was a consultation on the threshold.

"Go in, Flory!" said the gay voice of Kate Merrick, the pride and tease of the village. "Go in, I say! What on earth are you afraid of? Roy Sunderland won't eat you, if he is a bear!"

"But what will he think?" asked Florence Hay, softly. "He is so bashful! Goodness! Kate, how can I?"

"Nonsense! You must pay the forfeit, or your thimble remains in my possession! I won't be coaxed over, this time!" returned Kate, decisively.

There was a slight scuffle, and then the eager hands of the coterie began to pull away my fortifications. I resisted with the strength of desperation, but I was no match for a dozen frolicsome girls. They unswathed me, and, while four of them held my two arms, Florence Hay kissed me. Mahomet! Such a thrill as went through my heart! I devoutly wished that she would repeat the experiment; but, instead of doing so, she scampered from the room, followed by her boisterous companions. Completely overcome, I crept under the bed, where I remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their several homes.

Well, the years passed on, and brought my eighteenth birthday. I had lost nothing of my besetting difficulty. My mother was thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and did not hesitate to lecture me soundly on my folly; and my aunt Alice emphatically declared I was the most consummate fool that she had ever seen! I knew

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it was true; but—so perverse is man—I did not feel at all obliged to her for uttering it.

One day it rained a little; in fact, it often does so. Florence Hay was returning home from the village just as the shower came up, and, partly out of regard for my mother, with whom she was a great favorite, partly from the fear of ruining her new spring bonnet, she stepped into our house.

My mother was delighted to see her, and made her quite at home directly. It was no new thing for the little maiden to visit my mother; but on such occasions I had always, hitherto, taken flight to the fields, or the hay-mow. Now, however, it was raining hard, and I was holding silk for my mother to wind; and a retreat was impossible.

Though in exquisite torture, every moment, lest the pretty visitor should address some question to me, and oblige me to speak, yet I enjoyed being where I could look into her bewitching face immensely. She had such blue eyes! and such cherry lips! And those lips had kissed me! I blushed red-hot to think of it, and my good mother anxiously commented on my high color, saying she was afraid I was going to have the erysipelas. Erysipelas, indeed!

It rained all the afternoon. Florence stayed to tea, and, by the time the meal was over, I had broken two plates, knocked down a saucer, upset the cream-pitcher, and nearly cut the end of my thumb off with my knife. Also, the rain had ceased, and it was dark.

Florence declared she could not stop another moment. Her friends would be alarmed about her; she must go at once. My mother urged her to remain all night. But she could not think of it; and, while she was arranging her wraps, my mother beckoned me into the entry.

"Roy," she said, decisively, "Florence should not go home alone!"

"I can't help it!" said I, doggedly. "I guess nothing will devour her on the journey."

"My son!" she exclaimed, with just severity, "I cannot permit you to speak in that way of one whom I so highly respect! It is ungentlemanly! Your father is absent, the servant is busy, and Florence has a full half-mile to walk. You will attend her home!"

My limbs trembled under me. I should have darted from the back door, and left my mother's favorite to shift for herself; but my austere relative had kept a firm hold of my arm, and, without further parley, drew me back to the parlor.

"If you must go, dear," she said to Florence, "I will not urge you. Roy will walk home with you."

Florence opened wide her blue eyes in evident astonishment; and, as for me, the whole creation was in a whirl! The room went round and round like a top—I was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to keep from falling—I was penetrated with speechless dismay.

"Roy! Florence is waiting!" said my unrelenting mother.

There was no appeal. To use a vulgar, but expressive phrase, I was "in for it;" and, nerved by a sort of desperate courage, which sometimes comes to the aid of the weak in great extremities, I flung open the door, blundered down the steps, and out into the street. Florence followed leisurely behind, shut the gate after her, and fastened the latch. How I envied her her provoking coolness!"

We went on: she one side of the road—I the other, and about three yards in advance of her. By-and-by, when we had proceeded in utter silence for a quarter of a mile, my companion said, demurely,

"Roy, you can get over the fence, and go in the field; and I will keep the road."

The little jade was quizzing me! I could not endure her ridicule, so forthwith I made a sort of flying leap to her side of the street, spattering the mud in every direction as I alighted beside her. I had just begun to think how much better the footing was on that sidewalk than on the one I had just left, when I heard somebody whistling, and, looking up, I saw Will Richardson, a mutual acquaintance, approaching. The cold perspiration started to my brow—how could I endure to be seen going home with a girl? I could not! No, never! The idea was out of the question! I flew to the wall, sprang over, and threw myself down behind a pile of stones.

I heard Will and Florence laughing together in a vastly amused way—and then she took his arm, and off they went! I shook my clenched hand after them; at that moment, I think, I could have cudgeled Will without compunction.

The ridiculous story of my adventure got wind; no doubt Will spread it, and I was the laughing stock of the village. My mother gave me a sound berating, and my staid, punctilious father administered the severest rebuke of all—he said I was a disgrace to my ancestors.

I managed to live through it, though, and a few months later entered college. I will not linger on the days spent with my Alma Mater; the history of the scrapes which my mischief-

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loving fellow students got me into during those four years, would fill three volumes of octavo.

At the end of the prescribed time, I graduated with the highest honors, for I had always been a most determined bookworm; and, with my diploma in my pocket, I returned home.

My friends were rejoiced to see me, they said; aunt Alice informed me that I had improved wonderfully in manners, as well as looks; she thought me decidedly handsome, she said, which remark, I privately concluded, was the most sensible of any I had ever heard her make.

The day following my arrival at home, my mother spoke of Florence. I had been longing to ask about her, but dared not hazard the question. My mother thought that I ought to call on the Hay family, we had always been intimate, she said, and it would be no more than courteous for me to surprise them with my presence.

I told her the truth. I should be extremely happy to do so, but I lacked the courage.

"Mother," said I, frankly, "you know my cardinal failing. Be merciful unto me. I should only make a fool of myself."

"I will make an errand for you," she replied, quickly; "Mrs. Hay is troubled with a cough, and she wanted some of my tomato preserves for it. You shall carry them over."

Ah! it takes a woman to manage things; depend on that.

I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtruded between my eyes and endless Greek roots a great many times during the past four years. I was glad of an excuse to see once more the face itself.

Armed with my letter of introduction, a glass jar of tomatoes, and, arrayed in my best suit, I rang the bell at the door of Mr. Hay. A servant girl admitted me, and showed me directly into the room where Florence was sitting.

How very beautiful she had grown during my absence! I had never seen so fair a vision! She rose at my entrance, and, bowing with inimitable grace, extended her hand.

"Am I correct in believing that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sunderland?" she said, with gentle politeness.

I bowed—the jar slipped from my grasp and fell to the floor; I made a hasty movement to take the hand she had offered me, and in so doing put my foot on the jar; it was crushed to atoms, and the seeds and syrup flew in every direction! The obstacle beneath my feet made me stagger; I grasped the folds of a window-curtain in the hope of saving myself, but my equilibrium was too far gone—down came the curtain—over I went, head first, against a flower-stand, on which were a nondescript array of flower-pots, a canary bird in a cage, and a big Maltese cat in a basket.

The force of my fall upset the stand, and, with all its favorites, it turned over on the carpet! Plants, cat, bird, cage, and Roy Sunderland, all lay in one mass of ruin together at the feet of the astonished Miss Hay. The cat was the first to recover her presence of mind, and with a "midnight cry" which would have appalled the stoutest heart, she sprang into my face, tearing up the skin with a violence worthy the admiration of all persons who believe in the wisdom of "getting at the root of a matter" at once.

I scrambled up—gave the animal a blow that sent her to the other side of the room—and hatless, and bloody, made for the door. With frantic haste I seized the handle—it did not yield; the door was fastened by a spring lock, and I was a prisoner!

Imagine my dismay! Florence stood looking at me, and there was a smile on her face that she, with great difficulty, restrained from breaking into a decided ha! ha! Just then I would have sold myself to any reliable man for a sixpence, with thirty days credit.

Mortified and crestfallen, I was strongly inclined to follow the example of the heroines in sensation novels, and burst into tears; but crying, it is said, makes the nose red, and, remembering this, I forbore.

I suppose Florence pitied me; she must have seen from the woebegone expression of my face that I was in the last stages of human endurance, for she came quietly to my side and laid her hand on my arm.

"Come in, Roy," she said, kindly—almost tenderly, I thought—and drew me into a small boudoir opposite the sitting-room. Things in the latter apartment were too nearly wrecked to make it pleasant for occupation, I suppose.

"There," she said, seating me on a sofa by her side, and speaking in the consoling tone one would use to a child who had burnt his apron, or broke the sugar-bowl, "don't think anything more of it." She was wiping the blood from pussy's autograph on my face with her handkerchief—"Accidents will happen, you know?"

She was so close to me—her sweet face so very near mine—and the temptation was so great that I trust I may be excused, especially as I am a bashful man, and not in the habit of committing such indiscretions.

I threw my arms around her, and paid back,

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with interest, the kiss I had kept so long. A burning blush overspread her face.

"Oh, Roy! how could you?" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

I had gone too far to retreat; the words which for years had filled my heart struggled up to my lips and clamored for utterance.

"Florence!" I cried, passionately, "I love you! and I want you to be entirely mine! Take me, and cure me of the bashful folly which has been the bane of my life!"

She did not reply. I was in a tumult of fear and hope, but a sort of desperate courage kept me firm.

"One word, Florence, only one word! Am I to be consigned to Hades, or Paradise? Do not keep me in suspense!"

She nestled closer to my side; her soft cheek rested against mine; her breath swept my lips. She spoke but one word in accents of deepest tenderness, and that word was my name—

"Roy!"

"Florence! my darling!"

I trust that everybody will forgive me, and feel charitably toward me, when I declare on my honor that I was happier, at that moment, than I had ever been in my life before! "Popping the question" is acknowledged by all to be a serious piece of business; and if ordinary men find it a serious business, how much more terrible must it be to a bashful individual like myself?

A silence fell between Florence and me; perhaps I was holding her so close to my heart that the effort of speaking was difficult. I should not wonder. By-and-by she lifted up her face, and said, quietly,

"Did you mean for me to marry you, Roy?"

"Marry me? Yes, dearest, and that, too, before many days have elapsed! I have been a fool so long that now I cannot afford to wait!"

"Yes; but if I promise myself to you, how can I be sure that, on the way to the altar, you will not jump over the fence, and leave me to fate and Will Richardson?"

"Confound Will Richardson! Florence, forgive me! I was little less than a brute! Is there peace between us?"

"Both peace and love," she whispered, softly; and my heart was at rest.

My mother was overjoyed by the turn affairs had taken. Everything had happened just as she had wished; and, to this day, the good lady idolizes tomatoes, insisting upon it that it was through the agency of those preserves that Florence and I came to an understanding. It might have been—I cannot tell—great events sometimes originate in small causes.

Florence—dear little wife!—for five years she has sustained to me that relation; and if she has not cured me of my bashfulness, she has at least broken me of its extreme folly.

To other men afflicted as I was with constitutional shyness, I can conscientiously recommend my course. Don't be afraid; the ladies admire courage, and "None but the brave deserve the fair."

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

ANOTHER year will fade to-day,
Another year will flee away,
With all its pleasures, hopes, and fears,
To swell the list of by-gone years.

'Twill drift away to "Isles that were,"
And rank among the treasures there;
Be one, amid the banished throng,
The waves of Time have borne along.

'Twill bear away some fairy scene,
Some gilded hope, some cherished dream,
Some pearly shell from off life's shore,
That wind and wave will not restore.

'Twill leave its traces on the heart,
And write its records on the chart,
That Mem'ry hangs for one and all,
Amid the pictures of her hall.

Another year has gone astray—
Has glided to the Past to stay,
And left its ruins scattered o'er
The shining sands along Life's shore.

And years on years will follow on,
Be added to the moments flown;
And each shall steal some joy away,
Some cherished dream like this, to-day.

And each shall blight some bud of bloom,
Shall bear some loved one to the tomb,
Shall hush, for aye, some harp of song,
And scatter rust the chords among.

Then let us ever strive to live
So that each fleeting year may give
Some good report of labor done,
Some glad account of battle won.

That when the last on earth is fled,
And we all numbered with the dead,
We'll meet where "parting are unknown,"
An angel band around God's throne.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 381.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH the same false kindness which had characterized him during their whole interview, Lord Lovat conducted the unfortunate Prince to an apartment which had ever been kept sacred to royal guests at Dounie.

The last salutations were exchanged—the door closed—and the crafty old lord stood alone in the corridor, looking in deep thought upon the floor, the wicked smile about his mouth giving place to an expression of hard, relentless cruelty.

A step startled him; for, like some wild animal, he was constantly on the look-out for surprise or treachery, and, in spite of his age, his senses were singularly acute. He looked up, and, by the wavering light of the torch, saw Luke coming along the corridor.

He made a sign to the young man and turned down the gallery toward his own apartments, followed by the hunchback. Once within his inner room, whose luxurious appointments presented so strong a contrast to the grim desolation reigning in the rest of the castle, he settled himself in his easy-chair and again beckoned to Luke, who had remained standing near the door.

"Now is the time, laddie, when the old man must test your fidelity," he said, in his low, alluring voice. "Don't lose a word of what I say. You are quick to understand when you please——"

"And I have been as quick to act, too, as you will confess," interrupted Luke, with sudden impatience.

"True, bairn, true! I can trust you, if no one else."

He drew toward him a heavy silver casket, placed it upon the table, unlocked it with a key attached to his watch-chain, and took out several papers. Luke watched him keenly, and across his lip there flitted a smile so like that which had distorted the old man's mouth, as he stood in the corridor, that it gave the two faces a strange resemblance in that half-light.

"These are the papers," muttered Lovat, drawing out a little package from a secret drawer at the bottom of the casket. "I hold him now. The old fox—as the rascals call me—hasn't forgotten his cunning. Luke!" he added, aloud, "here, Luke!"

The hunchback approached the table, and stood looking in his face without a word.

"You must ride to Culloden—find the Duke of Cumberland—obtain speech with him. Listen now! This errand is one of life and death—no mistakes!"

"I never mistake anything I undertake," he answered, sullenly.

"Tell the duke that I am keeping guard over his prisoners at Dounie. At early dawn, if he can reach the castle so early, the Prince and a band of his chief followers will fall into his hands."

"What conditions?" asked Luke. "I know there are conditions."

"Ay, ay!" returned Lovat, with his low, wicked laugh; "conditions! Right, laddie; everything has its conditions. In return for these papers, and the information they will give, I am to remain, in my person and estates, untroubled. This is the pith of the matter. Carry on the negotiation as your sharp wit will direct. But another word, close in your ear!"

He grasped Luke's arm and pulled him close down, adding many whispered directions, as if he feared to trust even the walls with this detestable craft and treachery.

"You understand now, Luke," he said, releasing his arm; "you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. Lord Lovat, you shall be satisfied."

"Above all, make clear the treason of the Master of Lovat, Luke. Remember that I urge no conditions for him—not one, if it would keep him from the scaffold!"

"Your own son!" ejaculated the hunchback.

"Tush! tush, fool! One's blood, of course, is very dear; but that in a man's own veins is the dearest of all! In sacrificing my own son,

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I become a second Brutus. Don't you see, Luke?"

The hunchback offered no opposition. Indeed, his senses were so engrossed by one painful duty before him, that it is very doubtful if he half took in the extent of the guilt which the old man, in his greedy love of life, was ready to add to the blackness already upon his soul.

"And Dougal?" exclaimed Luke. "Some plea for him! My brother's life and safety must be put among the conditions!"

"You will do nothing so rash!" exclaimed Lovat, angrily. "Would you overload a sinking boat? The craft which will carry one man across a whirlpool in safety, might swamp with two."

"Let Dougal perish!" exclaimed the hunchback, fiercely.

Something in his tone roused the old lord to a sense of the danger he ran in angering the young man.

"No, no," he said, catching his breath, "not for worlds! But one thing at a time, Luke, one thing at a time! The duke's brain is of the dullest—we must not overload it. Once let my own safety be settled, and I can easily make terms for the laddie, and good ones too."

From under his knitted eyebrows, Luke Carr watched the old lord narrowly. He read in that smooth face the treason so ruthlessly meditated. The hunchback's right hand stole up to his breast and touched a packet hidden there. One other trial—and the old man's fate would be decided.

"We must not leave any uncertainty," he said, hoarsely. "Secure Dougal's safely beyond a doubt! I have a right to ask it."

"I tell you that will ruin everything!" exclaimed Lovat, angrily. "Do you bandy words with me, your chief? Imp, I will hear no more!"

"I love Dougal better than my own soul—more than I fear you, Lord Lovat!" he said, his voice growing soft and musical with those words. "No harm must come to him! I will not permit it!"

"Curse you for a nameless brat!" exclaimed Lovat.

A smothered sound from Luke, a look at the pale face and gleaming eyes bent upon him warned the old man that he had gone too far.

"I did not mean that," he said, coaxingly. "But you are wasting time, Luke. Away to the camp! I tell you, leave Dougal to me; he shall be safe enough, I promise you."

Not another word of remonstrance or persuasion did the hunchback attempt. He received the lord's last orders in cold silence and turned to go.

"You know how to obtain entrance to the camp? I can trust your head for some scheme?" said Lovat.

"Easily enough found," he said, coldly. "I have the dress of an English soldier, in my room, who fell at Preston Pans."

"It is all settled then. Take the swiftest horse in the stable and go. Not a moment is to be lost—not a moment!"

The hunchback hurried from the room; but in the passage he paused, and shook his clenched hands menacingly at the door.

"Do you feel the edge of the axe on your neck now, old man?" he muttered. "I can, I can! I betray the Prince—leave Dougal to his fate? I will go to this English duke; show him how to catch the old rat in his falling house. But, as to Dougal and the Master of Lovat, they shall tear me to pieces before I speak, if their safety is not secured!"

With these thoughts Luke went forth, mounted his horse, and rode swiftly down the valley.

Lord Lovat sat in his room, congratulating himself upon the success of his treachery, and clinging more tenaciously to life from the very fears which had been upon him during the last few hours.

Streaks of gray were stretching across the eastern sky, when Luke reached the battle-field where the English army was encamped, on the scene of its victory. He succeeded in passing the intoxicated sentinels, and found himself in the midst of a scene of riot and devastation which no pen can describe. A general carouse seemed to have been going on all night. Groups of drunken soldiers lay around their camp-fires, side by side with the unburied dead. Here the face of a corpse glared out, white and deathly, close by the crimson countenance of the soldier who had given the death-blow. Away in the shadows of the moor the lifeless Highlanders and drunken Englishmen lay heaped together—the victors soulless almost as the dead.

As Luke passed over the heath, his garments brushed drops of blood, instead of the sweet dew of heaven, from the heather, and the smell of smoke and carnage stifled all the sweet, pure breezes of the night.

A vast central tent, emblazoned with the royal arms of England, stood conspicuous in the very center of the battle-field, marking the presence of Cumberland in the field. This tent had also been the theatre of a grand carouse, and, even at that late hour, tumultuous voices and

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wild, riotous shouts rang through its canvas walls.

Luke made his quiet way toward this tent, and stood awhile before the entrance, searching among the group of reeling officers for the person he came to seek.

There was little of royalty about the Duke of Cumberland; but the diamond star worn by a stolid, heavy-featured young man, who sat at the camp-table, pointed out the object of his mission. The table on which he leaned, with both elbows, was crowded with silver goblets, empty wine flagons, and broken flasks, crowded promiscuously among loose papers, maps, and charts that had received many a rent and stain in the night's carouse. The young commander had been drinking with the rest, enough to flush his coarse features, but was left in full command of his faculties, such as they were. The officers of his staff were taking leave of him after their carouse. As they passed, singly and in couples, supporting each other, from the tent, Luke drew back into the shadow, waiting for their disappearance with some impatience, for the night was almost at an end.

When the Duke of Cumberland was left alone —for the sentinel had dropped into a drunken sleep before the entrance of his tent—Luke walked quietly into his presence.

Cumberland started up and took his sword from the table with a quickness that sent one of the goblets rolling to the ground.

"Ho! ho! What is this?"

Luke lifted a finger to his lips.

"Hist! hist, your highness! I am from the rebel camp, and bring tidings you will like to hear."

Cumberland sunk slowly back to his seat and motioned Luke to pause at the table opposite him.

The hunchback obeyed, leaning over the table, and speaking in a low, eager voice. More than once the prince interrupted him with angry exclamations. Then he denied something that the hunchback seemed to demand. But Luke's firm white face bespoke success against every outbreak of opposition; and when the duke glanced over the packet, which the hunchback had worn so long hidden in his bosom, his heavy features kindled into a triumphant and cruel smile.

"This time the old fox shall not escape!" he said, dashing his clenched hand on the table. "We will take him in his den. Remain here; you shall accompany my soldiers back to the castle."

Luke made no objection. But it was no part of his plan to be detained in the English camp until the soldiers were ready to start for the castle.

He had left his horse fastened in a thicket outside of the lines, and succeeded in reaching him unchallenged. In less than an hour from his entrance to the camp he was flying across the country, and, by the time the sun lay warm and bright upon the castle-towers, he had once more drawn rein in the court-yard.

He hurried through the long halls until he reached the chamber that Flora Macdonald occupied. The signal he made at her door was quickly answered; for he had warned her that, in case of danger, it was the one which he would employ.

"What has happened?" she cried, drawing him into her room. "Quick, Luke! Is he in danger?"

"The English soldiers will be here in an hour. Lord Lovat has betrayed the Prince!"

For some moments Flora Macdonald stood breathless and appalled. The hideousness so suddenly revealed to her was beyond instant comprehension. But she understood it at last, and attempted to speak, but with a shudder of the whole frame.

"Don't shriek, don't faint!" said Luke, rudely. "We have work to do. Look natural, I say! Will nothing drive back the blood to your face? I want help, and you must give it—brave help!"

The hunchback stamped his foot, and ground his teeth with impatience.

Flora made a great struggle, and brought her soul out of its torpor.

"I am ready, sir. I am calm and prepared for anything. Try me."

"I will. Where is Dougal?"

"With the Prince. His highness is in council with the Master of Lovat."

"And Clanranald?"

"I saw him a moment since in the upper hall, talking with Kate. But, tell me what is wanted. I am ready. I have not been in bed to-night. I felt that something would happen."

"You must save the Prince, Dougal, and the rest. His room gives entrance to a secret staircase that even Lord Lovat has not traced to that point. It leads to the vaults below."

"You will go with us?" she pleaded. "Dear Luke! we shall be helpless without you!"

"I will meet you there when I have found means to ensure their escape. Find Dougal at once. There is not a moment to lose. If Lord Lovat hears that I have come back, he will come in search of me."

He hurried her out of the chamber, and along the corridor, till they stood before the

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state-chamber. The hunchback's hasty knock was answered by the young man himself.

"Flora Macdonald!" he exclaimed, in wonder. But Luke gave him no time for further expression of his surprise.

"Take this key," he said, "and unlock the door you will find under the tapestry of the Prince's chamber. Let him follow this lady, without question or delay."

"What has happened? What does all this mean?"

"Wait ten minutes, and the English soldiers will tell you!" cried Luke.

"Let me in, Dougal. Go, Dougal!" pleaded Flora. "Lord Lovat has betrayed us. For the love of heaven, hasten!"

Dougal stayed not for further question, but led Flora at once into the state chamber; Charles Edward sat there, fully dressed in his military garments, earnestly conversing with the Master of Lovat. There was little time for courtesy or explanation.

"We are betrayed!" Dougal exclaimed. "There is still time to save your highness; follow me."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had dared too many dangers, essayed too many disguises and escapes to pause for words. Only as Dougal paused to lock the doors behind them, young Lord Lovat asked, "Who has done this?"

The answer came hollow and low, striking his heart like a blow. "Your father—your life is forfeit too."

When they reached Dougal's chamber, Luke had opened a secret door in the wainscot, and stood there with a lighted torch, which showed a winding stair-case evidently leading to the vaults under the castle from the chill wind which came up through the opening.

"Not a moment—not a word!" cried the hunchback, who had followed them, as the Prince started back at the sight of Flora. "Dougal, take the torch—down all of you. Wait till I come."

"Come with us," Dougal said.

"I must keep the old lord quiet, otherwise he will be looking after his birds. No black looks, Master of Lovat—I speak truth. If you knew all, there would be no pause here. Flora Macdonald, urge them away, or their blood will be on your head."

"For heaven's sake, come!" she pleaded. "Your highness, he speaks the truth; Lovat, oh, be quick!—be quick! I hear the tramp of hoofs."

Luke put the torch in Dougal's hand—almost pushed them toward the stair-case, and stood looking after them.

"The way is plain enough," he said. "Whatever happens, don't stir till I come to you!"

He closed the secret door, and darted out of the room and along the gallery.

"Now for the old lord!" he muttered.

At that instant there was a sudden tumult in the court-yard. Luke sprang to a window and looked out. A band of English soldiers were just filing through the great gates; more swarmed in the distance.

"Just in time," he thought; "they are safe!"

As the thought was in his mind he paused with sudden consternation. Lady Clanranald with her mother was crossing the hall; Clanranald and Kate Fraser followed them, holding that low, sweet conversation for which lovers will find opportunity even in the most pressing danger. Old Macdonald of Boisdale, with a group of fugitive officers, stood lower down the hall, waiting the appearance of the Prince.

"What, ho!" cried Luke, pale with excitement. "Come with me at once, or you are all prisoners to Cumberland this hour. His troopers are now in the valley. Hark!"

A moment of dead stillness, through which came the measured, but swift tramp of many horses. The fugitives looked wildly in each other's faces; Lady Clanranald and her mother stood mute! Kate Fraser clung to her lover; old Macdonald of Boisdale broke out, "If there is danger, on to the Prince. Let us guard him with our lives!"

"Yes, on, on, I will guide you," cried Luke. He ran to the state chamber and flung open the door, flung aside the tapestry and unlocked the secret door.

"Down, down with you at once. The Prince is safe. Follow him."

Old Boisdale passed through the narrow door after all the rest; he turned on the top step, and looked sternly in Luke's face.

"If there is treachery in this, I will find a time for the reckoning," he said.

"In the name of your king, I charge you follow him," said Luke, shaking in all his limbs, while great drops of sweat fell from his brow. "As God is my judge, I am acting truly!"

The old man was satisfied, and, turning slowly, allowed the secret door to close after him.

"Now for the old lord!" exclaimed Luke, dropping the tapestry, and passing through the stately grandeur of the royal chamber with the tread of a wild deer. The rest are safe. Let me be sure that he is so also. Ho! ho! we will smother the old fox in his hole. He must have no warning till they pour in upon him."

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Luke reached Lord Lovat's chamber, and opened the door softly as was his habit. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in that night, its counterpane of purple velvet was undisturbed. The curtains were gathered back around the massive posts, swathing their rich carved work with their glowing folds. There was no pressure of a head upon the pillows, no derangement of its sumptuousness in any way.

Luke uttered a sharp cry of disappointment; the brasier was still burning ashes, and blackened scraps of paper lay thickly around it; torn parchments strewed the floor. It was evident that the old lord had fled, for the strong box which held his gold had disappeared.

There was a noisy mustering of troops in the court-yard. The great portals were flung open, and Luke could hear the English troopers pouring into the hall; the clang of their feet and rattle of their arms echoed through the whole castle. Luke stood motionless, and his quick mind sprang to its conclusions. Lord Lovat had not taken refuge in the secret caverns; so far as he knew, they had been blocked up many a day. Luke had himself cleared away the rubbish from pure curiosity, when Lovat had been on one of his long visits to Edinburgh. It was a good week's work, and had taxed his strength to the utmost. This had not opened a means of escape for the old noble, but he had fled nevertheless. Where?

"I see—I see it all," he said, aloud. "I must lead them to him, or they will rend me like wolves. Thank God! I gave them no token that the Prince had come this way!"

Bold to act as he was quick to think, Luke descended at once to the great feudal hall. It was crowded with armed men. The servants had been taken prisoners, and were cowering in the hall, protesting that their lord, with some strange guests that had come in over night, were still in the castle.

When the English troopers saw Luke, a cry of recognition rang up to the blackened rafters. They had been warned that a person like that would be their guide. The leaders of the English band drew around him.

"Yes," said Luke, steadily, "Lord Lovat is gone. He fled from the castle last night; but mount a party of men and I will show you where he is."

The English troopers, but half-sobered from their carouse of the night before, broke into murmurs; their leaders looked distrustful.

It was a terrible moment for Luke Carr, for well he knew that Lord Lovat or himself would be carried prisoner to the Duke of Cumberland before another sun rose.

"Come," he shouted, moving toward the door, "I promised to place the old fox in your hands before midnight, and I will. Follow me."

The leaders gave a signal of command, and a file of men followed. Luke mounted and rode away to the mountains.

CHAPTER XX.

It was true, Lord Lovat had fled from his own half-regal home. After Luke left his chamber, the old man had been seized with a vague distrust that gradually deepened into absolute fear. The wicked have no faith; the curse of a false heart seized upon this miserable old man. What if Luke should betray instead of serving him? What if Cumberland, always cruel and treacherous, should send troops to arrest him as well as the Prince?

While the old man sat pondering these fears over and over in his mind, a dull, heavy night set in, enveloping Dounie castle with blackness and gloom. Prince Charles lay in a stupor of exhaustion, in the state chamber, where many an unfortunate of royal blood had slept before. Dougal Carr guarded the door while he slept; and on the stone pavement of the great hall beyond lay many a stalwart knight, breathing deeply as if despair had brought rest not altogether unlike death. It was to guard their sovereign that these brave, desperate men had cast themselves down upon the hard stone floor. One man sat in a ponderous chair of carved oak, wakeful and vigilant. His dark eyes wandered over the dimly-lighted hall, returning constantly to the door which shut in the unhappy Prince. One by one the silver sconces on the wall went out, and slow darkness crept around him, leaving the stalwart sleepers dimly visible, like the monuments of recumbent heroes carved on their own tombs. This was old Macdonald of Boisdale. Grim, stern, and wakeful he presided over that sleeping assemblage, now and then bending his head down to the basket-hilt of his sword, grasped firmly by his right hand, with its point planted hard on the stone floor.

As the old man sat with his heavy forehead bent downward, the person of Dougal Carr stood directly within range of the only sconce now in full brilliancy. The young man's face was bent, and the clear outline of his features was clearly limned upon the blackness of the stone wall behind.

Perhaps the old chieftain had slept a moment,

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for as he lifted his head from the basket-hilt of his sword, and the sharp black eyes brightened wildly under their bent brows, he started up as that young face presented itself so distinctly and strode toward the door. The young man heard his approach and changed the position that had been so striking.

"What is this? In our Lady's name, who are you?" he exclaimed, laying one hand heavily on the young knight's shoulder.

"You should know," answered Dougal, cheerfully, "for it was your hand which gave our Prince the spur which he buckled on my heel at Preston Pans."

The old man of Boisdale stood a moment bewildered. Sweeping one broad hand over his massive forehead, he muttered to himself,

"I have been sleeping, or this is an evil omen; before death the dead come back. Young man," he added, gravely, "we have a fearful trust between us; while others sleep you and I must watch."

With these words, the old man strode back to his seat again, and, taking up his sword which had fallen to the floor with a clang, resumed his watch.

All this time Lord Lovat was busy in his private chamber sorting out papers, burning some, and leaving others in conspicuous places where a search was sure to expose them. He had kindled a brasier in his room, and, from time to time, the flame of some burning document would leap up, and reveal the whole chamber and the crafty features of that old man with repulsive distinctness. His face was grossly eager, his eyes blood-shot, and his plump white hands shook among the papers he was gathering up to save or destroy. Now and then a muttered word fell from his leering lips, and beads of sweat broke over his forehead; since nightfall he had been hard at work, and the luxurious habits of his life fitted him badly for the toil he was passing through.

At last the old lord came to a small package of yellowish papers, which he took from a secret drawer of his desk—old neglected papers that he clutched eagerly as a miser snatches at money.

"They are here—they are here!" he exclaimed, thrusting the package in his bosom. What if they had been destroyed, as I feared? But I am seldom mad or careless enough to destroy writing—so here it is safe. She would give her life for these; but, what is better, they save mine!"

Lord Lovat ended this speech with a low, prolonged whistle, which brought a retainer into his room. The man came so noiselessly from behind the tapestry hangings that the old man did not hear him.

"My chief, the litter is ready!"

The old man started and began to tremble.

"Yes, yes! How many men?"

"Twelve. The stoutest of the clan."

"That is well. Have you brought forth the horses?"

"They are ready."

"Well again. You will ride before the litter, carrying your box on the saddle-bow. Take it out while I put on these garments."

The servant lifted the brass bound box from the floor with great difficulty, and, staggering under its weight, left the room.

Lord Lovat invested his person in a coat lined with sable, filled a goblet with wine from the silver flagon on the table, and followed his servant from the room. He paused one moment and gave a despairing look over the room; then disappeared with a moan, which was, in reality, a suppressed curse against the man and cause which had drawn him a fugitive from his home.

At daybreak, the next morning, while the mountains were wrapped in cold mist, and everything was gray and coldly indistinct, Mrs. Carr saw from her window a litter, surrounded by horsemen and followers on foot, winding up the mountain path which led to her dwelling. She was struck motionless by the sight. Who was coming? Had Luke met his fate? Was Dougal dead, and were those people bearing him home for burial?

No; that movement was scarcely a funeral one. The men walked on too quickly with their burden; the horses increased their speed. Mrs. Carr went to the door of her dwelling; whoever the guest was, he or she must be courteously received.

The litter came up, a white hand put aside the curtains, and the woman turned pale as she saw Lord Lovat, her arch enemy and mocking friend, reclining on its cushions.

"Dear lady!" he said, rising with difficulty from his recumbent position, "I have come to crave a shelter from you."

"A shelter from me!" exclaimed the woman, with a haughty frown. "I marvel you should deign me so much honor."

"Nay, nay, be generous. If I have done you some wrong, remember that I am beset now and fleeing for my very life; Cumberland's hounds may be after me now, for aught I know."

"If you are hunted down and in trouble, enter in our Lady's name; such shelter as I

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have shall be given you freely. But where is my——where is Dougal?"

"Both safe; have no fear for them; but find me some sure hiding-place till this storm blows over!"

"Lord Lovat, you have deserved no kindness at my hands."

"I know—I know you are thinking of that certificate, of her; but I will provide for the boy after a princely fashion, if these hounds will only give me a chance. Then as for the scrap of parchment, I brought it with me. Old Macdonald of Boisdale, the laddie's grandfather, is down at Dounie just now."

"What, my husband's father? The paper, the certificate, my Hugh's letters? Old man, give them to me, and I will hide you so safe that Cumberland with all his army shall not have power to reach you."

The old lord thrust both hands into his bosom, and drew forth the papers that rattled and shook in his trembling grasp.

"They are here now; hide me—hide me!"

"All, all," cried the woman, searching the papers eagerly. "Lord Lovat, I forgive you—I will die rather than give you up."

Her eyes flashed brilliantly; she stood erect, and seemed taller by many inches than when he first addressed her.

Lovat laughed. He saw by her face that he was safe.

"Now show the old fox his hole!" he cried, rubbing his hands that trembled still spite of himself.

Mrs. Carr led the way into her humble dwelling, grasping the papers in her hand and walking like an empress. She went up to the great yawning fire-place and touched a slab of stone in the chimney. It wheeled slowly on a pivot and revealed a yawning void behind.

"Go in," she said. "It is safe; I will bring you food and wine."

The old man trampled over the white ashes on the hearth, for the fire was nearly out, and thrust himself into the black square hole thus suddenly revealed, chuckling to himself as he went. When once on the steps which led he knew not whither, he turned and looked through the opening.

"Do not fail to send for wine and choice meats from the castle; and if Luke comes, tell him nothing till you are sure of his honesty; I doubt it. The Macdonalds are a crafty race."

Lovat uttered the last words under his breath, accompanied by a low langh, which ended in words so cruel that it was well the woman above did not hear them.

"She must go quick with her papers if she finds the old lion of Boisdale with his head on."

Mrs. Carr was on the alert now. She gathered up food and ale, all the luxuries her dwelling afforded, and carried them down to the vault where Lord Lovat had taken refuge. It was a dry and not uncomfortable cellar, ventilated from the rocks above, and with a few articles of furniture introduced, made a habitation far more desirable than the exiled Prince was glad to shelter himself in long before the month was out.

When this was done, Mrs. Carr put on the black cloak and hood with its crimson lining, which were her out-door holiday garments, and, with the precious papers held close to her bosom, descended the mountains toward Dounie. She took a sheep-path which led to the castle by a short route, thus escaping Luke, who came stealing along the broader path with a train of English soldiers behind him. It was a case of life and death with Luke Carr then. He must place Lord Lovat in the hands of those black browed soldiers, or swing on the nearest tree, as they had threatened him more than once.

The hunchback was deadly white when he came near his mother's dwelling. It was strangely silent; faint traces of smoke came from the chimney, and this gave him courage. It was an unusual thing for the fire to go out on his mother's hearth-stone; usually the open-mouthed cranny belched forth embers as well as smoke. He remarked also that the road had been recently traversed by a crowd of feet, for fresh tracks appeared confusedly on the soil. With his sharp eyes he traced these footprints up to his mother's door, and saw, near the threshold, where the four supporters of a litter had left their marks on the ground.

Luke said nothing of these signs; but, slipping from his horse, dropped like a cat on the threshold stone and entered the house. It was empty.

"Ho! ho! this looks like a covert for the fox!" cried the English leader, mockingly. "Why, sirrah, one could not hide a mouse in this place! This is dangerous trifling."

Luke was looking at the fire. The trampled ashes had been carefully swept back and a fresh log placed against the chimney. He went up to the log, seized it by one end, and, hurling it out upon the hearth, pressed his blackened hand against the back of the chimney. The stonework gave way. Pointing to the black cavity within, Luke called out,

"There is the hole, hunt out the fox yourselves."

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There was something in the young man's heart that would not let him see his old lord, and, in some sort, benefactor, torn from his hiding-place. He went out in the open air, and, sitting down on a rock near the door, covered his face, and began to shudder at the deed he had accomplished. The tramp of soldiers falling into line, the low, querulous voice of an old man, protesting against harsh treatment, forced him to look up. His eyes met those of Lord Lovat, not harsh and sneering, as he expected, but full of mournful reproach. His heart swelled, his lips began to tremble.

"Luke, Luke! What is this?" cried a voice at his elbow. "What have you done?"

Luke looked up. It was his mother.

"I have given your enemy and mine up to his fate. Why not? It was just!" he answered, shaking the hair back from his eyes.

"Then," answered the woman, solemnly—"then, unhappy boy! you have given your own father to his death-doom!"

A long, sharp cry, like that of an animal in pain, broke from the wretched boy. He sprang up, confronting his mother fiercely.

"Is this true?"

"As God is true!"

"Then you are not my mother?"

"You are my sister's child. I promised that Lord Lovat should never claim you as his son—never have power over you."

"And so gave him power over Dougal, your own son."

"It was his own delusion. When he saw the two children, his egotism chose the most beautiful. I said nothing. His delusion made it easy to redeem that promise to your mother."

"Woman—woman!"

Luke had intended to say more, but the great passion of his grief could only frame these two words. But they never left her memory—never!

He turned slowly, with his head bent and his limbs bending under him, walked a little way, and came back.

"Woman! Mother! Your son is safe, with his grandfather, in the secret vaults under Dounie Castle. This day is yours; to-morrow it may be too late. When the English soldiers are gone, go down to the castle. Here is a key."

Luke had spoken with baited breath, like a man wounded in some vital part. In the same low voice he told her the secret of the private door, and the passage by which the fugitives might leave their hiding-place. She heard him in silence, for the anguish in his face awed her. When he had done, she spoke.

"And where will you go?"

"To the scaffold, with my father!"

With these words, the hunchback turned from the woman who had wronged him, and went down the sheep-path. She never saw him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

The old house of South Uist stood up more grim and imposing than ever in the twilight of that cold, dreary day. It seemed almost as if the proud old dwelling shared the grief and desolation which had overtaken the cause in which that noble family partook so deeply.

Two female forms were hovering around the path which the old man of Boisdale had mounted on the day when Prince Charles Edward landed in the Isles. They were anxiously looking across the water, where a small boat was just discernible, making rapidly toward the island.

"They are coming—it is surely they!" exclaimed Lady Clanranald. "I knew that I could not be deceived, even at this distance."

Katharine Fraser shrank back a little at the words, and a beautiful glow shot into her face. Lady Clanranald seized her hand and drew her nearer the water's edge.

"You tremble," she said; "you are afraid! Silly child!"

"To be waiting here," murmured Katharine, "as if——"

Lady Clanranald turned and looked into Kate's glowing face. She understood the feeling which prompted the girl's emotion.

"This is no time for girlish fancies," she said, kindly, but with an almost stern undertone in her voice. "In an hour you will be my son's wife. We are all fugitives now. Surely, we need not hesitate to show every feeling in our hearts to one another. God keep us from all harm!"

She wound her arm about Katharine's waist, and the girl clung to her, forgetting all her timidity in the thoughts to which the lady's words had given rise.

"I can distinguish them!" cried Lady Clanranald. "The Prince—my son—oh! thank God! safe at last!"

Katharine's lips repeated the prayer, moved by the same impulse. Her eyes turned seaward, and far off, through the gathering mists, could be perceived a ship, riding at anchor."

"The haven is almost reached!" exclaimed the lady. "My Kate, before this night closes in, we shall, with our Lady's good grace, be safe on yonder vessel!"

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"If my father were only with us!" murmured Katharine.

"He is safe, my daughter, in the land to which we are going; his care sent that good ship to our rescue," she replied, pressing her lips to the girl's forehead. "It is but a sad bridal, I know, without him. Still, we are but obeying his wishes. Remember that, and be content. The boat, Kate, the boat!"

It was nearing the landing-place. They saw Clanranald standing up in the bow and waving his cap toward them. In another moment he had clasped the two ladies to his heart, and then they turned to receive the Prince.

In spite of his disguise, of all the hardships he had endured, Charles Edward betrayed, in every movement and look, his high rank still, and the salutation of those faithful adherents was only more respectful from the remembrance of his misfortunes.

The Prince supported Lady Clanranald up the ascent, and her son followed, with Katharine Fraser leaning fondly on his arm.

"This is a sad bridal for you, my Kate," he whispered. "But, in spite of defeat and exile, I cannot control the happiness I feel in thinking that you are to be mine, all mine, at last!"

"The Prince is safe, here," she answered; "surely, there can be no danger now?"

"I think, none. But we must make for the ship as soon as possible. English cruisers are abroad all along the coast."

The party reached the castle, and, as it entered the great hall, the old lady came out to meet her daughter's guests, followed by Flora Macdonald. The poor old woman was greatly changed. Her hair had grown snow-white, and her form was bent and feeble. The light in her eyes was fading now; you could see that through the tears which filled them, as, trembling in every infirm limb, she came unsteadily forward and bowed her knee before the Prince.

"My faithful friends!" he exclaimed, in a sad, broken voice; for he was deeply affected by the greetings bestowed upon him. "Alas! even my thanks almost bring trouble upon those who receive them kindly!"

His eye fell upon Flora's, as he spoke. She met the glance with gentle dignity, giving back a world of respectful compassion, but nothing more.

He bowed over her hand, but was too deeply crushed by trouble and misfortune even to utter a syllable in keeping with his former gallantry, although the feelings, which her beauty had stirred in his heart, had only leaped up more tumultuously during that season of trial.

Lady Clanranald drew her son apart and whispered a few words in his ear. As they entered the inner rooms, he said, aloud,

"My Prince, we have little time to lose. A signal has been made to the vessel. The boats wait to bear us there."

"But we have just a little ceremony to witness," returned the Prince, smiling with his old grace. "Then we must give ourselves to the elements, never the friends of our house."

He went up and took Katharine's hand.

"Fair lady," he said, "you will consent that my hand, poor as it is, shall give you away to yonder faithful friend. I had thought to have witnessed this ceremony within my own palace of Holyrood; but heaven wills otherwise. Charles Edward, homeless and bereft of everything, can only give you his blessings and his prayers."

Kate made no reply; for the tears swelled into her eyes, and her heart was full. The Prince held her hand, while they moved silently through the gloomy apartments and entered the chapel, which was already lighted up, and the priest waiting before the altar.

The holy words were spoken—every knee was bent, as the last blessing was pronounced by the priest; but, as they rose, while Clanranald was bending over his bride, the chapel-doors were flung open, and one of the old servants rushed in, crying out,

"The soldiers! the soldiers! The English are upon us!"

Instinctively, the little group threw themselves before the Prince, as if their feeble strength could protect him. He stood silent, almost immovable—perhaps, at that moment, so worn out by fatigue and broken hopes, that he hardly cared to escape the imprisonment which menaced him.

Before the women, heroic and noble-hearted as they were, had recovered from their first stupor of amazement and horror, Clanranald started forward with a decision which was remarkable in one of his years.

"My Prince, they have hunted us like dogs from the Highlands, and now hope to hold us at bay here in my father's house. But we may yet escape!" he exclaimed. "Mother, go with these ladies into the hall; the soldiers will not harm women. My Prince, follow me. They shall not trap us under this roof."

"Which way—where?" cried Lady Clanranald.

"Across the bridge, and down the rocks! I know the path. They cannot follow. We can reach the woods. Mother, I leave my soul with

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you. Katharine, my wife! God bless you—and farewell!"

He strained the pale young creature to his heart. The mute embrace lasted only a moment—and the newly-made husband and wife were severed, perhaps, forever!

Not one of those women shed a tear. There was no room for weeping, moans, or protestations.

The ladies made their way toward the hall, and Clanranald drew the Prince out of the house toward the stream, which came rushing down the rocks, close by the dwelling. It was swollen, by recent rains, into a formidable torrent; but, once across the bridge, Clanranald knew a path which would lead them in safety.

As Lady Clanranald entered the hall, followed by her companions, the outer doors had been forced open, and a band of soldiers half-filled the hall.

"Madam," exclaimed the leader, hurrying toward the lady, "the Pretender is here—it is useless to deny it! Give him up, and ensure your own safety!"

In spite of the danger they all ran, of the horror and despair which had unstrung her soul, the lady's great pride rose up.

"It is false! The Stuart was here," she cried, "the Pretender is safe on his stolen throne!"

Before any one could move or answer, a shout rang from outside the castle.

"They have caught them—they are taken!" groaned Katharine.

The soldiers rushed through the door, and the women followed. When they gained the side-entrance, they saw, through the gloom, that Clanranald and the Prince had just crossed the frail bridge, composed of a single huge log cast over the torrent.

"After them! after them!" cried the leader.

The cry reached Clanranald. He raised an axe, which he had caught up in his flight, and, with a succession of vigorous blows, cut the log through the heart. Before one of the soldiers could reach the bridge, it fell.

"Mother! wife! farewell!" he cried. "Have no fear for us; we can defy them yet!"

Clanranald's voice came toward them above the roar of the torrent, and was answered by the imprecations of the soldiers; but the Prince and his noble guide had already disappeared.

The old woman fell upon her knees—her white hair broke loose, and was fluttering in the wind—her small hands were uplifted; but when she saw the bridge fall, and knew that the Prince and her grandson were safe, she gave way to a burst of exultant tears.

"You will only war against women, here," said Lady Clanranald, turning toward the captain of the band. "Do with us what you will. Our Prince is safe. You cannot follow or find him. But we are in your power."

"Lady!" exclaimed the young man who led the English soldiers, doffing his cap with involuntary respect, "my errand here is done! I thank heaven you did not have the grief of witnessing their capture!"

He summoned his men, and they filed out of the castle; but those left behind were relieved, at least, from the agony of present fear, for they knew that no stranger could discover the retreat to which Clanranald would bring the helpless Prince. Far around South Uist there was many a safe hiding-place which no English soldier could even fathom, and on all that island there was not a Scotsman who would not have perished rather than act as a guide to the Hanoverian soldiery.

The vessel that had hovered around South Uist, on Kate Fraser's wedding-day, still came and went along the coast—now fleeing oceanward like a gull, now creeping into some safe harbor; but always keeping clear of the English cruisers. About three weeks after her first appearance, she was seen on the horizon again, and, from the old house at South Uist, three anxious women were watching her movements. It was the same party which had aided in the escape of Charles Edward, that eventful day. Lady Clanranald, Kate, and the old lady, who had now fallen away to a delicate shadow, of which the only substance seemed to be a halo of soft white hair, composed this anxious group. The old woman watched with the rest.

Flora Macdonald was absent. She sat on a shelf of rock, on the other side of the water, overlooking the sea. Behind her was a deep cave, festooned with wild vines so thickly that no stranger could have guessed at its existence. By her side sat a pale, weary-looking young man, who was regarding the distant ship with a sort of dreary expectation. More than once tears filled his blue eyes, and he turned away his face that she might not see them.

"Be firm!" she said, gently. "Be hopeful! This project shall not fail. I brought the disguise. At nightfall, when the shadows fall, be ready! Then we will make the attempt. Clanranald waits on the opposite shore. My uncle of Boisdale, and Dougal, his grandson, are with him. If you can but reach them in safety, all will be well."

Charles Edward laid his hand gently on hers.

"Sweet lady," he said, "if I live, it will be

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to your courage and goodness that I am indebted for the poor boon of existence. While I have the power to feel, your dear image will fill my memory. Had I been more fortunate——"

The Prince shaded his eyes with one hand, while bright, large tears, which he was ashamed to let fall, gathered in them.

Flora arose, her fine eyes brimming with pity, her mouth all in a quiver of emotion.

"At sunset!" she said, gently. "Forgive the woman's disguise; it is the only safe one. Our Lady grant you a speedy deliverance."

With this gentle prayer, Flora went away, and Charles Edward stole back to his hiding-place in the rocks. That night, two boats put out to sea from South Uist; both were filled with ladies and their attendants. The first moved boldly out, almost challenging detention from the English guards that swarmed around the island. The other crept out more stealthily, in the crimson twilight, hugging the shore for a long distance, and keeping as far as possible in the shadow. This boat contained, besides the oarsmen, two females: one, in the coarse garb of a house-servant—and the other, a fair young girl, who will live in history, for all time, as a heroine, to whom each new generation shall do homage—Flora Macdonald.

The larger boat, which contained the ladies of the Clanranald family, made directly for the vessel which lay off in the crimson distance. The other crept into a cove of the Isle of Skye, and, a week after, crossed over to the main-land, in one of the darkest nights of that dark time. On this last voyage, it carried no female, but the priest we first saw on that French vessel when the old man of Boisdale visited it.

For weeks and weeks that French vessel hovered on and off the shore, sometimes running far out to sea, and remaining invisible for days and days. In the night time, boats would creep out from the inlets, glide off, like shadows, toward it, and go back empty. At last, deep in the blackness of a stormy midnight, one came from the direction of a house which Clanranald owned on the main-land, drifting up toward the vessel with ghostly stillness.

A young man stepped on board. As his feet touched the deck, a shadowy little figure came flitting across the deck, with outstretched hands, and fell at his feet, with a faint cry that was lost in a smothered shout, half triumph, half thanksgiving, with which Charles Edward was received by that group of loyal fugitives.

The morning light found this vessel, outward bound, far on its way to France. Charles Edward, in his own royal character, stood bare-headed amid his faithful friends. Clanranald and his household, the Master of Lovat, and many another unfortunate noble, crowded the deck. Among them was the old Macdonald of Boisdale, looking far more cheerful, in his misfortune, than he had been when first urged into the desperate enterprise that had cost his house so dearly. By his side stood a dark woman of splendid presence, wrapped in a black mantle and hood, lined with red silk, whom he presented to the Prince as the widow of his son, Hugh, who had died in exile, after the wars in '15. Another person he introduced, whom the Prince recognized with a flash of gratitude.

"What! this young man your grandson!" he cried. "A Macdonald of the Isles! Why, old friend, who thought of this when we buckled on his spurs at Preston Pans?"

The old man laughed.

"Yes, my Prince, I have found an heir to my poor lands just as we are leaving them. Tush, tush! Do not look distressed at my heedless speech, my liege. I would rather have this brave laddie and his mother by my side than be the lord of every isle in this group."

The Prince smiled and spoke to Dougal.

"I doubt, young sir, if you have not left something, in yon isles, dearer than land or home! But, keep of good cheer; every cloud has its silver lining."

A little more than a year after that vessel, with its unhappy freight, left the shores of Scotland, the old man of Boisdale, and his grandson were called from exile by a beneficent act of the government, and Flora Macdonald—not the less a Macdonald because she had become the bride of Dougal—took her place as mistress of the home, which was now, by right, her husband's. A dark-browed woman also found honorable place in that tranquil home, and, from that hour, the rigor of her countenance settled down to an expression of benign content, which carried her beauty forward into extreme old age.

Old Sir Alexander of Skye, who had kept aloof from the war which had ruined half his family, pleaded with success for the brave offenders, and, one by one, the Lords of the Isles came back and took possession of their estates. Last of all came Macdonald of Clanranald, with his fair wife and stately mother. But the grandmother—that most devoted of patriots—had dropped asleep on the day Charles Edward reached the shores of France—and they had made her lone grave in a foreign soil.

The very morning on which the Clanranalds reached South Uist, a terrible scene was going on at the Tower of London: for the last head

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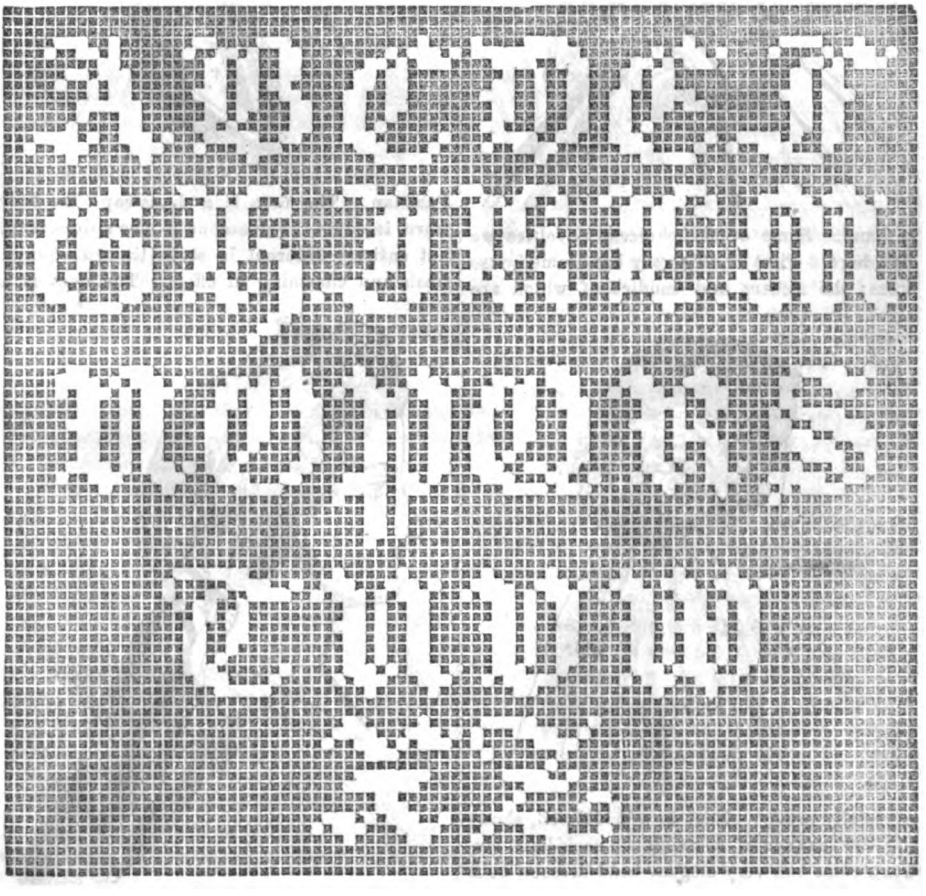
that ever fell under the axe, in that blood-stained pile, rolled upon the scaffold that day.

Through a multitude of idle spectators that crowded every inch of his way from the tower where he had been imprisoned, old Lord Lovat was led to execution. With the same half-mocking smile on his heavy lips, he passed through the crowd, uttering jokes as he went. Behind him, creeping forward among the rabble, sometimes pressing so close that he was beaten back by the soldiers, came a thin, hunchbacked creature, with long, unkempt hair, and eyes that bore a look of that continued corroding pain that is sure to end in death or insanity. They placed the old man on the scaffold, and allowed him to rest on a chair, while the eager crowd swarmed up to the scene of execution, and would have pressed upon the scaffold itself but for the cordon of bristling pikes that surrounded it. One man did essay to break through this wall of steel. It was Luke, the hunchback. With a desperation that seemed superhuman, he tore through the guard, and sprang like a panther upon the scaffold, calling out, "Father, father!" with a cry that made the very executioner recoil, with the ponderous axe in his hand. But it was only for a moment. While the unhappy old lord held forth his arms, with a warm, human impulse of forgiveness, his wretched son was hurled back upon the soldiers' pikes, and, pierced with a dozen mortal wounds, was tossed heavily to the earth just as the ghastly head, crowned with masses of gray hair, rolled upon the scaffold.

THE END.

ALPHABET IN GERMAN TEXT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE beauty and style of the new fashions, this season, are particularly noticeable. In every department novelty and elegance go hand

in hand. Some of the choicest novelties we give here. First is this very handsome house dress; the sleeves and boddice of which are

especially pretty. Next is a bridal veil, showing the manner of dressing the back hair, etc. Then come two very elegant head-dresses, both

Parisian. The first is a dress-cap: the hair worn in curls. The second is also a dress-cap, but entirely different in style, though equally fresh and charming in effect. The next is a

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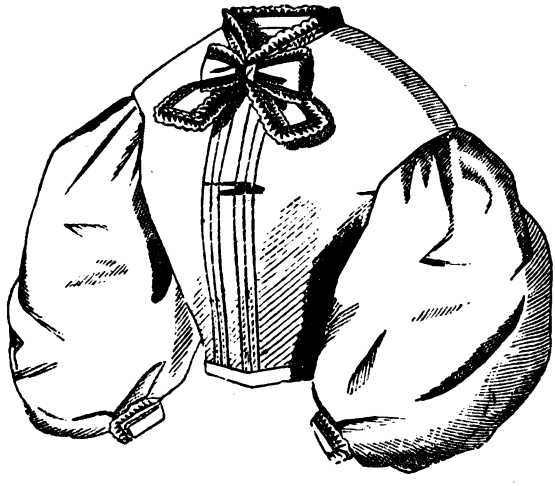
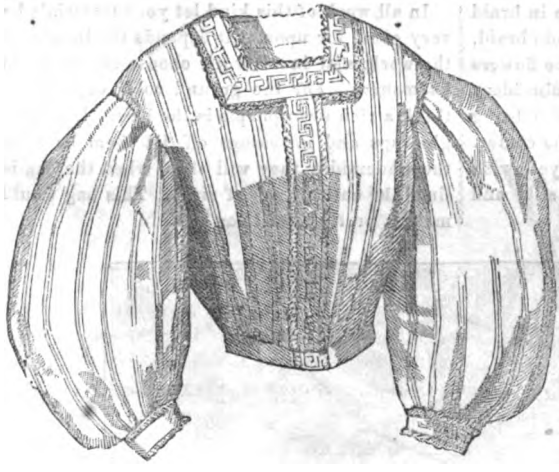
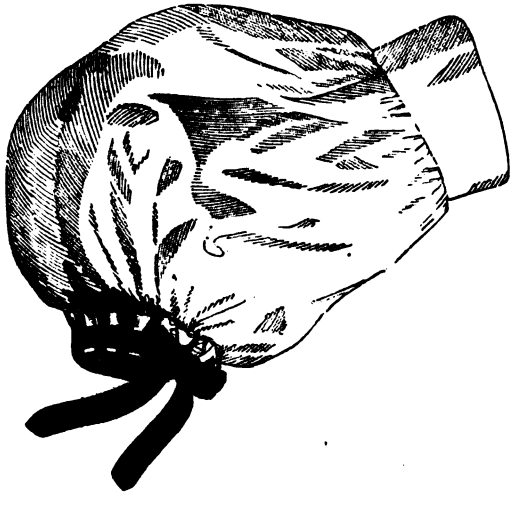
chemisette to be worn under a Spanish Jacket. It is an article which almost any lady can make for herself, with the assistance of this pattern: and there are few articles of dress which are at once so graceful and stylish. The Spanish Jacket is very fashionable this season, and has almost entirely supplanted the Zouave Jacket. On another page we give a diagram for a Spanish Jacket. This particular one is called the Figaro, and, when braided according to the pattern, (see page 471) makes the most striking of all the various Spanish Jackets that have appeared. The advantage of these Jackets is that they may be worn, like the Zouave,







with an old skirt: thus enabling a lady to give greater variety to her costume, without being extravagant. Now follows a muslin body, cut somewhat in what is called the Raphael style, only less deep on the throat, and therefore more desirable, at least for many figures. The embroidery of this body, which is the now popular Ionic style, adds greatly to its effect. This also is an article, which any lady of taste, accustomed to making up fancy articles of dress, can make for herself. Finally, we give an under-sleeve of muslin, which is the latest novelty out of its kind. In the front of the number, in addition to what is given here, we give a pattern for another new sleeve, several new bonnets, new caps, new collars, etc., etc.; but which require no further mention, as the engravings are sufficiently descriptive of the several articles.

It shall be our purpose, next year, so far as is possible, to make our department of "Peterson" even more complete than it has been heretofore. The publisher's arrangements for receiving the Paris, London, New York, and Philadelphia fashions are unusually complete, and certainly exceed those of any other publisher whatever. We have, therefore, a far greater variety to select from than other fashion editors; and we think we may safely say that "Peterson" will be unrivaled.

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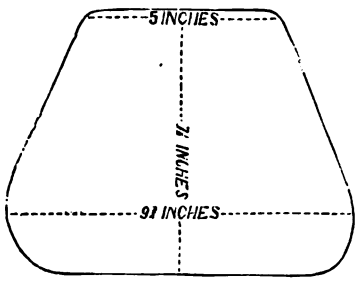
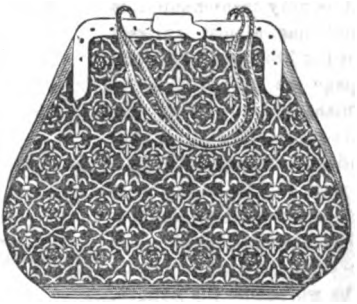
RETICULE IN BRAID AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





THIS beautiful pattern is a Reticule in braid and embroidery. The fretwork is in gold braid, the breadth of the large pattern. The flowers are worked in silk in the usual embroidery stitch, and of different colors, the rose being in red silk, with five gold beads in the center. The shamrock in green silk, of a yellowish tint. The thistle flowers in purple silk, and the leaves of green of a bluish tint.

In all work of this kind let your materials be very good, for upon that depends the beauty of the work, and in all work choose the colors to harmonize. For the ground color of this, we think a rich deep purple is the best. In all beginnings and fastenings off, let them be from the underside; they will then, when the bag is lined, be entirely out of sight. This bag would make a pretty Christmas gift.

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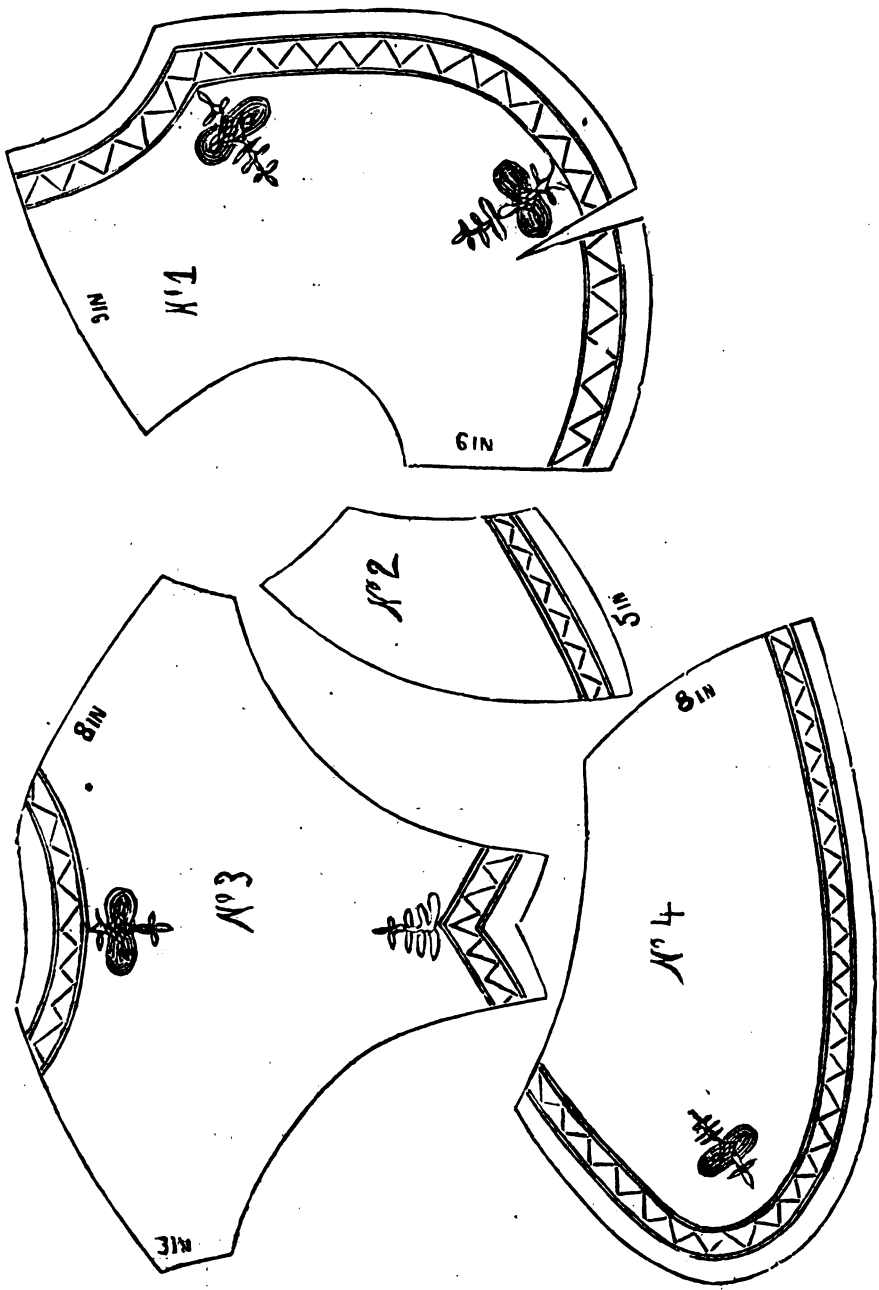
THE FIGARO JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE Figaro Jacket, one of the most fashionable patterns of the now popular Spanish Jacket, being a novelty in great demand, we give a diagram by which it may be cut out.

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The diagram also shows the style of braiding to be employed.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Side-Piece.

No. 3. Back.

No. 4. Sleeve.

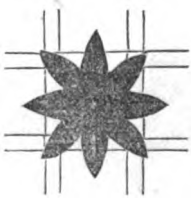
This jacket is made of cloth and braided, of velvet with gold braid, or of silk braided of another color, etc. Its effect, when made up, in velvet and gold braid, is very fine.

SOFA PILLOWS IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials.—No. 20 canvas and twelve-threaded wool.

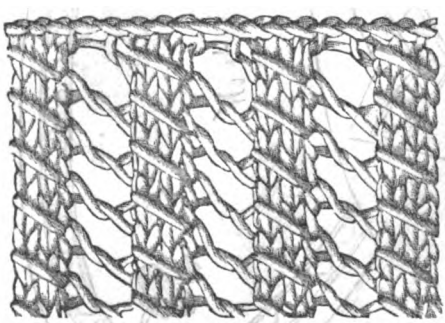
In the front of the number, printed in colors, are given two very beautiful patterns for sofa pillows. They are done in a new stitch, which is now all the rage, partly because of the striking effect it produces, partly because of the ease with which it is worked. The stitch may be called a cross stitch, but instead of the old-fashioned stitch covering two threads of canvas each way, this stitch covers four threads each way, as will be seen from the accompanying pattern. Every stitch in this design is to be done in the above manner, which will make the cushions the proper size. If there is any difficulty as to the number of canvas, decide by counting the number of stitches on the pattern, then count four times the number of threads of the canvas. This will determine for you the quality of the canvas.



This being a new kind of work, some difficulty may, perhaps, be found, in the remoter country districts, in buying the proper wools and canvas. Persons, who desire materials, therefore, and have no city friends to apply to, may write to Jane Weaver, care of "Peterson's Magazine," Philadelphia, who will purchase what they need and forward it by mail to their address, provided the money is enclosed. Or she will answer questions as to cost, if addressed, post-paid, a stamp enclosed.

KNITTING PATTERN FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pattern is suitable for making many useful little articles. It is pretty for babies' berceaunette blankets or cot covers, lined with silk, or knitted in very coarse wool for traveling rugs. Different kinds of wool must, of course, be selected, according to the purpose for which the knitting is intended. We will give our readers the directions for knitting the stitch, and they can then make use of it for either of the articles just mentioned. We would advise them to select, for a baby's blanket, white fleecy wool; for a cot cover, double Berlin; and for a traveling rug, 8-thread fleecy. The following directions will be found correct for knitting the stitch:—Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by four, and allow besides one for each end. 1st row: Slip 1, * make 1, slip 1, knit 3, draw the slipped stitch over the three knitted ones, repeat from *, knit 1. 2nd row: Knit 1, purl all but the last stitch, which knit plain. 3rd row: Same as 1st. 4th row: Same as 2nd. It will be seen that the pattern is very easy to knit, and is very quickly executed.

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LADY'S NECESSAIRE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—3½ yards of sarsnet ribbon, about 1½ inch wide; 1 skein of fine black purse silk; quarter of a yard of black elastic, etc., etc.

In contributing nick-nacks to fancy fairs, or preparing Christmas presents, ladies are frequently puzzled to know what to make, and we are happy to be able to supply a pretty and useful little article suitable for this purpose. It combines all a lady's needle-work apparatus, including scissors, thimble, needle-case, and pin-cushion, and is at the same time rather ornamental to an in-door toilet, being attached to the waistband by a small hook. The model from which we have had our illustration made is larger than the design, and is made of green sarsnet ribbon with a satin edge; the edge to which the working implements are attached being embroidered with a simple pattern in black silk. The taste of the worker may be developed in selecting the colors or the pattern for embroidering, which latter may altogether be omitted, if desired, and a plain ribbon used instead. Brocaded ribbons, which are now so beautifully manufactured, would answer all the purpose of embroidery, and would

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have an equally good effect, but it is especially necessary to purchase a good stout ribbon, and one of the best quality. These necessaires may also be made in black ribbon velvet, which can be ornamented in a variety of ways, in gold, silver, silk, or beads; but these little matters of detail must, of course, be left to individual taste. The four ribbon ends are from fourteen to sixteen inches long, which are turned in at the bottom to form a point, the ribbon being embroidered or not, at pleasure. The little articles forming pendants to them are made in the following manner:—

1. The little needle-book. For this purpose fold a piece of cardboard, line it with white silk, and cover with some of the ribbon; the half of the needle-book must, of course, be the same breadth as the ribbon. Then fasten two leaves of fine white flannel inside, notched round the edges, and secure the whole by an elastic band, by which it must be attached to the pointed end of the ribbon.

2. The little bag, a receptacle for the thimble, reels of cotton, etc., etc., is likewise made of two pieces of the ribbon joined together, with a narrow runner made under the frill at the top, through which a fine silk cord is passed to draw and undraw the bag. It should be about three inches long, and fastened on one side underneath the frill to the ribbon.

3. The pin-cushion is made of two round pieces of cardboard, covered with the ribbon, and sewn together, the pins being stuck in the seam to form a decoration for the outer edge.

4. The scissors are merely hung on to a piece of elastic, which is fastened to the point of the ribbon. The four pieces of ribbon should be united at the top and finished off by a rosette made of six bows and three ends, arranged in a circle on a net foundation. Each of the bows and ends require about three and a half inches of ribbon, besides a small piece to complete the center of the rosette. On the wrong side of this rosette a common dress-hook of rather a large size should be sewn, by which means the necessaire is attached to the waistband.

LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in black, for a Lady's Braided Slipper: very suitable, as most of the patterns in this number, for a Christmas or New Year's gift. The materials are a quarter of a yard of bright blue cloth; one piece of Alliance silk braid, scarlet and gold. This style of slipper is different from the ordinary shape, as it is made with shaped sides, the toe and back being sloped down to a point. These slippers are often made up with rather high heels, which give to the foot a very dainty appearance, particularly when the heels are made in bright scarlet. For warm weather we can recommend this style of slipper as being exceedingly comfortable and cool wear. Velvet or bronze leather might be selected instead of cloth for the foundation, and a rich gold braid used instead of the silk.

HANGING ALUMETTE BASKET.

Many fires, involving loss of property, sometimes even loss of life, arise from matches lying carelessly about. The Alumette Basket, an engraving of which we give, in the front of the number, is designed to avoid this, by providing a safe receptacle for them, which shall also be a pretty ornament for a room. To make an Alumette Basket, take one of those small glasses that hold something less than a quarter of a pint, and cut a paper exactly to fit in size. This being done, cut the same shape in cardboard and another in velvet, allowing a little additional size for the over-wrapping of the edges. Then work upon the velvet the design given in our illustration, in a mixture of clear and opaque-white beads, which may or may not be enlivened with a few gold or steel beads, according to taste. Close up the cardboard shape already cut at the back, sew a wire round the top and the bottom, continuing the latter up at the back, so as to cross again and form the oval shape of the back, surmounted with the loop from which it is to hang. This wire is then to be rolled round with very coarse cotton (No. 2 knitting cotton will be found the most suitable size), and then rolled round with a string of clear-white beads, so as to conceal the cotton entirely. No. 12 crochet cotton will be the most proper for stringing these beads, as well as for working the design on to the velvet. When the work has proceeded thus far, the velvet must be stretched upon the cardboard shape, its edges being turned over and stitched through a quarter of an inch from each rim,

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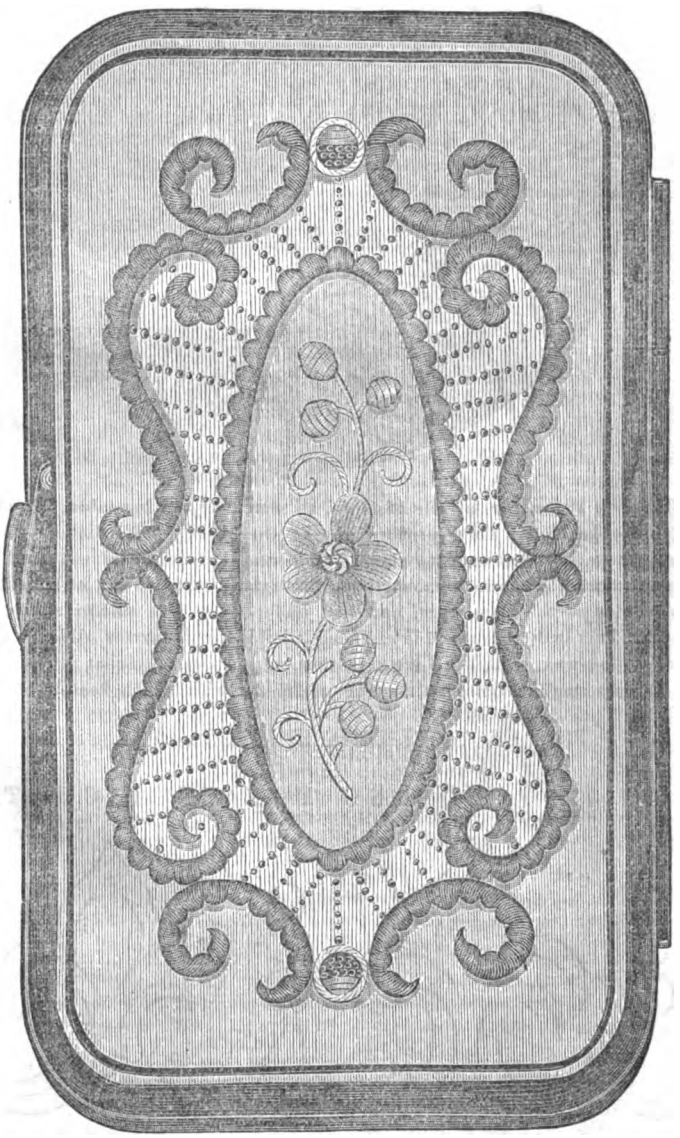
the border of beads which is next to be added hiding the stitches. The larger central bead which appears in this border may be imitation pearl; the ring of beads which surrounds it being either of gold or steel. The oval at the back is of emery paper, for the ignition of the matches, and should be laid on another piece of cardboard slightly larger, and bound with ribbon, being fastened in its right place within the wire frame of the back with a few stitches. It only now remains to slip the glass into the inside, care having been taken that the shape should exactly cover it, and this useful article for the home service will be completed.

CIGAR-CASE IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Fine gray leather; brown satin; brown embroidery silk; gold bullion; fine gold cord; small gold beads.

Place the gray leather in a frame, a piece long enough for both sides. Baste the brown satin in the center of the half of the piece of leather, that is, what is intended for one side. Then trace the pattern. The arabesques are done in button-hole stitch, and with the embroidery silk, which should be a shade lighter than the brown satin. Fill the arabesque pattern with brown zephyr before embroidering it: to raise it the effect is much richer. The flowers entirely in gold cord, the acorns in bullion, the stems in gold cord, the little dots are gold beads. The round pattern at each end, the outside is of gold cord, the point bullion, and the center black beads. Send it to the portmonnaie manufactures to be made up.



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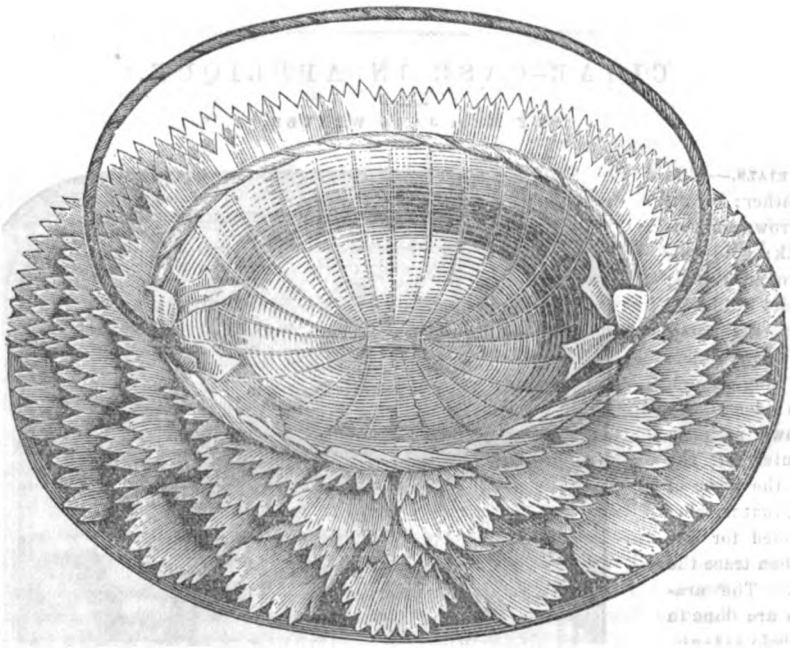
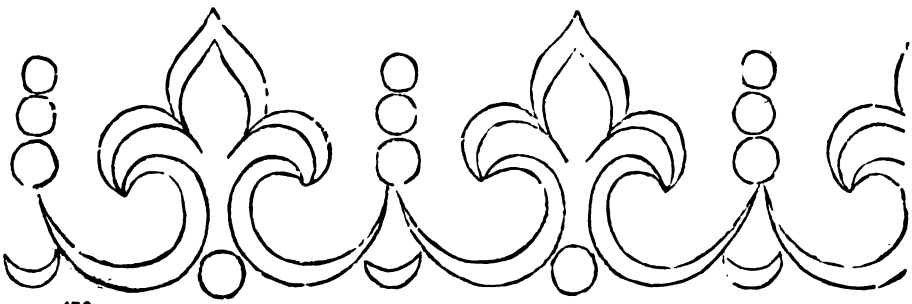
THE BASKET PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE a Pen-wiper, of bits of cloth, as seen in the engraving. Then procure one of the small baskets, sold at most toy-shops, and fasten it down with a stitch in narrow ribbon through the center of the Pen-wiper, and tied underneath. This little receptacle is intended to hold the sealing-wax, seal, etc., etc.; in fact, any such very small articles as may be useful at the writing-table. In the country, where these pretty little baskets may not be so easily procured, one of the same size made in perforated cardboard can be substituted. The parts being cut to a similar shape, must be bound with a very narrow ribbon, and sewn together. If more ornament is desired, they can be enriched with a little bead-work.

EDGING FOR PETTICOAT.



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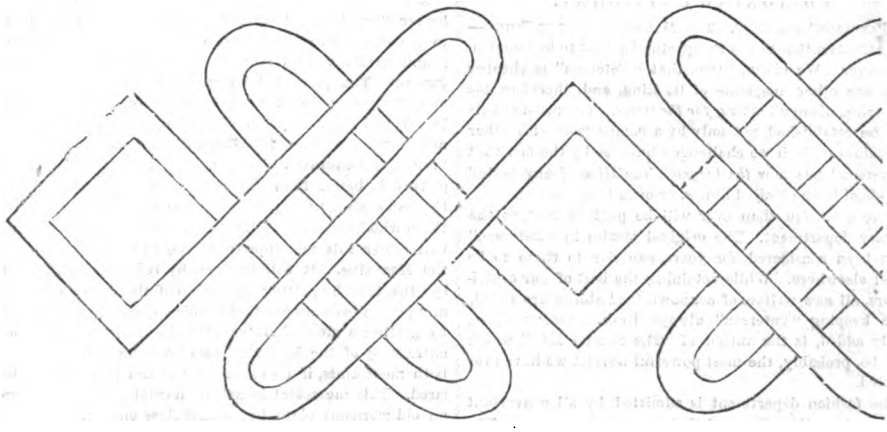
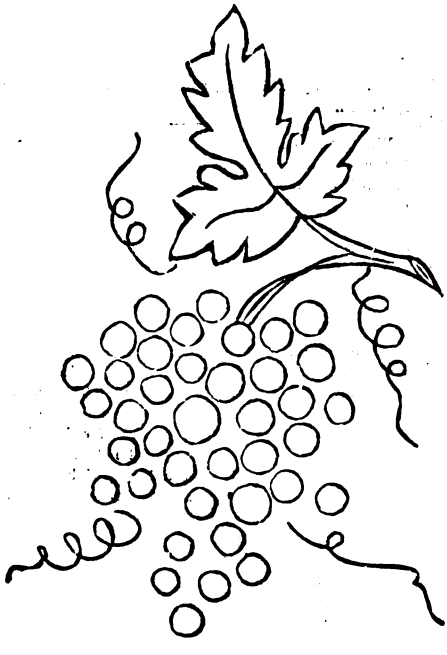
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY, ETC.

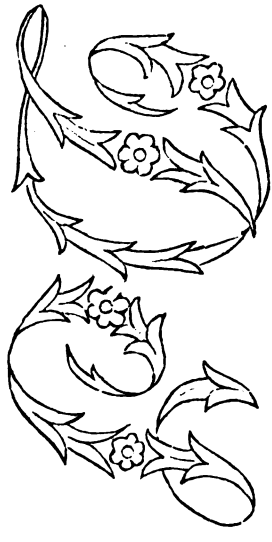
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERN FOR SYRIAN BRAID.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1863. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1863 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now *the largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1863, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found elsewhere. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh. Among these, lately added, is the author of "The Second Life," which will be, probably, the most powerful novelet we have ever printed.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson" never descends to be a merely advertising medium* for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

CLOSED SLEEVE FOR WALKING DRESSES.—This style of sleeve is very becoming to thin, slim figures requiring a little more width at the shoulders. It is made with a seam at the back, down which the trimming is laid, which in our illustration is composed of narrow lace and silk ruching. It is closed at the wrist by means of hooks and loops, or buttons and loops, underneath the trimming, and is pleated at the top to the size of the armhole of the dress. In cutting the sleeve out, the pattern should be laid on double material, the straight portion being laid evenly with the straight part of the sleeve, so doing away with the necessity of having two joins.

A BEAUTIFUL DRAWING-ROOM TABLE COVER may be arranged by working a group of flowers in wool-work on cloth in the center, and adding a deep border, also in wool-work, to fit tight round the table, sewn to the circle of cloth. The border should be in a deep scallop, and between each a tassel should be placed. The outer edge of the scallop should be finished with a cord.

A TOUGH SUBJECT.—This graphic engraving tells its own story. Master Obstinacy won't study, he tramples on his books rather; and, shut up on bread and water, he thrusts his hands in his belt and doesn't give in.

A NEW AND SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Two years ago, it will be recollected by old subscribers, we gave, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, a large-sized mezzotint for framing, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison." The picture from which it was engraved was one of a pair, painted by an eminent English artist, T. G. Duval; and its great popularity has induced us to have the match-picture, "Bunyan's Blind Child Parting from Him in Prison," engraved also. In some respects this second picture is better than its predecessor. It is engraved of the same size, twenty-seven inches by twenty. Most of those who have received the first mezzotint for a premium, will prefer this match-picture even to the extra copy of the Magazine. It will be seen, by referring to the Prospectus, that by getting up a club of three, five, or eight, any person becomes entitled to this splendid premium. Or by getting a club of sixteen, this mezzotint, and also an extra copy of the Magazine, may be earned; or a copy of both mezzotints, if no extra copy of the Magazine is desired. This mezzotint is neither a catch-penny affair, nor an old worn-out plate, but a first-class engraving, costing a thousand dollars to engrave. Such a mezzotint, when framed, would be an ornament to any room. The prospect of obtaining it, for a premium, ought to stimulate thousands, in a country so populous as this, to get up clubs. Anybody can secure, with little, or no trouble, three, five, or eight subscribers for "Peterson," at our astonishingly low prices, by exhibiting this, or any other number, as a specimen.

WINDOW AND BEDSIDE MATS.—When attention is drawn to the subject, it is wonderful to see in how many ways the Work-Table may contribute to the convenience and elegance of the home dwelling. Tasteful decoration and substantial comforts come equally within the range of its dominions, and we have lately been much pleased with one of its productions, which we think equally recommended by these qualities. The French window, opening out on to a balcony, generally subjects the carpet within each recess to great damage, for which some remedy is most desirable; while for an elegant sleeping chamber, or for the use of an invalid, the mat, or mattress mat, as it ought more properly to be called, will be found a great acquisition. To supply these wants articles may be made in the following way:—Take a piece of either Utrecht or German velvet—the first-mentioned being, of course, infinitely the best, lay it over a lining of baize or coarse strong cloth, placing between the two a layer of well-combed wool. Take a small silk cord, and cross it regularly into diamonds, and at each of the crossings place a small tuft of cut silk, which being stitched through, the cord being tight, shows the form of the diamond well raised up. Then gather the velvet round the edges, draw it in to the under side, or lining, which should be smaller than the upper side of the velvet, stitch the two through together, and bind round with a binding of the same color as the velvet. The velvet may be a rich deep blue, violet, crimson, claret, or green, and the cord a maize-color, with tufts of silk to match. These mattress mats are also very eligible as hearth-rugs. In this case the materials ought certainly to be the Utrecht velvet.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, which we prefer to all other ways of remitting. Deduct the cost of the draft from your remittance.

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Our Title-Page for 1862.—This very beautiful embellishment was designed for "Peterson" by Jane Weaver, the editress of our Work-Table, a lady who unites artistic genius (as the title-page shows) to a thorough knowledge of her department. The center-piece represents a sentinel on duty at night, a very appropriate subject for these times of war, when so many of our subscribers have brothers, fathers, or sons in the army. The medallions, in which the portraits are placed, are surrounded by the wild grasses, etc., of America, from the graceful wild oats, to the long, pendulous, swamp moss. The portraits are arranged as follows:

ANN S. STEPHENS.

M. A. DENISON.	F. L. BENEDICT.
L. C. MOULTON.	V. F. TOWNSEND.
C. J. PETERSON.	CARRY STANLEY.

We shall, probably, on some future occasion, give portraits of others of our contributors. Those now given have been frequently solicited.

Ribbon Trimming for Dresses, etc.—Materials: Two shades of silk ribbon, half an inch wide; some fine black purse silk. This ribbon trimming ornaments a dress very prettily, and is not at all difficult to arrange. It consists of two shades of ribbon, tacked on the material in the same manner as seen in the illustration, and secured by means of an open kind of herring-bone stitch in black purse silk, the edge of the ribbon being caught down by button-hole stitch in the same colored silk. The dots in the center of the diamonds are also in black purse silk, worked in the same manner as the raised stitching in the embroidered collars. The colors of the ribbon should be selected to accord with the dress the trimming is intended for. If a green dress is to be ornamented, two shades of green should be selected, one darker and the other lighter than the material to be trimmed. The width of the ribbon we have given answers nicely for children's frocks; for ladies' wear the ribbon should be selected somewhat wider.

A Christmas Nosegay.—Take a wooden box, large enough to hold as many flowers without pressure as you intend to preserve; if there be any chinks in it, paste over them paper enough to prevent any light or air coming through; place at the bottom a sheet of white paper, then a layer of nice young cut flowers, next another sheet of paper, and so on, alternately, flowers and paper, till the box be full. Be careful, in closing down the lid, so that neither light nor air be admitted; place the box in a damp place (say in a cellar). At Christmas you will have a nosegay as beautiful as in the middle of summer.

Plants in Windows.—Keep the plants in the window constantly free from dead leaves, or any mouldiness, as, if this be allowed, it will, to a certainty, prove fatal. Give them water as often as you consider necessary, and, when you do water them, do not do it by halves, but let them be thoroughly soaked. The poet says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and we say, "A little water is equally dangerous;" and recommend our readers to avoid it, by giving plenty at one time, in preference to a little every now and then.

Remit Early.—The January number will be ready by the first of December, and will, we think, be considered the most beautiful number we have ever issued. The mezzotint in it will be by Sartain—a superb picture! Remit early.

Waiting at the Stile.—This is from an original picture, painted expressly for this number by J. Sanford Mason.

Hair Nets made in netting of white braid are preferable to night-caps, because they keep the head cool and help to preserve the hair.

Our Household Receipts, this month, and our editorial varieties generally, are much fewer than usual. This is because the Index has crowded them out.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A series of essays, somewhat in the style of "The Country Parson," but exhibiting more fancy, more humor, and greater versatility of style. The essays are on various subjects: "Moving," "My Birds," "The Bank," "Boston and Home Again," "My Flower-Bed," "Lights Among the Shadows of our Civil War," etc., etc. The author is said to be a woman. She is a little too fond, perhaps, of quoting Latin; but she is an unusually vigorous and eloquent writer. The volume is beautifully printed, on thick, cream-colored paper, and is bound, tastefully, in antique boards with red edges. Delightful reading are these essays. When shall we have more of them?

History of Frederick the Second. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a continuation of Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, two volumes of which appeared several years ago, and were then noticed in these pages. The interest of the narrative increases, we think, as the story advances. Carlyle has a rare faculty in deciphering and illustrating character: from piles of musty documents he extracts, at last, the truth as to his actors; and then he flashes that truth on you in a word or two. The history is colored, however, with the author's peculiar prejudices. Carlyle is a wit, a satirist, and a genius; but he is not, by any means, infallible. The volume is printed to match the preceding ones of the series.

Les Miserables. Vol. V. Jean Valjean. New York: Carleton.—In this concluding volume of "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo exhibits all his power. The story of Cosette and Marius terminates happily, in the reconciliation of the latter to his grandfather, and in his marriage with Cosette. Jean Valjean dies peacefully in his bed, in the last chapter, blessing the married pair. So much for the story. Other merits of the volume are a curious description of the sewers of Paris, and various incidental pictures of the social condition of the poor. The five volumes of "Les Miserables" can be had singly or together.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, in "blue and gold," of the poems of that literary Crichton, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It contains, not only all that is in the duodecimo edition, which we lately noticed, but also several new poems. It is impossible to praise too much the very elegant manner in which this volume is got out. A full length portrait of Mr. Holmes faces the title-page.

Eyes and Ears. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A series of fragmentary essays, intended to cultivate a love for nature. They have, evidently, been hastily written, and are slovenly in style, but are still full of talent, as nearly everything is that Beecher writes.

Andree de Taverney. By A. Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the concluding fiction of that brilliant series of Dumas' novels devoted to the French Revolution. It has just appeared abroad, and was translated expressly for Peterson & Brothers. Price, in cloth, $1.25; in paper, $1.00.

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TABLE RECEIPTS.

Pigeons in Jelly are a beautiful dish, and are prepared thus:—Save some of the liquor in which a knuckle of veal has been boiled, or boil a calf's or a neat's foot; put the broth into a pan, with a blade of mace, a bunch of sweet herbs, some white pepper, lemon-peel, a slice of lean bacon, and the pigeons. The heads and feet must be left on, but clip the nails close. They must be trussed, with the legs bent as if sitting upon them, and the neck propped up with skewers, to appear in a natural state. Bake them, and let them stand to be cold; season them as you like before baking. When done, take them out of the liquor, cover them close to preserve the color, and clear the jelly by boiling with the whites of two eggs; then strain it through a thick cloth dipped in boiling water, and put into a sieve. The fat must be perfectly removed before it be cleared. Put the jelly over and round them rough.

To Roast Pigeons.—Scald some parsley, chop it with the livers, mix them with a piece of fresh butter, season with pepper and salt; put a portion inside each pigeon; cover the breast with a slice of bacon-fat; roast them; serve with parsley and butter in the dish. *Or:*—Stuff the whole of the body of the pigeon with veal stuffing. A fine *farce*, made of pounded veal and bacon, and bread steeped in milk, is an excellent stuffing for pigeons. *Or:*—Boil, pare, and pound chestnuts in a mortar, with equal weight of fat bacon finely rasped; fill the pigeons with this stuffing, cover them with slices of fat bacon, and wrap them in young vine-leaves; roast the whole together, and send them up with bacon and vine-leaves, which impart a fine flavor to the pigeons. Partridges may be dressed the same way, and truffles substituted for chestnuts.

A Shoulder of Venison—stewed.—If you should have a very lean shoulder, stew it in preference to roasting; bone it, cover it with slices of mutton-fat, which, sometimes, are first steeped in port, to give a richer flavor, roll it up, and bind it tightly. Lay it in a stewpan, with a quantity of beef gravy, and the bones you have taken from the venison, adding two glasses of port, a dessertspoonful of whole pepper, and the same quantity of allspice. Cover down closely, and simmer until the venison is tender, then take it out and remove the fat, thickening the gravy with flour and butter, and strain it over the meat.

To Fry Rabbits.—Clean and wash thoroughly, scald ten minutes, cut up into joints, coat with egg and bread-crumbs, sprinkle over a little pepper and salt, and fry over a clear fire; a quarter of an hour will be enough; serve with a gravy made with the liver of the rabbits and the gravy in which the rabbit is fried when done, pour it into the dish, letting it run under the rabbit.

Malt Liquors are much improved by bottling. This, however, should never be done while the beer has any tendency to spirt from the vent-peg, but yet done before fermentation has entirely ceased. When beer is somewhat too flat, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a raisin or two, will afford new food for fermentation, and set the carbonic acid free, as is necessary for the purpose.

To Keep Grapes in Brandy.—Take some close bunches, black or white, not over-ripe, and lay them in a jar. Put a good quantity of pounded white sugar-candy upon them, and fill up the jar with brandy; tie them down with a bladder, and keep in a dry place. Each grape should be pricked thrice. They make a beautiful middle dish in a winter dessert.

Boiled Rabbits.—A rabbit should boil only about twenty minutes, and boil slowly; if larger than common, an extra ten minutes may be allowed; it should be sent to table smothered in onion sauce, and the water should be kept free from scum. It is trussed differently for boiling to what it is for roasting.

Ham Toast.—Grate or pound the cold ham; toast and butter a slice of bread; mix the ham with the yolk of an egg and a little cream, until it is thick and rich; warm it over the fire, and serve it very hot upon the toast. Tongue may be employed in the same way.

OYSTERS, ETC.

Stewed Oysters—White.—Beard the oysters, wash them in their own liquor, then strain it, thicken it with melted butter, or white sauce made of cream, not milk and flour; season it with a blade of mace and a few whole peppercorns tied in a muslin bag. Simmer the oysters very gently, and serve up with sippets of bread: they will require only a few minutes, and if allowed to boil will become hard. *Brown.*—Wash the oysters in their liquor, and then strain it, add a glass of wine, two spoonfuls of beef-gravy, some whole pepper, a little salt, a piece of butter, and a spoonful of lemon-juice; boil the whole, stirring it until it is smooth, then put in the oysters, and warm or plump them up without boiling.

To Roast a Beef Tongue.—Take a fine large fresh tongue, scald it, and take off the skin; cut it off at the root and trim it neatly; stick a few cloves here and there in it, and put it in a cradle-spit; sprinkle it with salt, and baste it well with butter. Serve it with a sauce made as follows:—Put into a stewpan half pint of port wine, with about half the quantity of well-seasoned gravy; reduce it to one-half; then stir in a good piece of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; add a squeeze of lemon; place the tongue in a dish, and serve hot with the sauce poured round. In Spain, the sauce is strongly impregnated with saffron.

Scalloped Oysters.—Put the oysters into scallop shells; strew over them bread-crumbs, with a bit of butter. Then put in more oysters, and over them bread-crumbs and a bit more butter at the top. Set them in a Dutch oven, and cook them till they are of a nice brown. *Or:*—They may be put singly in their under shells along with their own liquor, a little minced parsley and spice, and a bit of butter, and thus put upon the gridiron, to be taken off when thoroughly heated.

CAKES, DESSERT, ETC., ETC.

Apple Jelly.—Pour a quart of prepared apple-juice on one pound of fresh apples pared and cored; simmer them until they are well broken; strain the juice, and let it stand until cold. Put a pint and a half into a stewpan with a quart of calf's-foot stock, nine ounces of sugar broken small, the rind and juice of two lemons, with the whites and shells of eight eggs. Let it boil for about a quarter of an hour; strain it through a jelly-bag, and when cool put it into moulds. Good baking apples should be used, and the quantity of sugar must vary according to the tartness of the fruit.

Lemon Dumplings.—Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread-crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three-quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine-sauce.

Port Wine Jelly.—A pint of port wine, one ounce and a half of isinglass, three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic, four ounces and a half of powdered loaf-sugar; stand it on the hob until dissolved; when cold, it is fit for use.

Rock Cakes.—Take a pound of flour, rub it into half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel and the yolks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

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Scotch Short-Bread.—Mix two pounds of flour, dried and well-sifted, with a pound of powdered sugar, three ounces of candied citron and orange-peel cut into dice, and half a pound of caraway seed; mix these with half a pound of butter melted in a saucepan; then make the paste, roll it out the thickness of half an inch, cut it into cakes, place them on white paper, prick, and bake them of a pale color.

Sponge Cake.—Weigh ten eggs, take their weight in very fine sugar, and the weight of six in flour, beat the yolks with the flour, and the whites alone, to a strong froth, then gradually mix the whites with the other ingredients, and beat them well half an hour; bake an hour in a quick oven.

Tipsy Cake.—Take a savoy cake; stick almonds, cut in fillets, regularly in it; pour equal quantities of wine and brandy over, as much as it will imbibe. Smother it with a rich thick custard. Lay preserves at the bottom of the dish.

Rice Cake.—Mix six ounces of ground rice, the same quantity of flour, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar sifted, nine eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately), grate in the rind of a lemon, and beat it well half an hour.

Rice Pound Cakes.—Four ounces of flour, eight ounces of butter, six eggs, twelve ounces of sugar, eight ounces of ground rice, the peel of a lemon if you like, which improves it, or thirty drops of essence of lemon.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Two cups of rice, two quarts of milk, half a cup of sugar, a large teaspoonful of salt; bake it two hours; serve it up with butter.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

Face-Ache.—A cabbage-leaf well warmed before the fire, and applied to the face as hot as possible, will be found a certain cure for the face-ache. *Or:*—Take twelve grains of sulphate of quinine, one ounce of white lump sugar, and pound them well together in a mortar; then divide it into twelve portions, two of which should be taken each day, either in wine or water. *Or:*—Take half a teaspoonful of carbonate of iron, in water, three times a day.

Rheumatic Pains in the Face and Teeth may be greatly alleviated by adopting the following course:—Take two teaspoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger, and incorporate them well together with sufficient spirits to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen rag, and apply it to the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

Chilblains.—Use cold water and warm frictions. Give the hand a strong cold shock by placing it under a stream of water, and keeping it there until benumbed; then immediately restore circulation by gentle rubbing with dry mustard or a little brandy. Do not go near the fire; but make the hands perfectly warm.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Turkey Carpet—to Clean.—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine, let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colors, and make the carpet appear equal to new.

To Pickle Hams.—Three pounds of salt, six ounces of saltpetre, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, two drachms of cochineal. When the ham is put in, rub well for twenty minutes; turn it every day for three weeks. Wrap in newspaper, and smoke. N. B. The same pickle will do for tongues.

To Make Cold Cream Pomatum for the Complexion.—Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm each of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it with the pestle until it becomes smooth and cold, then add, gradually, an ounce of rose or orange-flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth. To prevent marks from the small-pox, add a little powder of saffron. The gallipot in which it is kept should have a piece of bladder tied over it.

To Polish Glass.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlash; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish.

To Preserve Pictures from Decay.—To strengthen a decayed canvas, and to preserve sound canvas from decaying, let the back of every picture receive two or three good thick coats of white-lead, or whatever other cheap pigment is most recommendable for tenacity and strength.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS AND LONG SACQUE OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with Vesuvius color. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with the same color as dress.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—This dress is of the *Gabrielle* style—skirt and waist cut in one. There is no fullness at the waist, but the skirt is made wide enough by putting in small gores, which are gathered together under a rosette of silk. A narrow ruffle finishes the bottom of the dress. The sleeve corresponds with the skirt. White silk bonnet, with green plume.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF CRIMSON MERINO, WITH THE YOKE.—Medici waist, epaulets, and cuffs of black merino braided in crimson. Gray, blue, or purple, or a pretty shade of green would look equally well for a dress of this kind, with the braiding in corresponding colors, or white. For an evening dress, the material should be thin white muslin, the yoke, etc., of black velvet, braided with white.

FIG. IV.—BASQUE OF BLACK SPOTTED LACE, trimmed with a very deep fall of lace on the skirt, and with narrower lace on the body and sleeves.

FIGS. V. AND VI.—BACK AND FRONT OF A GRAY CLOTH CLOAK, BRAIDED.—Between the rows of braiding is a row of chain-stitch done in coarse black silk. This is a Paris pattern.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—BACK AND FRONT OF FAWN-COLORED SACQUE.—This is braided with three rows of braid, the middle row being much wider than the other two. This also is a Paris pattern.

FIG. IX.—THE MATILDHE CLOAK, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. A brown aquastrutum cloth circular, the cape and armholes are trimmed with a plaiting of the cloth, bound with black silk and striped on either edge with white. It is fastened up the front by three black buttons.

FIG. X.—FRINGED CLOAK OF BLACK BEAVER CLOTH, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. It has a sacque front and plaited back, the joining of the plaiting to the yoke is covered by a gimp bertha with a deep fringe, which is deep in the back, but slopes toward the front. The plaiting of the back is brought forward so as to form a graceful sleeve; the edge of the whole is bound about two inches deep with black Natlasie silk.

FIG. XI.—MISSES' WINTER HAT, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, and 521 Broadway, New York. It is of black felt, with a sloping brim both back and front. The edge

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is bound with white knotted uncut velvet. On the right side is a cluster bow of white velvet like that on the brim, intermingled with black velvet bands. A splendid white ostrich feather starts from this bow, extends around the front of the brim to the left side, curling over toward the back. It is fastened under the net, in the back, by an elastic band.

FIG. XII.—WINTER BONNET OF BLACK VELVET, also from Mrs. Cripps. The material is laid perfectly plain on the foundation. The cape is of white tulle, bound on both edges with narrow bands of flame-colored velvet, covered with the tulle. Over this tulle foundation the cape is covered with a fall of fine thread lace of a rich open pattern. This lace falls a little over the edge of the cape. The trimmings are a full plaited bow of black velvet placed on the right side of the bonnet, fastened in the center by jet pins connected by a delicate jet chain. The front is ornamented by a singularly elegant *plume de coq*, heavy in the center, and of a rich flame-color shading off to black at the extremities. On the right, this feather curves inside the bonnet: on the left, it sweeps back on the front. The face trimmings are a black ruche on the top; on the left, a flame-colored rose, with two moss rose-buds. The strings are heavy black ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For the house, skirts are still made very long, wide at the bottom, but narrower at the top, and nearly all are trimmed—some with bias bands of silk of a contrasting color, richly braided—some with three or four narrow-quilted flounces, ruches, puflings, etc. A novel style of trimming has, however, just been introduced. It consists of crescents, lozenges, and other figures, cut out in silk of a color different from that of the dress, and stitched on at the bottom of the skirt. Yet, for very rich silks, plain skirts are the more distinguished-looking, and some ladies have become so tired of trimmed skirts, that they are wearing plain ones altogether.

FOR WALKING-DRESSES, braiding is very much in vogue, and it is sometimes mingled with embroidery in silk, which adds very much to the richness of the garment. Embroidery alone is also very fashionable, but is not nearly so quickly accomplished as braiding, and is much more expensive. For useful wear there is nothing so suitable as a drab, gray, or stone-colored alpaca, or merino, as none of these colors show the dust, and, braided in black, have really a stylish and elegant appearance. With this kind of dress there are two sorts of out-door garments which appear to be equally in favor: one, the *saute-en-basque*, or short paletot, with *revers*—a delicious, coquettish little article—and the other, the short circular cloak, which, although only a revival of a fashion that was much in vogue a few years since, is now very popular. These garments are quickly put on, and have, besides another recommendation, that of being easily made.

Any young lady, industriously inclined, could, at a very trifling cost, arrange for herself a pretty costume, by purchasing a few yards of alpaca, or merino, and some narrow black worsted braid. The skirt should be plain and gored, and ornamented, above the hem and up the front, with a pretty braiding design; or, if this be considered to involve too much labor, the braiding up the front may be dispensed with. The body of the dress should, of course, be braided, as also the sleeves.

The new-shaped short circular cloak we recommend for this toilet, as being the easiest to make. This should be braided down the front, round the bottom, and round the neck (these circulars being arranged without collars), in the same design as that which ornaments the dress.

BODIES are being made with either the short point, or two rather longer points similar to a waistcoat; some are perfectly plain, buttoning to the throat, others trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

The short cut-away JACKETS appear to be now the prevailing mode for dress bodies, in many materials, both for ladies and children; and the fashion certainly is stylish and becoming. These Spanish jackets reach to the waist behind, fasten about half-way down the front, the bottom portion being very much cut-away, to show the muslin chemisette and pointed band. This chemisette may be allowed to hang slightly full in the front, something like a Garibaldi shirt, or may be drawn tightly up—the latter mode being certainly the more graceful, unless for very thin, slim figures. A waistcoat worn with these jackets makes a very charming toilet, and is better suited to stout figures than the chemisettes. Plain pointed dress bodies are now being trimmed to imitate a jacket and waistcoat, the points of the dress forming the waistcoat portion, and the trimming representing the jacket.

SLEEVES, except those intended for walking-dresses, will be mostly made open, and have quite a tendency to increase in width. Those wide ones are usually flowing, and cut in a point, though some of the smaller are rounded, and open on the back of the arm. For full dress toilet, we have slashes of silk, with a mixture of illusion tulle or blonde, protruding through openings, the sides of which are held together by bows of ribbon: the effect is very graceful. Evening toilets are all made with short sleeves, and the trimming consists of ruches, blonde, and ribbons to match the flowers in the head-dress.

CLOAKS AND BASQUES are worn of medium length, much longer than was fashionable last year, but not so long as they were worn a season or two ago.

THE NEWEST BONNETS are much less thrown up in front than those which have been worn for some time past. This is a decided improvement. The raised front has of late been exaggerated to an extreme which rendered it anything but becoming. These bonnets, however, continue to be very fully trimmed in front, and, when the trimming is placed at the sides, it will be but sparingly employed. Flowers and feathers still continue in favor. The material of which the bonnet is composed is usually in folds, or bouillonnes, and seldom put plain on the frame. Velours imperial and plain velvet are likely to be the most favorite materials. With regard to colors, dark-blue, green, black, purple, and the shades of brown known as leather-color and wood-color, will be fashionable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The dress and sacque are both made of fawn-colored merino, braided with black. The sacque is made with revers, which may either fold back, as in the plate, or fasten close up to the throat.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is of blue poplin, trimmed with three bands of velvet of darker blue than the dress, the middle being the widest. The body may either be made with a Garibaldi waist, like the dress, or with a white waist, over which may be worn a Zouave jacket. Sacque of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Gray felt hat, bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with gray feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Braiding is universally employed for children's dresses. Skirts, jackets, cloaks, in fact, almost every article, on which it is possible to put braid, is ornamented with it. Even the sides of the Knickerbocker pants worn by little boys, as well as the jackets, are braided. Infant's cloaks, and cashmere caps, are very much trimmed, mostly with white silk braid, but very frequently with black braid.

FELT HATS are universally worn by small children, some only trimmed with velvet bows, and a steel or jet buckle, others more ornamented with plumes.

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